THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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THE TITHE THAT BINDS

By IRVIN S. COBB

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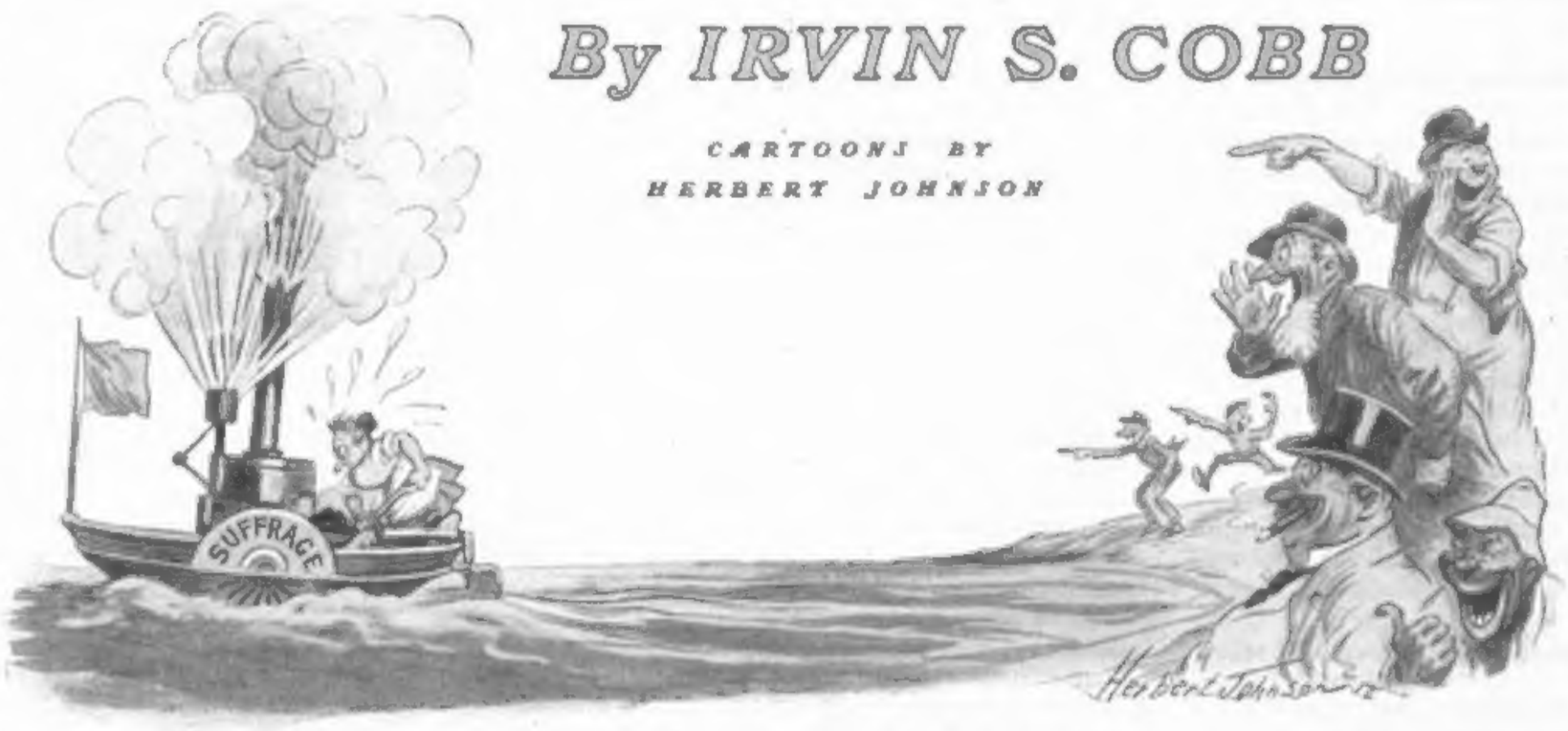

Can You Not Hear Them at Their Scoffvereins?

AN EPOCH is something to which we look forward before it has happened and something upon which we look backward after it has happened, but which, as a general proposition, creates no great amount of excitement while it is in the act of happening. The same is true of an era, except the era occurs on a somewhat more extensive scale than the epoch; at least, that is my understanding. As I figure it, two small epochs constitute one medium-sized era.

Epoch or era, big epoch or little era, I imagine—if only the truth were known—that the attitude of mankind toward the really important transformations and the really significant evolutions has always been thus—a lot of skeptical surmise beforehand, culminating in a perfect ground swell of derisive speculation on the eve of the transpiring of the thing, and subsequently a flood of that sort of hero-worship which changes yesterday's crank into to-day's genius and to-morrow's immortal. But in between these, spacing them off like the intermission in a two-act drama, occurs a period when the event, having been accomplished, is accepted as a matter of course.

We have it on excellent authority that when Fulton undertook to run the first American steamboat up that classic stream upon whose banks the imperial state of New York has since established three of its largest institutions for the care of its incompetents—Sing Sing prison, Matteawan asylum and the Capitol at Albany—the leading citizens of those days gathered along the shore in pleasant anticipation of witnessing the complete discomfiture of the deluded inventor and, haply, of being within sight and hearing when his insane contraption should explode and plaster its creator in small, minute fragments against the seamed face of the towering Palisades. Can you not hear them at their scoffvereins?

"What do you think, Neighbor Van Hoosen—the poor, demented wretch actually believes he can propel a craft against current and tide with the aid of steam! With steam, mind you—the stuff that comes out of the spout of a kettle when the water boils. Of course steam is all very well in its place. It is eminently suited for a cow to use for breathing purposes on a frosty morning, and under favorable conditions you can cook an egg with it; but when it comes to making condensed hot air do the work of oars and sail—well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world, doesn't it, including the lunatics?"

The First Martyr to Rapid Transit

"WATCH now, neighbor, watch closely; he's preparing to try to start. There now, what did I tell you? The thing doesn't move! It's just as I expected; only yesterday I was saying to—— Say, look, the creature is going to try again. Well, well, well, it did move that time, didn't it? See, it's going away from land, and right into the face of the wind too. But there must be a trick about it somewhere. I'm not prepared to believe it—yet."

With their eyes popping at the wonder of it, they followed the progress of that first steamboat journey; probably the second time they still followed it, but with an abating interest. By the end of the week we may safely figure them as having lost interest; doubtlessly before the month was over they scarcely turned their heads to see the Clermont churn by; and after that, upward of a century must pass before definite steps were to be taken to perpetuate the memory and to commemorate the achievement of Robert Fulton.

It will be recalled that on the day Stephenson made his locomotive to travel, as a public demonstration, it struck and killed one of the spectators. Lacking definite information as to the details, I still am ready to believe the victim of the tragedy had stationed himself between the rails in front of the locomotive, choosing that post as the safest possible place, for the purpose of pointing out the utter fallacy of expecting that cumbersome, awkward-looking thing of iron and wood to move an inch unless they hitched coach horses to it and towed it along. He was the first martyr to rapid transit; also he was a sacrifice to a mighty common human attribute.

Benjamin Franklin, devising the Franklin heater, must have been deservedly popular among his frostbitten and chilblained fellow citizens; but Benjamin Franklin, going forth on a stormy evening with a boy's kite and the brass key to the henhouse door and snaring a bottle full of lightning, was undoubtedly charged by some with impiety for daring to trifle with the mysterious forces of creation, and by others was held up as an object of derision—just such an object of derision as were two brothers named Wright, out in Dayton, Ohio, here only a few years ago, when they persisted in frittering away their lives studying the flights of birds and tinkering on a madman's mechanical dream of wings and springs in their woodshed, when they might have been cleaning up their comfortable twelve hundred dollars a year apiece running their bicycle repair shop. Sir Isaac Newton, sitting under his orchard tree waiting for an apple to fall on his high intellectual forehead, so that he could discover the attraction of gravitation, is to posterity a noteworthy figure; but one feels sure at the time folks all over the neighborhood commented acidly upon the fact that he was wasting a lot of valuable hours which he might better employ in helping Mrs. Newton with the housework.

Discovers Laws of Considerable Gravity

When Crises Bloom on Every Sunny Lea

THE greatest tragedy this world has ever known began something less than three years ago; it has been going on ever since and it goes on with ever-increasing hideousness and horror to-day. Beyond question our grandchildren will commiserate us—yes, and envy us too—for having lived in the historic period while civilized warfare, so called, was being conducted on a more elaborate and a more terrible and a more devastating scale than ever before; but how long did it take us, on this side of the ocean, to get used to it and to accept it, with all its slaughter and all its waste and all its misery and its sufferings, as an accepted and, in the main, a monotonous fact? Was it a year? Or was it six months? Or was it six weeks?

Human nature being what it is, now as heretofore, it is to be expected that some persons may take issue with the statement here modestly set forth, that in this country we are either passing into or just emerging out of a most radical and important stage in our national existence. One does not mean that we are being transformed politically. An era, more or less, is nothing to a politician, whereas a crisis is everything, and more especially in a campaign year when the crisis, like the crocus, blooms on every sunny lea. As the present writer sees it, this transmogrification, which even now is in process, has nothing to do with politics except incidentally. But it does bear upon and affect us all, locally and nationally, separately and collectively. It marks—if one may make so bold as to venture an assertion so broad and so sweeping—the vanishment of the United States of America, as most of us have known it, and the ushering in of another and a different United States of America; different in its systems, in most of its internal economies and in a good many of its external aspects.

The old United States is going into the discard; some think it already has gone. We are fond of bragging that our ancestors

The Law Will Continue to be Faithful and True to Moss-Covered Precedent

of two or three or four generations back, the pioneers and the pathfinders, were a hardy race. It is perhaps boastful to say this, but there is truth in it. They were a hardy race; they just naturally had to be to live through the things they did live through. Even so, hardy as they were in most respects, it is a question whether those stalwart forefathers of ours could have endured conditions—and pleasures—which we moderns cheerfully endure.

The founders of this republic defied wild beasts and epidemics, floods and famines, freshets and forest fires. They weathered contagions and plagues. They bested the wilderness and the savage. They got along without plumbing, without decent roads, without means of communication, without conveniences and without comforts as we know comforts and conveniences to-day. Sometime in his life great-grandfather expected to have the smallpox. Either it killed him or it left him with a face like a colander. But would you care to make an estimate as to how long he could keep his health and his nerves if he were translated forward into this year of grace nineteen-seventeen and were called upon to follow the high-pressured daily program of the modern business man or professional man and then to spend his evenings at the opera, the cabaret or the all-night restaurant? Under such conditions, can't you just see the old gentleman's iron constitution rusting round the edges and finally going all to pieces, with a low, clanging sound?

To-day's Hysteria Makes To-morrow's History

IF OUR forbears' lines were cast in simpler grooves and their habits in more primitive settings than ours, it is quite as certain that their institutions—sentimental, political and social—were more enduring and more durable than ours are, even though they did live in that period of an acute and startlingly rapid transformation when this continent was being hewn out from a howling waste and shaped into an ordered and orderly domain. Their standbys lasted them better than ours last us. Consider the items of their political ideals in even so recent a period as the eighth decade of the century last past. Some among us who still fancy ourselves to be on the sunny side of middle age yet can remember when a campaign issue was a reliable and a staple thing, which stood up from campaign to campaign—instead of changing overnight, as has been the case since we became, or fondly fancied we became, a world power, with our national problems complicated not so much by what happens inside the boundaries of our own nation as by what happens outside and beyond them, hundreds or thousands of miles away, in the larger theater of world events.

There was the Mormon question, which was wont to bob up regularly every four years. The Mormon question was directly responsible for the conversion into a political shibboleth of the proverb "Two's company, three's a crowd." I remember they used to print pictures in the paper with a view to proving that the family tree of at least one of the founders of the Church of Latter Day Saints in Utah looked a good deal like a chart of the circulation of the blood. The trouble with the early Mormon was that he lived too soon. A good many millions of his fellow Americans opposed him because of his ideas of what constituted a happy family; they believed his domestic arrangements were entirely too elaborate. He thought a man should be allowed to have all the wives he wanted at one time; whereas, these days, thanks to our liberal and accommodating divorce laws, it is possible for a man to have all the wives he wants, one at a time.

Another permanent standby was the Bloody Shirt. For thirty odd years it was unfurled to the air in every campaign. It was daily bread, and pie on Sundays, to many a full-lunged patriot—the Bloody Shirt was. It continued to wave much longer than it had any right to wave, and this, I take it, was because Americans of a preceding generation were wedded to their political traditions and loath to forsake them. No longer ago than last fall an effort was made to dig up the Bloody Shirt from the graveyard of dead animosities and dead sectionalism where it slumbered; but the resurrectionists made a grievous error. The late unlamented had become a moldy remains. It was not potent to frighten the children any longer. It did not frighten the white children up North nor yet the colored children down South. So they relaid it to its eternal rest.

And then, of course, for a backbone to every campaign argument, there was the dear old, dependable old, tiresome old Tariff. When in doubt the spellbinder, standing there in the forum or on the stump, with one eye on the Starry Flag and the other on the main chance, fell back on the Tariff. He was on safe ground then, safe and very dry. It was a mortal certainty that nobody in the audience knew any more about the Tariff than the speaker did; and anyway, figures always were formidable, if only you quoted enough of them.

The point I have been trying to get at through all this retrospective part is that the day of the dependable and staple political issue is gone, and in its stead we have the era of the made-to-order issue, the here-to-day-and-gone-to-night issue, the will-o'-the-wisp issue which flickers a bit and then dies down and is gone out, leaving not even the ashes of remembrance behind it. Once in a while, indeed, the issues become so shreddy, so gossamer-thin and fairylike in their texture, that the first heat of the campaign burns them up altogether, as was the case in 1916, so that for the voter the main question resolves itself into a matter of drawing fine distinctions as between the personal and temperamental qualifications of the opposing candidates. Their political issues—meaning our grandsires'—blazed like beacons along a coast, with a ready and willing partisanship to feed and fan the flames; ours mainly glow spectrally, like a fox-fire in a swamp. It is the difference between having inflammatory rheumatism as a chronic complaint and a touch of malaria just once in a while.

Even so, we seem to be as prone as were our immediate ancestors to grow terrifically excited over political and sociological problems—even more proneful, perhaps, than they—but I do not believe we stay excited for so long as they did; we do not seem to have the patience to work out the propositions to their reasonably satisfactory or their reasonably unsatisfactory conclusions. We are exhausted before the topic is; we leave it half baked, to knead up a fresh batch of dough. Without in the least desiring to be pessimistic, and being firmly committed to the belief originally advanced by Uncle Joe Cannon that this country is turning to be quite a success, it, nevertheless, appears to one as a self-evident fact that whereas those old fellows—our country's founders—were frequently concerned with making history, we are fairly well content to be making hysteria. To be sure, the molten hysteria of to-day may be transmuted by the alchemistic processes of our national chemistry into the fluxed and molded history of to-morrow; but all the same we seem to have developed a propensity for getting ourselves tremendously and tumultuously worked up over something this week, only to forget it absolutely next week or next month.

It may be, as some students of our sociology and our ethnology have pointed out, that this tendency is due to the recent considerable infusion of volatile and emotional racial blends—notably the Latin, the Slavic and the Semitic—into the more stolid and less demonstrative strains that formerly made up the bulk of our breed; but, speaking personally and from the heights of a perfectly monumental ignorance, I would not care to hazard a theory as to the cause; the effect speaks for itself. As these savants contend, it may be due to the polyglot amalgam of bloods that we are becoming; it may be the climate; or then again it may be the war in Europe. You may have noticed lately that when we are uncertain about the reasons behind a thing we just fall back on the war in Europe, and let it go at that.

A Recent Kite-Flying Experiment

More Luxurious and Less Comfortable

UNDERLYING this top-water emotionalism, though, and extending far below this tendency to be boiling over one minute, simmering gently the next, and in the third coolly and placidly waiting for some new blaze to be kindled beneath the national melting-pot to set us all to bubbling and frothing again, are working certain movements and certain motives which undoubtedly are assuming certain concrete forms. If we watch closely we can see them being forged to definite shape and firmness. The old, loosely organized, easy-fitting, individualistic, baggy-seated Americanism is disappearing, and out of the nimbus of its thinning shadow is emerging an organized, specialized, centralized spirit of nationalism which manifests itself in business, in social lines, in governmental policies, in the tax office, in the counting room, in the club and, of course, in the home. We are making our life over to be more luxurious than ever it used to be, but less comfortable than once it was. It costs the well-to-do citizen more to live than formerly it cost him, and the chances are when he casts up he may decide that life isn't quite so pleasant a thing as it was in those old and less complex days. The joy ride has the thrill to it, but the hay ride was safer.

Furthermore—and this also might properly be diagnosed as a pronounced and characteristic symptom of the new national contagion—there is a disposition, which increases rather than abates, for classifying and grading the people; for grouping them off into definite castes and sets, for marking the cleavage fissures of the social strata with trespass signs, for alignments along the edges of least social resistance. At this time of writing, along the North Atlantic Seaboard, if nowhere else, we have an Upper Class—pronounced with the broad *a*—and a Lower Class—pronounced without it, as distinguished from the not very remote period when most Americans were proud to proclaim themselves as members of the Great Middle Class. It is not so remarkable that there should be one of these groups; but it is remarkable that the other should be. In New York and Boston and Philadelphia, in Richmond and Charleston and Savannah, and in sundry other cities, there have always been persons who freely admitted that they themselves belonged to the Upper Class; the really significant thing about the aspect of the present situation is that one now occasionally happens upon a weird example of the human species who is willing that he or she be assigned to the Lower Class, and having been so assigned, to regard himself or herself thereafter as having been properly

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MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

By Gelett Burgess

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHO was she? Just another of the smart and daringly gowned guests invited by Mrs. Woodling? As she sauntered across the wide drawing-room floor, laughing and trifling so nonchalantly with her escort, her careless scarf artfully trailing off a white shoulder, all eyes followed her. Bored stiff gentlemen awoke; laughing ladies suddenly ceased their chatter; some of the more discerning began to wonder. Who was she? Wasn't she almost too charmingly distinguished for a mere millionaire? But when, fine eyebrows lifted, she held out a graceful, white-gloved hand and exchanged the first bright smiles with her eagerly welcoming hostess—no longer was there any question about it. Indubitably she was the lion of the evening.

But the gentleman who accompanied her, so tall and dark and picturesque, so gracefully erect, with that queer unreadable smile—was he famous too? By the fine intellectuality of his face—yes, possibly. And yet, aristocratic and interesting though he seemed, wasn't he a little ill at ease? That defensive reserve—wasn't it somewhat overdone? Alas!—probably not a celebrity. Feminine eyes were already deserting him. As his bland, bejeweled hostess greeted him with her second-best smile—oh, no; certainly not a celebrity. Only a husband. Glances, disappointed, returned to the lady.

Round the elaborately paneled room, the gilded, mirrored room, frescoed, columned and Louis-Quatorzed, the guest-of-honor's name came out in whispers. "Mrs. Hope," the inquisitive rosy débutante murmured to her lorgnon-peering, white-haired-dowager mamma on the gold settee. "Why, you know—Pauline Hope, the novelist!" Aigrettes nodded, jewels flashed, pink powdered shoulders leaned to crinkling white shirtfronts. "Yes, yes; of course! She wrote that wonderful, romantic—why, what is the name of it, now? . . . Stunning, isn't she?" And before the flutter had subsided Mrs. Woodling, expensive and expansive, had bubbled through the first effervescence of her amenities; proudly she had passed her prize along. "A rare exotic curiosity of my own private collection," she seemed to smile. "Inspect! Admire!"

"Oh, I just loved it, Mrs. Hope!" virginal voices petted her. . . . "Perfectly fascinating!" . . . "So adorably romantic!" . . . "Oh, it must be simply wonderful to write!" How the blue eyes beamed! . . . "I suppose it just drips off your pen, Mrs. Hope, doesn't it?" . . . "Oh, I do wish you'd put me in a book sometime!"

And thus, as one after another flatterer was brought up to talk with Mrs. Hope—or talk at her—and her husband, elbowed aside with careless "Beg pardons," gradually edged off toward the wall—the season's literary favorite graciously accepted her homage.

How smiling she was! How affable! As Pauline Hope, the novelist, she may have winced at times as the inevitable glib inanities gushed for her; but Pauline Hope was not only a novelist, she was a woman. Any shrewd observer—such as her frowning, proud husband, for instance, seeing what only a suffering lover can see—might have suspected that this first full taste of social success was refreshening her very soul. With what zest she was throwing herself into the part of handsome-and-accomplished—with what modest depreciation, too, of her fame!

But if her pose was woman-easy, her husband's obviously was not. High though his chin was held—suspiciously high, even—he withdrew more and more into himself as he withdrew from the ignoring crowd. Almost cynically he watched her, until at last she was captured from the Philistines by a pair of enormous tortoise-shell spectacles and a pointed beard. He smiled as the editor, Peever, the classic stoop-shouldered Peever, claimed her as his lawful prey; for in that crowd even Peever could not hold her long. From the atmosphere of diamonds and dollars she was soon borne away in triumph to a rarer, loftier air, breathed by an inner circle of intellectuals, birds of a still finer feather. These, as ambitious Mrs. Woodling fondly cooed, had all "done something," and here Pauline Hope was henceforth to shine.

Over her bared white shoulder "Follow me, Lester; follow!" her backward questing glance had seemed to call. Oh, yes; she wanted him, no doubt. But what, in the name of all these snobs and toadies, was the use? Well he knew, by this time, what brand of patronage to expect of them. He was sensitive, he was fine-grained—and he was married to a celebrity. He was "Mrs. Hope's Husband!"

In the companies where they had appeared together since her first public recognition he had, so far, endeavored to hold his own with dignity. But now his pride had begun to revolt. This evening, as he was removing his coat upstairs, he had been introduced to a bearded and spectacled professor only to hear: "*Ach!* Mr. Hope! Not de huspant of our so-distinguished friend, Pauline Hope, de novelist—yes?"

He still loved his wife; he was proud of her success. But that he himself should have to pay for it so dearly he had never anticipated. Why should he submit any longer to being treated as a nonentity? Nonentity! Why, wasn't it worse even than that? To-night he couldn't be even simply Lester Hope. Other men, respectable and otherwise, with brains and without, seemed here to be willingly accepted at their face value. He, however, with a professional record of which he was nowise ashamed, was only "Mrs. Hope's Husband!"

Yet, while he was present at such congregations of tuft-hunters, escape seemed impossible. Even as he stifled his pride and brooded, nervously twisting his mustache, watching the universal adulation of his wife, Mrs. Woodling, like a somnambulist, glassy-eyed, obsessed with a fixed idea, was bearing magnificently down upon him, with a large lady in tow. Stoically he waited.

Ah, yes, it came: "Mrs. Poppity, I want you to meet 'Mrs. Hope's Husband!'" The blow accomplished, his hostess, smiling—oh, so sweetly smiling—slipped away.

The round-eyed matron in black satin was as soft and silly as only a huge woman in black satin can be. Fan lifted, gazing at him dreamily, "And what do you do, Mr. Hope?" she breathed. "Ah, something won-derful, I'm sure!" And then, waiting for no answer, her round near-sighted eyes rolled away to the other side of the crowded room, where Pauline reigned.

Lester Hope looked at her, and looked in no kindly mood. Said Lester Hope: "I'm an attorney at law."

"You Were Surrounded by Admirers, and I Could Not, Would Not Force Myself on Your Notice!"

Said Lester Hope: "I'm an Attorney at Law"

Surprised and shocked, the round eyes suddenly returned, as if for explanation of a jest too subtle for her brain; and then, embarrassed, she began to prattle very hurriedly. But when she got down to rheumatism and the weather he finished her off with the excuse that his wife was again beckoning him, and, if Mrs. Poppity would pardon him, he really must —— As he left, her relief apparently was as large as his.

Toward Pauline, however, he did not, could not go. Under the sparkling crystals of a chandelier, surrounded by men, he caught sight of her, flushed and radiant. A shock of musical black hair was being emotionally shaken beside her; she was attended by Poetry—with a broad black-silk ribbon depending from his eyeglasses—as she collogued Drama, fierce in a red mustache, and dry, whiskery Architecture.

Lester watched her pensively. Well, she was happy; she had "done something." Delightedly she was receiving the Right Hand of Fellowship as a newcomer to Fame. There he, too, should be, longed to be, with those choice spirits, the brains of New York. But be with them as a mere appendage he could not. He had no "tag" to his name—except that humiliating one which still rang in his ears like the tin can on a dog's tail—"Mrs. Hope's Husband!"

Wherefore, his pride compelled him to lurk on the ragged edges of intellectuality, the limbo of half-wits.

From the pompous prattle of a lank youth, who would criticize plays—but couldn't write them—and a jolly big broker, with a gold tooth, who had just published an almost-original Life of Napoleon—at his own expense—he turned resignedly to sip the pale graces of Helen Ramsay, a mildly literary friend of a certain age—the age that has known one at college and feels privileged to whisper:

"I say, Lester; we never thought, in those days when you were an editor carrying off all the prizes, that you'd have a wife who'd be more famous than you were—did we?"

Mrs. Woodling, however, was one of those busy hostesses. It was against her principles to let anyone linger long with a congenial soul; wherefore Helen's green earrings and lavender and lace were soon escorted away through the throng to meet a more appropriate guest.

Lester Hope nursed a sardonic smile. It was quite all right, of course. What damned him apparently among these New York ink worshipers was merely that his name was not printed in the papers or between covers. What were the intricate cases he had argued before the Supreme Court compared with her few magazine stories? Could his reputation at the bar hope to compete with the thrill of her elderly lovers, and meek self-sacrifices and mistaken identity? Helen Ramsay, of course, was "famous." She "really must meet" What's-his-name!

"Oh, Mr. Hope!" came a thin feminine voice in his ear. Ten thousand dollars' worth of emeralds confronted him, strung on a skinny neck. An aged head was grinning. "How proud you must be of your wife to-night, Mr. Hope! Such a privilege, I'm sure, for us poor matter-of-fact souls to be associated with Real Brains!"

And it came out, in smirks and simpers and amiable wrinkles, that My Daughter Pearl was also literary, Mr. Hope. She, too, had real brains. It was, oh, it was too bad, Mr. Hope, that he couldn't have heard a paper that My Daughter Pearl had written for our Fortnightly!

Held by her emeralds and her eyes, he was rescued only by Supper; and as the faint odor of sizzling lobster called her joyously away another provocative perfume brought its message to his own nostrils. So, toward the altar of masculine peace he wandered, musing his insignificance, to burn his incense at her shrine whose aromatic sweetness makes all men brothers.

In a remote corner of the billiard room, where a few men almost as disconsolate as he were fingering their watch-chains and yawning sulkily, he sat down to inhale, with his cigarette, a few pungent truths.

Was it possible that he could be envious of the attention his wife was receiving? Conscience indignantly answered "No." To be sure, he had some contempt for the silly fulsomeness of the tribute paid in such places as this to literary achievement; but if Pauline, a little romantic in her illusions, cared for that sort of thing—well, hadn't she honestly earned it? But why—why should he be made the sport of fools? Potentially, at least, he considered himself quite the intellectual equal of any of those whom his wife found so brilliant and "Really worth while, Lester!" Not a whit was he overpowered by the roaring lions of the Woodling salon. What, then, was wrong? Half amused, half contemptuous, he glanced about at the burlesque side show of Mrs. Woodling's intellectual circus.

Across the room cards flipped on a table, and someone said "Hearts!" But the man beside Lester still gazed silently at the portrait of a dead pheasant on the wall. Beyond him other moody gentlemen were lost in their high balls.

He couldn't understand it. Why, he had never been left out of it like this before! He had never failed to be sought and welcomed—much less failed even to be considered. What was wrong?

From where Lester sat he saw, slantwise through the portières, a strip of the flowery red-velvet hall, where violins sobbed plaintively to an accompaniment of babbling voices not at all plaintive, as brilliant couples passed and repassed. Suddenly, for one bright moment he saw—Pauline!—Pauline, in her gold-hued silk, lovely with pearls, smiling up at a handsome blond portrait painter with a Vandyke beard. She looked about a moment, as if for her husband—and was gone!

How vivid she was to-night, gleeful with victory! But as he sat there smoking reflectively his mind drifted off to another world—to those days before Fame had found her. . . . Hadn't she been even more adorable then? . . . That little pink dimity frock! . . . How proudly she had told him: "Only seven cents a yard, Lester!"—and she had made it all herself! . . . Pauline Forr! Romantic, engaging Pauline-of-the-Violets! . . . How rapturously she had seized them from his hand that day! "Oh, Lester! Think of it, Lester! Violets in January!" How she had kissed them.

"Oh, you darling little rascals!"—kissed them; kissed ——

"Damned bore!" grunted the man beside him, lighting still another cigar. "Lord, I despise these confounded affairs!"

The shrugged shoulders of Lester Hope indorsed the sentiment.

"Lots of good-looking women, though. Here, waiter; bring me another Scotch. Say, that Mrs. Hope's rather clever, I expect, ain't she? Pretty, anyway. Meet her?"

"Oh, yes." But Lester Hope's cigarette had accidentally dropped.

"What's her husband like? Know him?"

Lester hesitated:

"Oh, yes—fairly well."

Uncomfortable and alarmed, he had started to rise to make his escape; but the man was holding him with a twinkling alcoholic eye.

"He must feel pretty cheap, I should think, tagging along after her. Here; try one of these cigars." He yawned behind his hand. "Lord! If my wife had beat me out like that, damned if I wouldn't stay at home!"

Twisting his perfecto in his mouth, he began to chuckle.

"Say—reminds me of what a vaudeville-team fellow told me about once. Wife used to do a heavy acrobatic stunt, and practiced seven hours a day; earned two hundred a week. Mr. Husband stood in the wings for twenty minutes twice a day, handing her the 'props.' Then he'd go round to the nearest saloon and brag about 'Our Act!'" Poking Lester in the side with his thumb, he added: "Say, this chap Hope's probably about like that—eh?" He laughed reflectively, unctuously.

As a horrified guest plucked at the joker's sleeve and whispered something which made him sit up and mutter "He *is*?" Lester Hope retreated to the drawing room, blushing hot with shame, but at last thoroughly awakened.

He had his answer now. Why, if he had grown so negative and insignificant that a man could assume from his mere appearance that he was a nobody—well, he must have fallen a good deal below par. Why should he have crawled away and hidden among these Merely Husbands? What the devil had he, Lester Hope, to be ashamed of? Wasn't it manlier, after all, to swagger about "Our Act!" than to sneak off with his tail between his legs? Yes; he was making more of a fool of himself than they were of him. Either he should swallow his infernal pride and be honestly, openly proud of his wife, or else stay decently at home and let the Mrs. Poppitys of this foolish bookish world forget him.

And, before he had left that swarming house that night, that was what Lester Hope had firmly decided to do.

II

"MRS. HOPE'S Husband!" For days, to the confusion of every other idea, the phrase had rung in his ears. "Mrs. Hope's Husband, Attorney at Law," he seemed to read at the top of his office stationery; and at the bottom he had all but written: "Yours truly, Mrs. Hope's Husband." Every book store he passed called out to him: "Mrs. Hope's Husband!" That miserable ghost of his mortified self had worked and walked home with him. Nor did it leave him even there. Once the key was turned and the door of his smart little Georgian house, opening, showed the hall, trim and elegant with its white woodwork and curling stairway, lo, the specter was ready, awaiting him!

That specter, seated mockingly upon the floor, was a huge package wrapped in brown paper. It was the regular fat monthly offering of books from Peever, her publisher, addressed to "Mrs. Pauline Hope." But why the devil not "Mrs. Lester Hope"? he questioned sulkily. On a tray was the usual pile of letters. The envelopes were almost all addressed also to "Mrs. Pauline Hope"; as if, indeed, she were already a widow!

"Her Husband Must Feel Pretty Cheap, I Should Think, Tagging Along After Her"

Depressed, his aristocratic appearance already a little dimmed, he went into the long, low library. Those rows of books and books had often sheltered him in a port of peace. But to-night his own books reproached him.

Sighing, he listlessly took up the evening paper. His eyes, after a while, fell upon the Society Notes. Yes; there it was! At the very end of a list of "those present" at the Woodling reception he read: "Miss Helen Ramsay, Mr. Saul Tremlett, and Mr. L. Hope—the husband of the distinguished novelist." The paper sailed across the room. Surely it was high time for him seriously to consider his problem.

"Mrs. Hope's Husband!" He—Lester Hope! Long he sat and pondered it. He, with his high pride—a mere possession! How had he ever become so negative, he who had so often been called magnetic?

Was it just another of the many comic tragedies of the too-early marriage—one partner going on and the other lagging behind in arrested development? Bang! His fist came down on the table. No! Downtown he was positive enough. Men respected him, admired him; and women had shown him favor. He felt strength in him. He was not one of those timid mortals whom success had never touched. At college, in the polo field and before the bar he had proved it. Yes; in his own way he, too, had won. But he hadn't happened to win in hers.

Spontaneously out of the past a picture came—a day in their first suburban home when she had been so happy that she had been almost afraid it might not last. With what devoted courage she had said:

"Promise me, Lester—let us promise each other that if the time should ever come when our love changes—ever so little—we will be honest with each other!"

Would that time ever come? Was it, perhaps, even now well on the way? Could this new success of hers possibly separate them? And if it did would she be honest? Would she tell him? . . . Like a warning, the ringing, ringing of a bell awakened him from his reverie.

"Hello! Yes. . . . Yes." He had gone across to Pauline's desk and taken up the telephone. "No; she's not at home yet. . . . I don't know. . . . Yes; probably." Then his face clouded and he smiled bitterly. "Yes; this is 'Mrs. Hope's Husband.' . . . Very well, Mrs. Tremlett—when she comes in."

The receiver struck the hook with a whang. Even in his own home he couldn't escape!

Well—his wife, he recalled, was that afternoon reading from her own "Works" at some precious woman's club. There was, as usual, "something on" for the evening—something of Peever's contriving—with people, of course, who had "done something." But Lester Hope had decided not to be there; and he anticipated a rather bad quarter of an hour, breaking the news to Pauline.

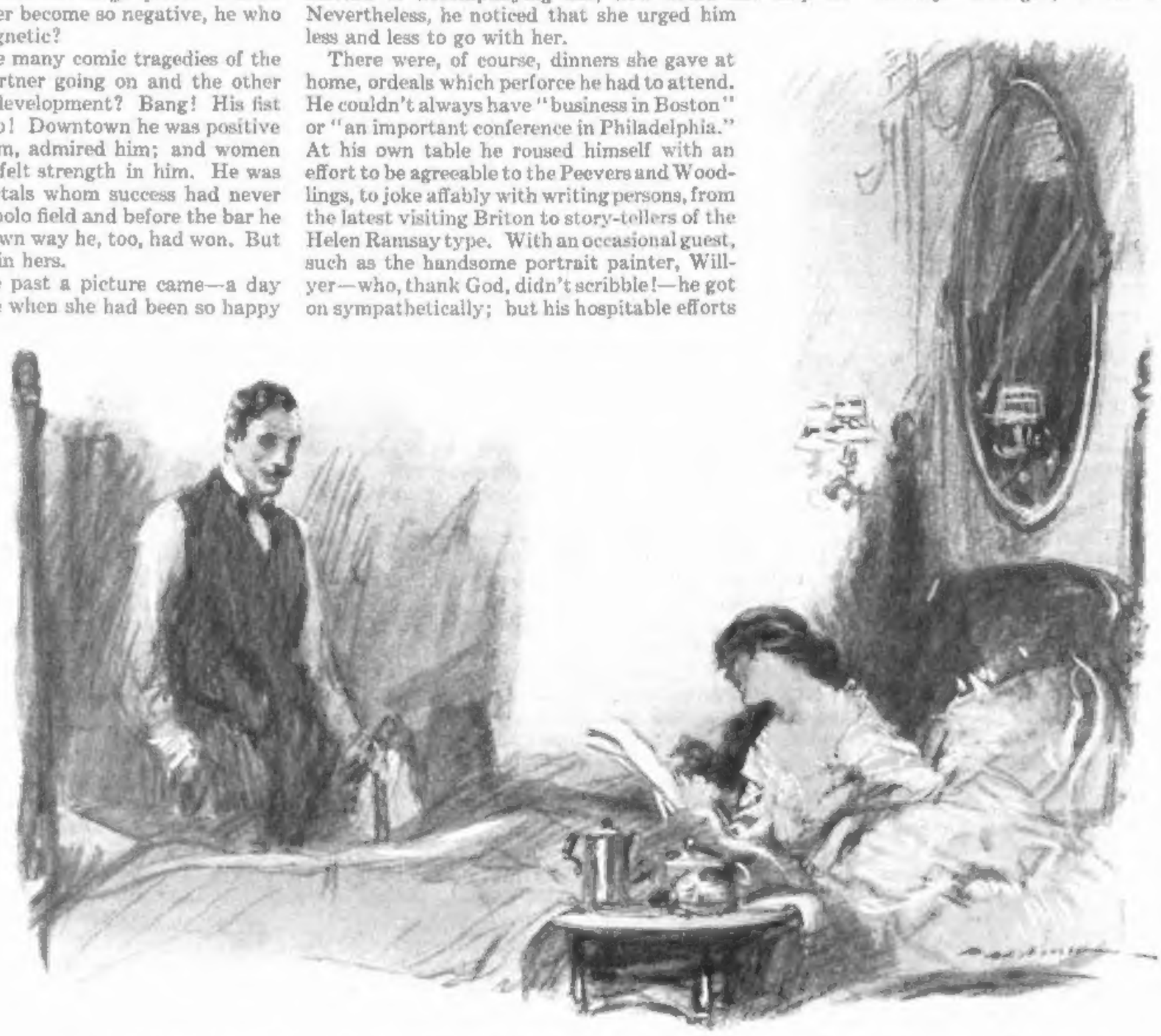
After she had come laughing home, however, and with an impulsive kiss had joyously invited him up to her pretty feminine blue-chintz room while she dressed—combing, manicuring, gossiping of her female adorers of the afternoon, her lips saying "Oh, but Lester, those women were too absurd, really!" while her eyes were confessing "How I love their praise!"—he found his excuses for his absence that night accepted, as she gazed at herself in the mirror, with a careless "I'm so sorry, dear, you can't go!"

And at dinner, later, with her pile of letters at her plate, as she took first a spoonful of celery soup and then a taste of buttered flattery from some unknown correspondent—chattering on over her fish of how Helen Ramsay had inquired for him, and—"Heavens, another request for an autograph!"—enthusiastically attacking her roast, seasoned with "Think of advertising me as the most beautiful authoress in the United States!" but, with the olives, only nibbling abstractedly at "Couldn't you really manage to go with me, darling?—or come for me later, dear?" and "Oh, what is this?" as she read another "lovely" review of her book—kindling and glowing, so pleased with life and art, Lester Hope smiled to think with what ironic ease the scenes often pass off that one has most dreaded.

He was working on an important case, he had told her, and she accepted his explanation without suspicion. Wasn't she, in fact, a little too ready to accept it? Didn't she change the subject rather abruptly to the fact that her name was in the new edition of Who's Who? And while she ran on about having her portrait painted by Willyer, and her election to a woman's fashionable club, Lester Hope sat thinking. Why was he so perturbed? After all, wasn't it natural enough and pardonable enough that all this flattery and hero worship should turn her head a little?

But every day he grew more depressed. So far, he had felt only the pinpricks to his pride; but now a steady heartache began to oppress him. More and more her career seemed to be separating them. Undoubtedly if he had spoken of it she would have said that it was only his fault. If he would stay at home nights, or work late at the office, instead of accompanying her, how could she help it? Nevertheless, he noticed that she urged him less and less to go with her.

There were, of course, dinners she gave at home, ordeals which perforce he had to attend. He couldn't always have "business in Boston" or "an important conference in Philadelphia." At his own table he roused himself with an effort to be agreeable to the Peevers and Woodlings, to joke affably with writing persons, from the latest visiting Briton to story-tellers of the Helen Ramsay type. With an occasional guest, such as the handsome portrait painter, Willyer—who, thank God, didn't scribble!—he got on sympathetically; but his hospitable efforts in the rôle of Mrs. Hope's Husband usually exhausted him. The minor celebrities were overpolite, treating him as something between an old family servant and a precocious boy. The higher stars of literature drank his wines; they smoked his cigars; they were assiduous to his pretty wife. But her husband they jovially ignored.



"'You Must Have Been Deprived of Pretty Things When You Were Young.' That's Right, Too; I Was, Wasn't I?"

Down to the library one evening came Pauline in a bewitching new gown—one of the extravagances for which she herself was now paying. Never had he seen her so beautiful, he thought, as when she walked into the room and threw down her tulle scarf. What a change from the slender lines of her budding youth to this regnant lady, blooming to-night in perfect flower! His wife? It seemed impossible!

The jewels on her bare throat sparkled; and as she critically selected her orchids under the Winged Victory, Lester Hope saw as never before what success had done for her. Letting his pen fall, he watched her. No—ah, no longer was she Pauline Forr, the naïve, romantic, talented girl, the wayward darling he had first loved and molded. Could Pauline Forr ever have handled those orchids so calmly? Pauline-of-the-violets! Nor was she any longer that young Mrs. Hope, that fresh suburban Mrs. Hope, so proud of her husband, her home, her position. Oh, no; young Mrs. Hope, before this, would have had her arms about him, petting him, teasing him, pulling that obstinate lock of hair—how he remembered!—so whimsically affectionate!

The orchids were arranged in her corsage; the orchids were rearranged. There was a reconnoitering glance; then:

"Couldn't you possibly come with me, dear, this time?"

He stiffened and shook his head.

"I'd particularly like you to to-night, Lester. It's horrid going alone!" She laid her hand gently on his arm. "Of course I know it may bore you; but ——"

How he wanted to seize that hand, seize her as he used to, and crush her in his arms! But his demon of pride forbade. Instead, he turned to his papers uneasily.

"No," he said dully; "I'm sorry, but I've got some writing to do."

There was a moment's wait; then, with a toss of her head, her expression changed. Chin up, shoulders back, splendid as a countess was Pauline Hope. Oh, there was no changing her pose now; it was quite evident that it would last all the evening—and more than one would ask admiringly: "Who is that over there—that proud-looking creature, with the dark hair?"

As the front door closed after her Lester Hope rose wearily. To-night, for the first time—yes, for the very first time—he wanted to be alone. He looked about. Alone? Why, the whole room seemed fairly filled with her brilliant, eclipsing personality. Didn't everything in it suggest her? She dominated him still.

Out went an electric light, and her writing desk disappeared into the gloom. Shrouded in that shadow, too, her framed photographs of authors and "presentation copies" no longer accused him of his own conspicuous lack of fame. He turned another switch, and another, drowning more evidences of her new public prosperity—those rare editions she was so proud of, her prints, her paintings, and all that made the place so appallingly literary—until at last he was safe in a little yellow oasis of light at his own desk. Safe? Ah, still in the shadows the specter lurked! "What are you going to do with me?" it seemed to say. "I am Mrs. Hope's Husband!"

And yet—it was not as Mrs. Hope's Husband that he had gone so brilliantly through college; it was not Mrs. Hope's Husband who had won with dash and skill on the polo field; and when men talked of the stars of criminal legal practice his successes had never been set down to Mrs. Hope's Husband. Surely there was some personal force in him! No; what people had said was that Lester Hope was magnetic; that he was a good fighter; that he never quit. They said, also, that his force was heightened by his picturesque and distinguished appearance; for, so tall and dark, with his twisted mustache and the little tuft on his chin, with his long sensitive hands, he looked more like a French count than a New York lawyer.

Now, alone in his library, as he paced, absorbed, he showed something of that old vigor; but well he knew that, once Pauline had returned, radiating her new prestige, that positive personality of his would again fade and dwindle.

The dull-blue portières were parted. A maid looked into the room.

"There's a package come for Mrs. Hope, sir," she said. "Could you sign for it? The man's awful particular about it; but he said if she wasn't in Mrs. Hope's Husband would do."

She left without noticing the cheeks of the self-controlled man who had handed her back the receipt book. They were burning as hotly as if she had struck him in the face.

As he opened and shut the drawers of his desk, thinking dispiritedly that he must go to work, he paused, staring at something—something ragged, worn, soiled.

He drew it out. What queer stuttering printed words! What irregular spacing and erratic margins! Hyphens and capital letters strewn in reckless profusion; words crossed out; words written in; careted and blotted—well he knew those pages! Again he seemed to be talking over those early tales of hers with her, arguing their psychology, elaborating their romantic plots. Why, they had sat up talking them over excitedly together, night after night, often until two or three in the morning! Together! Where was that "togetherness," as she used to call it, now?

(Continued on Page 65)

WHEN WAR BRIDES MATURE

One of the Vast Munition Plants Suitable for the Purposes of War or Peace

By Edward Hungerford

THE parents of two of our most blossoming war brides of a season or two since met recently on a train coming down to New York from up in New England. Bliffkins was still optimistic; Simpkins, decidedly the reverse. The Russians had just taken advantage of a cancellation clause in a big contract they had given him for army supplies, and he was groaning at the loss of the big order.

"I have my plant built and equipped and keyed up for fifteen million dollars' worth of business a year—and only six millions in sight, now that we've lost that contract. We've got to get some selling force to jam nine million dollars' worth of our product down the throats of the great American public."

Bliffkins laughed.

"In every one of our contracts that we made with those fellows over there we made our selling price big enough to include the entire cost of new plant—land, buildings, machinery; every bit of it. When the job's done they could be burned down and we should not have to charge a cent off our books."

"The cancellation clause in my own contracts prevents me from having any real cash loss," asserted Simpkins, with a big man's zealous regard for his professional reputation. "But that isn't the real damage."

"What is the real damage?"

"Prestige! We've the biggest thing in our town—in our end of the state, for that matter. Jonesboro is proud of us. It prints the picture of our plant on the Chamber of Commerce stationery and it's moved along pretty lively to keep pace with us—a new hotel, two new office buildings, schools, churches; to say nothing of apartment houses by the dozen, and whole miles of new streets and individual houses. Jonesboro has banked on me and on my plant. I've got to keep it up to the notch we've set or the town goes bankrupt.

"Get me? If the town goes broke we might just as well pull up stakes and get out. We shall have lost the most valuable asset any business can have—prestige! That's why I am on my way to New York and to Pittsburgh, to get a sales manager and an efficiency man. We've just got to create a market for nine million dollars' worth of stuff that my factory and machinery are equipped to turn out."

Who's Got the Potash?

SIMPKINS was not long-headed in the first instance. It was the unforeseen cancellation of his contract that caused him suddenly to look ahead to the days that will come after the inevitable ending of the great war in Europe. Other manufacturers have been looking forward almost since the very day that Europe was first set afire. They are the Bliffkinses, perhaps. And still another class of manufacturers, whose business runs far afield from munitions of any sort, have looked forward too. Their businesses have also been growing. And they have felt that after the war there will be a large number of ready-made modern factories for sale—at a great bargain. It will be a day for gaining very low overhead costs.

Not all the buildings that have housed the war brides will be for sale. Oh, no! A good many of their owners, like Simpkins, will find new products to which their buildings, their locations, their classes of help seem best adapted. Some of the explosive plants, as we shall show you in good time, may be turned over to the manufacture of dyestuffs. Other explosive factories, flung widespread on the community plan for the better protection of their workers and the surrounding countryside, will be torn down or abandoned. These plants are like those of Bliffkins, and have had their entire construction costs covered in the munitions contracts. They can be completely erased without loss to their owners.

What of these war brides after the war?

Before we give a direct answer to this question, let us give consideration to one that is closely related to it and must precede.

For what was America most dependent upon the Central Powers before the coming of the war?

Apparently for three things—for potash, which came in great quantities from Germany; for chemicals, which had many drug and manufacturing uses; and for dyestuffs—particularly aniline dyes. And our position in nitrates—ranking even ahead of potash in the making of land fertilizers—has been and still is none too good, to put the matter plainly. The nitrate situation has been very greatly improved. A private concern has built a plant large enough to produce synthetically all the nitrates it needs for its present uses. And that plant must be reckoned as so much clear gain for America.

In the manufacture of steel and of steel products we have no peer. In all the world there is no other Pittsburgh. Our textile industry is firmly established and thoroughly competent, though, as I shall show you in a moment, firmly dependent upon the dye industry. In garments—men's and women's, outer and under—we have stood second to none. American-made shoes and hats go all over the world. So do many of the novelties and the luxuries we have created—to say nothing of manufactured foodstuffs. Yet we have not been industrially or economically independent. We have lacked the potash, the dyestuffs, the nitrates. Without these three things, America—even richer in raw products than in manufactures: cotton, corn, wheat, tobacco, iron, silver, gold, copper—remained to an extent helpless.

A dozen years before the great war began it was being suggested that the Federal Government should give its aid toward the production of potash—a salt which heretofore has been derived almost entirely from the great Stassfurt deposits, in Germany. There is a considerable mineral deposit of this salt in California. But it is believed that this deposit is only enough for the necessities of our cotton and wheat crops for a single year; in fact, it has been said that a lack of potash has been the chief cause for the poor crops of these staples during the last year or two. It is interesting to note that when the European war broke, salesmen who had sold potash to farmers at prices round thirty-five dollars a ton went round and bought back all they could, paying three hundred dollars and upward for it. From that time forward wheat and cotton crops began to suffer.

There is another way, however, in which potash is, at the immediate moment, of far more importance to the United States than for these two great products of its fields. Potash is an ingredient of powder—particularly of the old-fashioned black powder, still used in shrapnel. Moreover, the chief American source from which potash is derived also holds acetone, which, in turn, is the chief solvent in the manufacture of smokeless powder, universally used to-day by all the armies of the world. Without an assurance of potash and acetone in abundance within its own boundaries the United States could ill afford to go to war.

To-day it holds such an assurance, secured through the scientific development of one of the very largest of its war brides. It was sudden necessity that gave to us the very thing for which we had been slowly and rather ineffectually groping for a dozen years or more. The war bride in this case had been given large war contracts for smokeless powder and other modern explosives—among them, cordite. Cordite is a sort of British specialty. English gunners of high and low degree fancy it. The staff heads of the chief of all the Allies indorse it. And when England finally got into the war game she demanded it—asked America whether she could fill a contract for two million pounds of the stuff.

The contract came eventually to the above concern. It began figuring on the contract, with the help of its expert chemists and cost experts.

Acetone for Cordite

"PASS up that English order," advised some of its rivals in the munitions field. "It will cost you no end of trouble. It's the most rigidly tested propellant in all the world. It's got to drive a sixteen-pound shell sixteen hundred and forty-five feet a second or the British Government will reject the whole lot. Twelve feet a second off, and you will have a hundred-thousand-pound batch turned back as waste. Don't touch it! There isn't a cent of money in it."

But, on the other hand, the contract bade fair to become a twenty-five-million-dollar affair—a *dot* well worth the attention of even the most captious of war brides. The company went to experimenting. Not all of its trials were successful. Some were. And it was because of these that the sales manager of the concern went hurrying up to New York to see E. R. Stettinius, of the House of Morgan, the man to whom was intrusted the big job of buying most of the war supplies from America for the British Government.

"We are ready to sign up for the delivery of two million pounds of cordite—two hundred thousand pounds to be tested and approved and on shipboard within six weeks' time, or we forfeit a bond for a quarter of a million dollars," said the sales manager.

Stettinius was not so quick.

"Where are you going to get enough acetone?" he inquired.

That had been the sticking point at which other powder makers had failed; for cordite, unlike the other smokeless powders, is built up not from one but from two explosive ingredients—guncotton and nitroglycerin. And the only practical solvent for these is the curious liquid of pleasant, ethereal odor—acetone. The total production of acetone in the United States before the beginning of the war did not exceed seven million pounds. The single contract the powder company was prepared to sign would call for six hundred thousand pounds of the stuff. And there were British agents, here and there and everywhere across the face of the land, buying acetone for their own munition factories. The price already had jumped from ten cents a pound—the normal figure—to twenty-five, thirty-five, forty cents; and was still going up.

"Mr. Stettinius," said the sales manager of the powder makers, "if we will discover and develop an entirely new method for making acetone, and will draw our supply from a source now unknown and never before available, do we get the contract?"

"It sounds pretty good," was the instant reply.

Then followed conferences; the cable was put at work. It brought back from oversea this astounding counter-proposition:

"We, also, need acetone from this unknown mythical source of yours. Supply us with enough to make twenty-four million pounds of cordite over here and you can make

twenty-four million pounds of cordite over there—on the sole understanding that every last pound of acetone be derived from a source not now available."

Here was a proposition for an American manufacturer to face! He finally had offered the British Government an amount of cordite that would require acetone equal to the entire annual production in the United States. The British Government had replied by the cool suggestion that he double the offering; and it had tacked on a clause which limited the delivery to twelve months' time.

Some salesmen would have turned down the contract then and there. The powder expert did nothing of the sort. He agreed to take it, with all its staggering conditions, and hurried back home to start his concern on the manufacture of acetone—at a rate of which chemists had never before dreamed. It was a real problem. The old-fashioned way of making acetone, the way by which the United States derived its commercial output in ordinary years, was by the dry distillation of acetate of lime, which, in turn, is a product of the dry distillation of wood. But this was the method expressly forbidden by the contract. A second possibility was to erect a plant by a good water power somewhere—for legal reasons at a point like the Canadian side of Niagara Falls—and there manufacture acetone from carbide by a synthetic process patented and perfected by the Germans. But that method was complicated. And there was not enough carbide.

Then someone had suggested vinegar. And after his associates were done with their laughing comments, saying that there were not enough vinegar-making plants in the entire United States to make, combined, the fourteen million pounds necessary for the great cordite contract, it was decided that the powder company should build a vinegar plant that was big enough; and its sales manager returned to Mr. Stettinius and signed the contract.

A Floating Potash Mine

THIS is not the time or the place to attempt to describe in any detail the great vinegar factory that rose on the harbor shore not far from Baltimore. It is enough to say here and now that the ordinary process of making vinegar is to place fermenting fruit juices or alcohol in a wooden generator, four feet by eight and filled with beech shavings. Fresh liquor is fed in from the top; air is let in at the bottom. Nature takes its course and the vinegar is drawn off. This is the ordinary course followed in vinegar and yeast factories.

But the new plant was no place for the ordinary course of things. It was founded upon the extraordinary. It would have taken twenty thousand of the four-by-eight generators to make its output of vinegar—seventy-five million gallons in nine months' time. As it was, it took a city of nine hundred and sixty generating casks—huge affairs, each of them, and arranged like a miniature city in streets. There were innumerable ingenious devices for carrying the raw product to the casks; other carriers to bring the vinegar and to transmute it into the acetone, resembling nothing quite so much as hard rock-sugar candy. The entire plant cost more than three million dollars. It was but a single article in the attire of a typical war bride.

Not that it was all done quite so easily as it is here told; for, like a great many other overnight enterprises, there was quite a broad difference between the theory and the practice. And, because of the difficulties that were inevitable to the operation of a great new plant, there were only about one hundred thousand gallons a day coming out of the great vinegar casks—and one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand gallons a day was needed to save the contracts.

This is where we come to potash. At the very moment when it looked as if the powder concern was about to achieve failure instead of victory, it turned toward kelp, as a fresh source of the needed acetone. And through kelp—which holds potash as well as acetone—it saved the day, not only for itself but apparently for the whole United States. For as soon as it became a commercial necessity to harvest the seaweed for acetone it was both possible and practicable to refine the potash, which is the very thing that is being done to-day.

If you have ever been to San Diego you must have noticed the great field of kelp—acres upon acres of floating seaweed—which rests upon the surface of the Pacific outside the entrance to its harbor. Until now it has been of no commercial use whatsoever, though the Federal Government has been urging its exploitation for many years past. In other countries the beach combers have gathered up the kelp after the passing of the tide, and from it has been refined a very useful and practical potash. But there is little tide at San Diego and so the algæ rarely ever come ashore. It is necessary to go out and cut them.

A dozen inventors have filed a hundred patents or so on self-propelled cutting scows for harvesting the kelp. Not one of them had ever succeeded in making an ideal machine. A kelp-cutting harvester, to be successful, must not only be able to operate satisfactorily against adverse weather conditions but must also cut the algæ—not pull them out by the roots and so prevent their propagation and regrowth. And so one of the great potential assets of the United States remained undeveloped.

The powder company felt that it could crack the difficult nut. It went out to San Diego last summer and quietly built a great refining plant by the side of the harbor at a cost of more than a million dollars. San Diego rubbed its eyes in astonishment. It is not used to the quiet method of doing big things. No advertisements; no stock solicitation; no request for a free site from the Chamber of Commerce; not even a request for a loan from any of the banks—only fifteen hundred men working day and night to make a commercial dream of the years come true. But the dream was coming true. Not only was the plant being built there before its very eyes, a pier twenty-two hundred feet in length thrusting itself out into the harbor, but Captain Norris, who had handled all the big harbor work for years, until he was made port pilot, was working at the kelp with a real cutting scow.

The cutting scow, like the Baltimore vinegar plant, was not an immediate practical success. Yet its success was absolutely essential to the success of the refining plant. And upon the refining plant hung that twenty-five-million-dollar cordite and acetone contract with the British Government. So that when the cutting scow refused to do the work demanded of it the powder company felt that it had the hardest of its problems still to solve.

The House That Jack Built

THE problem was not beyond solution. A shrewd mechanical expert from headquarters had gone to San Diego at the beginning to devise a harvesting craft that would cut the kelp, that makes the potash, that makes the acetone, that makes the cordite. The house that Jack built would have been nowhere without Jack. And so the cordite contract would have been just so much waste paper without a successful harvester in the waters of San Diego Bay. Under such necessity American wit and ingenuity triumphed. They rarely fail in such hours. A successful and practicable harvester was finally developed by the mechanical expert and set at work in the kelp. It is still working there, two others beside it—each cutting about five hundred tons a day. The contract has been kept. American ingenuity still stands above par on the other side of the Atlantic. But, best of all, we have gained a great permanent industry—a fine industry in time of peace, an asset of almost incalculable value in time of war.

The Government experts have said that this bed of kelp can be relied upon to supply potash for the entire commercial and the greater part of the agricultural needs of the United States for many years to come. Other scientists have disagreed with them. Yet it is conceded that the San Diego experiment has proved successful. It is only reasonable to suppose that the present harvesting work will be

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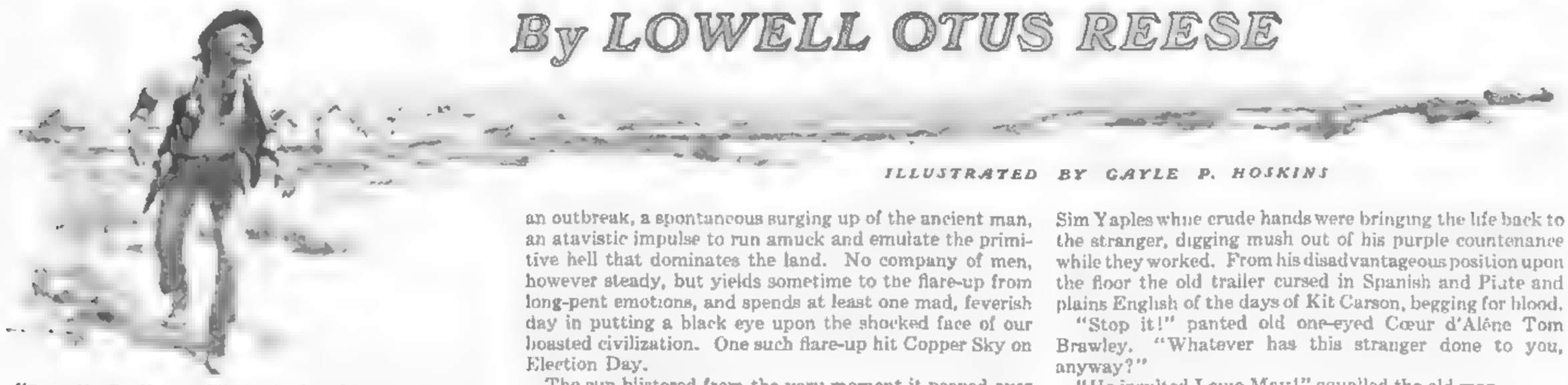
In the Manufacture of Steel and of Steel Products We Have No Peer in All the World

The Constable of Copper Sky

By LOWELL OTUS REESE



ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

"Bury Me To-Morrow Where the Lily Blossoms Spring Underneath the Willows, While the Little Robins Sing"

THIS story properly begins away back in the dim remoteness of the origin of being, when Nature instilled into all sentient creatures the Pride of Preferment. However, since Nature has further endowed us with the urge to go quickly to the heart of things, we jump clear down the ages to the Day of the Big Jag, when Copper Sky celebrated three memorable things—its first election; the dedication of the new calaboose; and the impending wedding of Louie May.

The election signalized Copper Sky's arrival at the dignity of townhood; the new calaboose marked the end of the time when the occasional lawbreaker would be taken haughtily away by some petty official of Cactus Center, to be tried by the court down at that pride-bloated metropolis. Cactus Center was the county seat, and it presumed upon the fact. It had the jump on Copper Sky, and it rubbed it in on that growing town. Wherefore, Copper Sky hated Cactus Center. The county seat saw in Copper Sky a potential rival; so naturally it hated Copper Sky. The antipathy extended to individuals; and woe followed the Copper Sky pilgrim who stepped out of the Straight and Narrow when making a visit to the county seat.

Which leads us to the wedding of Louie May and its relation to the opening of the great epoch of civic independence.

Several years back Aunt Malindy Crow, who owned the Palace Hotel, made a far pilgrimage to Los Angeles. When she came back Louie May came with her. Now so far back as she could remember, Louie May had been an orphan, unnoticed, unloved, and unlovely in the hopeless uniform of the Orphanage. For orphanages, like many individual philanthropists, oftentimes give generously of everything but love.

But in the hearts of Copper Sky Louie May found all the love that her earlier years had missed. As the months went on, not one of the rough men but would have fought to the last breath for her. And in that generous atmosphere Louie May expanded with wonderful rapidity. The awful primness of the tightly pulled hair gave place to little kinkles and curls, and there was a red ribbon. A song came to her lips and stayed there. She reveled in work, and flew from kitchen to dining room, a regular little fury of industry.

So the years went by and Louie May was a young woman. Copper Sky didn't realize it; but Kelley Briles did. About the time that Louie May came to the Palace, Kelley Briles, himself only a boy of nineteen, took a "lay" on a portion of the Happy Chance Claim, up on the breast of old Soledad Butte. A lay, of course, is a lease, given upon a certain portion of a claim for a certain period of time. The man taking the lay gains in exact proportion to the amount of work he can crowd into the life of his lease. Kelley Briles had spent four years in working like a fiend. His ambition began with a possible stock ranch and alfalfa field down in the valley; but it soon expanded and included Louie May.

So Kelley's lease had expired. His last shipments had been made and the returns were stored away in old Judge Navlett's safe—gold, to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. It had been the boy's idea to have this rich witness to his four years of hard work in order to lend an added interest to his wedding day, which was set for the day following election. A boyish whim, certainly; but it might be forgiven, for Kelley was but twenty-three years of age.

II

LIFE on the desert is a hard thing. Sun, wind and the eternal dryness conspire to batter at the doors of fortitude. Labor, under these conditions, tries the soul. Consequently there is bound to come a time when occurs an outbreak, a spontaneous surging up of the ancient man, an atavistic impulse to run amuck and emulate the primitive hell that dominates the land. No company of men, however steady, but yields sometime to the flare-up from long-pent emotions, and spends at least one mad, feverish day in putting a black eye upon the shocked face of our boasted civilization. One such flare-up hit Copper Sky on Election Day.

The sun blistered from the very moment it peeped over the shoulder of Soledad Butte and glared at Copper Sky. The new calaboose, a twelve-foot box built of iron slabs and set in the middle of the Public Square, warmed with the promise of what would happen to the town's malefactors in the future. It was going to be a hot day.

It was going to be more than that. From the moment the citizenry began appearing upon the sand-littered board sidewalks one could see that something was brewing. Substantial ones, whose ordinary lives were most exemplary, teetered slightly when they walked. Old Dad Tolliver went about, apparently sober; but an unusual solemnity sat upon his wrinkled face and he chose each step with meticulous care. Judge Navlett, of course, was entirely above suspicion; but later in the day even Judge Navlett was observed to be smiling happily to himself; and a moist, tender light was in his eyes, half hidden beneath their bushy brows. It was indeed going to be a hot day.

Breakfast was being eaten in the dining room of the Palace Hotel. Halfway down the table sat a stranger with a V-shaped scar on his chin and a splash of white hair in the cowlick above his forehead. He, too, showed signs of the artificial exhilaration that infected the morning atmosphere.

Opposite the stranger little Old Sim Yaples, bald, toothless and wizened, was pursuing a couple of beans about over his plate, trying to coax them upon the end of his knifeblade. His efforts were meeting with a disheartening lack of success, however, because he was unable to ascertain which of the two beans was the real one. The baffling legumes had worn his temper to rags; and besides, Old Sim did not like the stranger across the table.

The old man at last succeeded in his chase and the fugitive bean was on its way to his open jaws, poised upon the knifeblade, where it wabbled precariously. Louie May came in and set a bowl of hot mush before the stranger.

"Hello, sweetheart!"

Old Sim started violently. The bean hopped off his knife and rolled under the table.

The next moment the astonished alien's face was buried in his bowl of hot mush and held there by a skinny old hand that was like a bunch of steel springs. Old Sim's other skinny claw was searching industriously for the stranger's windpipe. Chairs went over backward. Louie May screamed and Aunt Malindy rushed in from the kitchen. Old Sim had discovered the amorous individual's windpipe and was constricting it earnestly, while with his other hand he held his victim's face jammed down in the steaming mush.

It was not at all a pleasant affair. When it was over the dining room was a wreck. Three large men sat upon Sim Yaples while crude hands were bringing the life back to the stranger, digging mush out of his purple countenance while they worked. From his disadvantageous position upon the floor the old trailer cursed in Spanish and Piute and plains English of the days of Kit Carson, begging for blood.

"Stop it!" panted old one-eyed Cœur d'Alêne Tom Brawley. "Whatever has this stranger done to you, anyway?"

"He insulted Louie May!" squalled the old man.

This was indeed different. To the casual transient Louie May was just a dining-room waitress, born to be the natural target for leering pleasantries; to the rough, powder-reeking men of Copper Sky she was Louie May, daughter of the camp, sweet and good; a marvelous flower blooming in the desert, making glad the waste places. For in the wide country men gain a clearer perspective of things; and a waitress with a clean heart appears to them exactly what she is—a brave soul bringing to honest labor the dignity it deserves.

Louie May insulted! A cordial sentiment at once manifested itself, favoring Old Sim's immediate release, to the end that he might resume his pleasant diversion. But the opportune arrival of Old Dad Tolliver saved the issue. Dad, the old bellwether of the camp, pointed out how opprobrium surely would rest upon Copper Sky's first election if a stranger were immolated at the very inception of the great event.

"Besides," said Dad, "the man's drunk. He ain't used to Copper Sky whisky. And you got to allow that when a man's dazed—sort of—the sight of Louie May's sweet face is liable to start him saying things he ain't at all accountable for, not being in his right mind and seeing her kind of suddenlike."

Old Dad's argument prevailed at last, and the gagging unfortunate was borne away and hidden in the back room of Judge Navlett's office, against the coming of the night passenger train. Then Copper Sky quickly forgot him in the superior interest that attached to the opening of the polls.

The Company Followed Sim Into the Street, Leaving the Boy and Girl Weeping Together

But one there was who did not fall for Dad's sophistries. Nor did he forget. Sorely disappointed, Old Sim Yaples wandered up and down the town, his shiny old gun in his belt and a hungry look in his dim eyes. All day he spent in this futile search, his moccasined feet padding from one saloon to another. Sim Yaples was a relic of the days of the old plainsmen and he still clung to moccasins, even in the desert, where every cactus thorn promised him a dagger thrust, but seldom made the promise good; for Old Sim's feet seemed to have eyes in the dark.

The new calaboose was used as the voting place. At irregular intervals Old Sim's travels brought him by this place, where a majority of the population was gathered.

"Ain't she a fine one, Sim?" gurgled Scotty Mackinnon when Sim stopped for a moment to regard the new structure.

The old man's sullen gaze regarded the calaboose appraisingly.

"She ain't so big as the one down at Cactus Center," went on Scotty; "but she's a heap more stylish."

Sim nodded his bald head. His eyes fell upon the door fastenings.

"Looksh like shame kind of a lock as the one on Cactus Center Jail," he said.

"Shame kind of key, too. Wonner why they didn' gezzer differen' lock an' differen' key?"

Scotty didn't know. Old Sim went away, sore as a boil.

Another wrong had been added to the day's list. All the rest of the day that lock and key kept heaping up with the general rage that consumed him; for he had been in the county seat's calaboose and the memory rankled. He was an unrelenting partisan in the intense bitterness that existed between the two towns.

The voting had just begun when he came round again.

"I wish I was constable!" he barked, his bare old gums grinding together in his rage. "I'd go get that feller inshulted Louie May and scalp 'im! And I'd put a differen' lock an' key on ze calaboose. Ole women, tha'sh what Copper Sky ish! Let a stranger wiz a face like a chuckwalla come to town an' inshult Louie May, an' gezzer 'way wiz it! Ole women! Ole copy-cats! Had to copy lock on Cactus Center's calaboose! 'F I was cons'able it'd be differen'. Besshir life!"

Again the old trailer ambled away in hot fury. Scotty Mackinnon laughed a bibulous laugh. Then he decided to go in and vote.

"Who you goin' vote for for cons'able, Scotty?" asked another inebriate.

Scotty halted and drew himself to an approximate perpendicular.

"Who—me?" he asked gravely. "F'r cons'able? I ——"

Then into his mind crept a regular rogue of an idea. Like an electric flash it swept through his whole being and registered itself upon his grinning face.

"Me—I'm goin' vote f'r Sim Yaples!" he chuckled. "Joke—shee? Sim Yaples f'r cons'able! But keep it dark."

The wealth of the joke beat strongly upon the other's sense of humor.

"I'm gonna do it, too!" he announced firmly.

The two voted and went across to Johnny Eisinger's for a drink.

But the joke was too good to keep. They simply had to tell it. And wherever they told it, once it had penetrated beyond the haze the hot day's potations had wrapped about Copper Sky's intelligence, it exploded with the dazzling effect of a bursting comet. It was a fine joke.

The polls were closed and the counting of the ballots had commenced. Inside the calaboose, Judge Navlett, Dad Tolliver, Long Bill Holliday and several others, weighed down by a sense of the great responsibility, counted and tallied solemnly. On the very second ticket the Judge paused, after enunciating "For Constable," and regarded the ticket closely. Not satisfied, he put on his horn spectacles and looked again. Yes; there could be no doubt. The name of the regular candidate had been scratched; and in its place was scrawled: "Sim Yaples."

Sorely mystified, the old lawyer looked about him and announced the vote. The incredulous judges and clerks demanded to see the ballot. As it went from hand to hand a roar of laughter started. In the street outside, Scotty Mackinnon joined in the mirth; for he knew. It surprised him, though, when the rest of the crowd laughed also, understandingly it seemed. How did they know he had cast that vote for Sim Yaples? Yet it certainly seemed they did; and his foggy mind turned the matter over in amazement.

Another ticket was taken from the box. Again, when Judge Navlett came to "For Constable," he peered, as though unwilling to believe his eyes; and then he read again:

"Sim Yaples."

A third and fourth time this happened. The hilarity gradually began giving place to perplexity. What did it all mean, anyway? Each individual humorist remembered his own vote, cast in jest for Old Sim, but quite overlooked the possibility of other voters' having the same sense of humor. Here and there, as the counting proceeded, was a scattering vote for the regular candidate; but far oftener, when "For Constable" came, Judge Navlett read: "Sim Yaples."

It grew to be monotonous.

Quite ignorant of what was happening at the polls, Sim Yaples still quested about over town, looking for a man with a V-shaped scar on his chin and a patch of white in his cowlick. The old man was singing now. When Old Sim started weeping or singing sad songs, people who knew him kept out of the way. All day he had been drinking; but the fact was hardly perceptible in his gait as he came down the street, walking on his toes and warbling a melancholy song of ancient ribaldry:

"I was young and happy, and my heart was light and gay,
Singing, always singing, through the sunny summer day;
Happy as a lizard in the wavin' chaparral,
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal."

"Are You Coming—or Will I Have to Crawl in There and Beat You Up Into a Sausage?"

As he came by the calaboose he broke into his lachrymose refrain:

"Sal, Sal,
My heart it broke to-day—
Broke in two forever when they laid you in the clay;
I would give creation to be walkin' with my gal—
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal."

"Oh, Simeon!"

Still wearing his perplexed look, Judge Navlett beckoned the old trailer up to the door.

"God alone knows how it happened, Simeon," said Judge Navlett; "but you have been elected Constable of Copper Sky!"

There was a dead silence. For the first moment, Old Sim's faded, bloodshot eyes traveled round over the assembled faces, sinister, dangerous. He seemed to sense a joke—and he was in no mood for jokes. His gaze came back to the quiet, grave face of Copper Sky's respected old jurist, still wearing its look of perplexity

"Here are the implements that go with your office," said the judge.

He handed to Sim a pair of handcuffs and an enormous star, upon which appeared the word "Constable" in huge letters; and finally the shining key of the calaboose.

Old Sim mechanically accepted the articles. Plainly he did not as yet comprehend or believe.

"It's all right, Sim," said Dad Tolliver. "The camp elected you constable by a three-fourths majority. I think it was done as a compliment to you for defending Louie May." Crafty Old Dad!

Old Sim saw and believed at once. Virtue had been recognized at last! He thrust the cuffs and the key into his pocket, and pinned the potential badge upon his shirt-front. He cast a lofty look of proprietorship at the calaboose; and that look seemed to assure the world that he would keep that noble structure full and running over throughout the entire period of his incumbency. Purpose was in his eye as he padded swiftly away through the soft, cooling air, tempered now by the relenting sun. At last Sim knew what it meant when Nature instilled into every breast the Pride of Preferment. He was Constable of Copper Sky! Now let the man with the V-shaped scar on his chin beware!

Dad Tolliver turned to Judge Navlett with a troubled face.

"The boys elected Old Sim as a joke," he said. "They were all drunk. You're a lawyer, Judge; is it going to be legal?"

Judge Navlett looked out over the desert, where the evening was beginning to turn the world to burnt umber and mauve, edged with mysterious black, far out on the edge of the Panamints, where the night was creeping up over the rim of things.

"Well," said the venerable lawyer slowly, "if three-fourths of a community of tough desert men say a thing is legal, it is my opinion that nobody is ever going to risk his precious health trying to argue them out of it."

III

BREAKFAST in the Palace dining room next morning in no way resembled a frolic. Gloom was everywhere. Heads throbbed and furry throats recoiled in disgust from bacon and beans. Mush was a low thing and coffee found favor only because of its admirable virtue. Yesterday had been a great day; but to-day was the Morning After.

Louie May alone flitted about the breakfast room like a solitary sunbeam playing among murky clouds. This was her wedding day. Already the room was decorated for the occasion, and a great bell hung above the table, made of white flowers brought from Los Angeles at much expense. Always the girl watched the door with bright expectancy whenever a step sounded, coming from the street. But for some reason Kelley Briles was late. Disappointment began to threaten the happy light in the girl's eyes, and once or twice her lip quivered.

"Don't you worry, Louie May!" smiled Old Dad Tolliver reassuringly. "Kelley's over at Judge Navlett's office counting that twelve thousand he's going to give you for a wedding present."

Louie May smiled faintly. Then the door opened and Kelley came slowly in. His face was gray-white above the unaccustomed linen collar, and he shook as with a chill.

"Kelley!" cried Louie May.

The boy moved across and took her in his arms.

"I—I hate to tell you, Louie May," he whispered hoarsely; "but I got to. Somebody stole our gold out of Judge Navlett's safe last night!"

"Oh! Poor Kelley!"

Then the young fellow broke down suddenly, and she soothed him as though he had been a child. Over his shoulder her stricken eyes went round the table and stopped where sat Old Sim Yaples, the enormous star upon his breast, mocking her with the futile legend, "Constable."

Old Sim got up and glared round at the assembled miners.

"Where'd you put him?" he demanded harshly. "Where'd you tuck in that poor, lovin' stranger after you took him away from me yesterday?"

(Continued on Page 54)

THE NIGHT OF THE DUB

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON DINGWALL

"Of Course There's Dozens of Good Dinners Cheaper. But We're Doing This Thing Only Once, and We Want to Do It Right"

THIS tale's introduction could be shortened and made simple to a degree by dropping unwieldy verbal portraiture for the apt art of the movies.

For example, on the snow-glare screen might be thrown a "flash," or a "still," of a youth with colorless hair and homemade features, absorbedly busy, conning a seed catalogue. This might be followed by the pulsate caption:

Homer K. Twitty, Commuter; Twenty-four-dollar-a-week Clerk in Brokerage House of Ganz, Ganz & Sons.

After the audience's record holder for slow reading had had ample time to master and commit to memory this announcement, the genius in the box might screen another "still"; this one depicting an aggressive-jawed and portly man of thirty, clad in due servility to next year's most advanced styles, thoughtfully passing a few yards of ticker tape through his gloved fingers. The Iris Fade-Out of this attractive glimpse might be followed—or preceded—by some such lucid explanation as:

Reggie Ganz, New Head of Ganz, Ganz & Sons.

Thus, in four brief stills or flashes, everyone in the darkened auditorium would at once become familiar with the two protagonists' personalities and chief traits, and would be thoroughly prepared for some such later gem of photoplay rhetoric as:

"Whom do you suppose would credit such a lie when you would reveal it to them?"

The screen is mightier than the pen; and it clears—in one glad stride and two captions—the ground over which the typewriter must plunk tediously for six pages. Wherefore

Homer K. Twitty was not even a cog in the great minting machine known to fame as Ganz, Ganz & Sons. He was merely one of the numberless drops of oil that kept the cogs duly lubricated. Yet he was a reliable little drop. Between the ages of thirteen and twenty-seven he had mounted dizzily from wastebasket guardian to the aforehinted twenty-four-dollar-a-week clerkship.

Being reliable, he would always have a job of some kind. Being reliable, he would always need one. His special oil dropper was the second of the three employee-jammed outer offices of Ganz, Ganz & Sons. Here, like Theseus in Æneas' vision, he "sat, had sat, and"—presumably—"evermore would sit."

Beyond him, amid roseate clouds, loomed the inner office, the shrine toward which all good clerks' upward steps were bent; the goal of attainment which outer-office workers viewed with dimming hope as the toil years slowly ground their optimism down to hardpan drudgery.

For the rest, Homer K. Twitty was of the type so eagerly sought for by life's stage director to enact such stirring rôles as Second Citizen, or Voice in the Crowd, or Confused Noise Without. He was not a shining light. He was not even a danger signal. He was a dub.

All this in the offices of Ganz, Ganz & Sons, on Wall Street, Manhattan.

But there was compensation, and it lay to westward—twenty-two miles to westward. To reach this Promised Land, Homer daily plodded to ferry or tube, crossed the river, rode in the second car behind the smoker for sixty-seven minutes—except when he chanced to miss the express, in which sad case the trip was eleven minutes longer—and detrained at Pompton Plains.

But it was no dub who stepped importantly down from the train. It was a Wall Street man. Therein lay the compensation, Wall Street being like a successful operation, or a conscience victory, or a stormy scene with the boss—in that the farther away from it one travels, the more important and glow-inspiring it becomes.

Not that Homer had laid claim to greatness. He had simply announced, when first he moved to Pompton Plains, that he was in the brokerage house of Ganz, Ganz & Sons. And Pompton Plains had done the rest. It was passing sweet, after a lubricating day of dubdom, to have fellow commuters beg him to tell the inside reason for some Wall Street antic that had smeared itself on the evening papers' first page. It was even sweeter to be chosen unanimously as arbiter in every petty financial argument. Sweetest it was to be asked:

"Why don't you bring Reggie Ganz out with you, some night, to one of our duck-pin tournaments?"

Reggie Ganz! Homer had stood in the presence of the great man just four times in all his life. Twice, when the head clerk had sent him shivering into the inner office with accounts the boss had asked for; once when Ganz had passed him in the corridor and had made him the proud bearer of a message to the office manager; once when Reggie, shooting through the outer office in a rush for a train, had stumbled over Homer's wastebasket and had courteously asked the basket's quaking proprietor why in hell he didn't have sense enough to keep the aisle clear!

To be just to Homer, he had not bluffed—to any criminal extent—when Pompton Plains had sought to thrust Wall Street renown upon him. To all requests for tips or for the secret reasons for some stock flurry, he always made curt and truthful answer:

"I don't know anything about it."

A reply which convinced his worst enemy that he knew all about it. To the suggestions that he bring Reggie Ganz out to fair Pompton Plains for a session of the Duck Pin Bowling Club, or for some other local orgy, he ever replied, with equal curtness and veracity:

"Ganz is a pretty busy man. I'm afraid he wouldn't be able to spare the time."

Nevertheless, at heart he thrilled with the importance thrust upon him. And, to prevent his fame from ebbing—there was always his wife. Bertha Twitty knew, to a penny, what pay Homer received. She knew he was merely one of a swarm of subsidiary clerks in an immense brokerage house. All this she knew—with her mind. Even as, mentally, the average mother must surely realize that her only son is not a choice blend of d'Artagnan, Socrates and Sir Galahad.

Yet, as a mother drapes the combined mantles of those three worthies over her slack-jawed boy's narrow shoulders, so did Bertha endow her clerkly spouse with all the glories of a fictional Wall Street man. She was a truthful soul, this brown-and-drab little woman. Yet—well, she was a childless wife, who must perforce have an idol. And Homer K. Twitty was the sole available candidate for the pedestal. A poor, blind candidate, perhaps; but the only one in stock.

Social life in the pretty suburb of Pompton Plains waxes gay to an extreme when the summer boarders have departed, and when, like hibernating bears, the commuters must rely upon themselves alone for pabulum. And the bright center, round which revolved the winter gayeties of Homer K. Twitty's set, was the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club.

There were but eight members of this exclusive club—all men. But they had injected a jolly feminine atmosphere into the functions—and disarmed wifely remonstrance at lonely home evenings—by adjourning once a month, after the game, to the house of some member, whither the wives of the seven other members had preceded them, and completing the night with a dance and with a supper revel. The fare ranged in variety from Welsh rabbit to stewed oysters and cocoa.

It was Mr. J. B. Threbble, president of the club, who on one such Neronic night broached the plan that leads this story by slow steps from introduction to action.

"Say!" exclaimed Mr. Threbble, a third glass of sparkling lemonade mounting like *aqua vitæ* to his fevered brain and there suddenly begetting an inspiration. "Say, people, what's the matter with our doing this, sometime? What's the matter with our doing this? Listen, now. I got an idea. What's the matter with all of us doing this? What's the matter with our having a real blow-out? Hey?"

Mrs. Spencer Belding, hostess of the evening, bridled at the implied slur upon her delicious hot coconut cake and seltzer lemonade. But Mr. Threbble was too excited to notice. He expounded with growing eagerness:

"Listen! What's the matter with the whole crowd of us going to New York some evening—you girls meet us there when we quit work—and getting dinner at some good restaurant, and then take in a swell show and—and maybe get a bite of supper somewheres afterward, on our way to the train; and then catch the one-ten home? Hey? How about it, everybody?"

Probably when Columbus played his apocryphal trick with the nonauthenticated egg the hypothetical group of scientists gasped in silent amaze for a second, before breaking out in wild acclaim of the unique if asinine stunt. Certainly the assembled members—and their wives—of the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club stared in awed bewilderment at the speaker for several consecutive seconds before their ravished vocal powers returned. Then everybody talked at once.

Mr. Threbble's plan was so alluring, and so feasibly simple withal, that his seven fellow members could have kicked themselves for not having thought of it long ago. As for the wives, they were unanimous in their plaudits. Seldom have

sixteen people been so thoroughly unanimous in indorsing anything. After that first check at the magnitude of the scheme there was not one dissenting voice.

At last the tumult and the shouting died and the gathering resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to go into executive session on the topic of ways and means. Here, as was but to be expected, there were a few minor clashes. But the universal optimism wave easily splashed over and through these. And the thing was ordained.

Bit by bit, during this committee meeting, Homer K. Twitty crept out of the ruck and well to the front, passing even the inspired Mr. Threbble himself. For as the theme took on a tinge of high finance—as regarded assessments, dues, the division of the outlay for dinner, theater, supper, and so on—all eyes turned by instinct upon the Wall Street magnate, whose long experience in handling such details as mergers, pools and reorganizations had fitted him above all other members for such a task as this.

Modestly Homer accepted the burden. A few deft if shameless questions gave him a precise knowledge of the sum that might be relied on to capitalize the venture. This total, with the aid of a pencil and an envelope back, was applied to the probable outlay, which was duly and by inches whittled down to meet the subscriptions.

"Here we are," was Homer's final masterly summing up. "Total assessment, sixty-four dollars—that's your share's eight dollars per. Get that amount in your minds. Sixty-four dollars. Total assessment."

He was very much the steel-cold Wall Street financier now. Even Bertha—who had seen him cry, that time he mashed his finger so cruelly in the china-closet door—felt just a little awed.

"Dinner comes next," he went on. "No; carfare from the place we're to meet to the restaurant. That's a nickel each, or eighty cents in all."

Mr. Threbble's lips worked rapidly in calculation; then he nodded assent.

"Dinner, next," proclaimed Homer. "Now I take it we want a real feed. The kind we can date time from, eh? Well, there's lots of good places where they serve a corking dinner for one dollar and twenty-five cents. Of course there's dozens of good dinners cheaper," he hurried on, steam-rollering an objection from prudent Mr. Spencer Belding, the evening's host. "But we're doing this thing only once, and we want to do it right. So let's say one dollar and twenty-five cents per. That's a total of just twenty dollars. Exactly twenty dollars and no cents. And two dollars for the waiter—ten per cent, you know—making twenty-two dollars. I'll pick out a place not too far from the theater," with a conciliating glance at Mr. Belding, "so we can walk there from the restaurant and save eighty cents that way. Now good seats for a good show will cost two dollars per. That makes ——"

"There are plenty of nice vaudeville places," objected Mr. Belding, "where they only charge ——"

"That makes a total of thirty-two dollars for the tickets." Homer frowned him down. "Then, on the way back, we can stop at a restaurant near the theater and get some dandy fried oysters and coffee all round. That'll be thirty cents more apiece; and a nickel each to the waiter—a total of five dollars and sixty cents. Then ——"

"With such a swell dinner, what do we want to load ourselves up with supper for afterward?" protested Mr. Belding.

"Oh, let's go the whole thing!" enthusiastically suggested his wife. "We're doing it only once. And I ——"

"Then," continued the auditor, "five cents apiece—carfare to the ferry. That's eighty cents more. I'm not counting in railroad fares. We men have our own commutation tickets and you girls all have ten-trippers. So the total expense of our grand outing is due to be just exactly—exactly—sixty-one dollars and twenty cents," he ended in triumph; adding, as a bright afterthought: "Which leaves us two dollars and eighty cents in the treasury toward next year's spree, if we decide to make an annual thing of it!"

"Why not rebate the two dollars and eighty cents, pro rata, to the members?" ventured Mr. Belding.

But nobody heard him in the gust of approval over Homer K. Twitty's financial achievement. On the crest of this applause Homer was unanimously chosen treasurer of the expedition, and was further honored by popular assignment to the responsibility of picking out the restaurant and the theater. He felt much as though Reggie Ganz had turned over to him the entire yearly profit of the firm and had bidden him invest it in whatsoever manner his judgment might dictate. It was a fearful responsibility his fellow club members had thrust upon him. But in his own sanely self-confident heart Homer knew himself equal to it.

"Shall we say—shall we say eight weeks from to-night?" he asked. "That'll give us plenty of time. I'll pick out the show and buy the tickets to-morrow. You know, in some of these New York theaters you have to get tickets a thundering long time ahead. Nobody's got any engagement for eight weeks from to-night, have they?" he ended jocularly, as though naming a date in some post-historic period.

No one had.

All the way to town next morning Homer K. Twitty conned the theatrical proclamations in his newspaper. After an hour's careful perusal and comparison he decided that the show most favorably and also most extensively mentioned in the advertisements was Miss Manhattan. The management not only conceded, in print, that Miss Manhattan was far and away the Brightest, Bulliest, Best Show in New York, but it backed the claim by brief excerpts from the works of competent metropolitan critics, as published in no less than six leading dailies. This seemed to clinch it.

At noon, instead of lunching, Homer took the Subway at Wall Street for Times Square; whence, by the help of a telephone directory, it was no feat at all for a seasoned cosmopolite like himself to locate the desired theater. Five minutes later he was the owner of no less than sixteen ochre pasteboard oblongs entitling the holder to sit in any or all of sixteen contiguous seats in Row N of the theater's orchestra section on the night of January sixteenth.

A little to his annoyance, Homer learned that all seats in the first seven orchestra rows were two dollars and a half apiece instead of the advertised two dollars. Also, that no block of sixteen seats could be procured, even fifty-five days in advance, in any part of the orchestra farther forward than the fourteenth row. Not even a frank statement that the tickets were for the annual frolic of the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club could change the harsh verdict. Still, by way of balm, the courteous box-office man assured Homer that the seats he had just bought were in the very middle of the house and were in every way highly desirable.

On the return walk to the Times Square Subway, Homer was pleased to find no less than three restaurants that advertised a truly Lucullan dinner for a dollar and twenty-five cents. All were within comfortable walking distance of the theater. So was at least one quick-lunch emporium.

"The Notices All Said 'Stag,'" Snorted Reggie. "If Any of the Boys Have Brought Wives Tagging Along ——"

Homer endured, almost unterrified, the office manager's clever sarcasm as to his ten-minute tardiness in returning from lunch. He had proved worthy of his own self-confidence in arranging the forthcoming revel. And he was just a little proud of himself.

Reggie Ganz, at precisely the moment when his least-considered clerk was listening to the office manager's rebuke, was burrowing both arms into the sleeves of a seven-hundred-dollar fur overcoat, assisted by two reverential hat boys. He had just risen from luncheon. And he had risen conqueror. He had been host. His guests had been four fellow alumni of Harle University, who, with himself, had been appointed as entertainment committee for the forthcoming Harle Alumni Reunion.

Reggie, in undergraduate days, had not been wholly a success at Harle. He had brought thither nothing but money—of which he was inordinately and volubly proud—and a financially shrewd brain, which did not prove a popularity asset. He had seen poorer and less brilliant youths "make" one fraternity after another, to which his cleverness and cash could not win admittance for him. Class offices had also passed him by. He had all but failed of ingress to the Harle Club after graduation.

Ten years had spun along. Reggie had risen fast in the finance world. He had won a score of worth-while successes. Yet the memory of his college mediocrity had always rankled. Those same ten years had softened and materialized and turned rational the idealistic undergraduate standards of his classmates. Men who once had snubbed Reggie Ganz gradually discovered that he was decidedly well worth cultivating. His popularity grew—not only in the world at large but also in the Harle Club, to which he had so barely gained entrance, and in the Harle Alumni Association as well.

Yet the faintly bitter taste of that old memory never quite left him. He longed avidly for a feat that should destroy it. Money gifts of varying hugeness to the university had scarce half-achieved this. But those gifts, together with his business prominence, at last won for him a place on the Entertainment Committee, in whose hands was placed every detail for the mammoth gambol planned by the Association. It was a foothold. And Reggie Ganz proceeded to improve it. To-day, at this first meeting of the committee, he had secured for himself the chairmanship. He had also persuaded his four slightly bored and easy-going and overbusy colleagues to depute to him the bulk of the initiative in organizing the reunion spree.

From the luncheon he drove direct to a theater; summoned the house manager to his presence, and, check book on knee, proceeded to buy out the whole house for the night of January sixteenth. He furthermore arranged for the decoration of the place. And he departed thence with a strong letter of introduction to the company's manager. For Reggie had wonderful ideas as to Harle lines, gags and interpolated song verses, and he yearned to pass along his commands for these, without further delay. One trivial discord alone marked the harmony of his interview with the house manager. That followed on a consultation between the latter and the box-office man. After which the manager said apologetically:

"I thought I was playing safe, Mr. Ganz, in promising you the whole house so far ahead. Six weeks is as long in advance as we generally have any sales at all—except to a few speculators, and we can always fix them if we have time enough. But it seems somebody came here an hour

"Never Mind! Duck Hunters are Usually Good Sportsmen. They'll Understand and Clear Out"

ago and bought sixteen seats in Row N for the night of January sixteenth. I don't understand it. The man here tells me he doesn't think the buyer was a speculator. He said something about a social club with a queer name, like The Duck Hunters of the Pampas Plains, or ——"

"Never mind!" interrupted Ganz. "Get rid of him. Offer him a bonus on his tickets or change them for some other night. If you can't do that, let him and his fifteen duck shooters come to the show, and I'll buy 'em out or explain why they can't come in. Duck hunters are usually good sportsmen. They'll understand and clear out. Leave that to me if you can't lose them any other way. You go ahead with the rest of the business."

During the fifty-four days that followed, Reggie Ganz toiled and planned and bullied and coaxed and spent money with both hands in a way which, by all rights, should have crowned him the fictional Napoleon of Wall Street if he had lavished half as much cash and effort in the improving of his own brokerage firm. Under his fierce manipulations the amorphous germ known as the Harle Alumni Reunion took on clearly defined and most attractive shape.

The theater decorations were to be a masterpiece of three great decorators' skill. The seating arrangements—minus sixteen—were little short of sublime. A former President of the United States, three Cabinet members, the president and the president emeritus of Harle University were to fill a lower stage box. The storage room under the auditorium was fitted as a bar de luxe.

The chorus of Miss Manhattan was rehearsed, to tears and hysterics, in the Harle Marching Song, which was to close the performance. The first comedian and his feeder were pat with the fifteen Harle gags written by Reggie Ganz. The second comedian had learned and blasphemously relearned the two interpolated Harle verses in his topical song. And—crowning achievement!—the prima donna had been lured, by managerial coomgs and Ganz jewel gifts, into substituting for the words of her wonted entrance song an original lyric laudatory of Harle. This song had been written by Reggie Ganz himself. It was the capstone of his lifework. It represented all that was best in lyric poetry, almost as fully as Swinburne and Tennyson, in reverse conditions, might have stood for the last word in financial juggling. The song began somewhat like this:

Come, boys! On this festive night
Let's forget each brawl and quarrel.
Let's unite for dear old Harle!
Come, boys! View in mem'ry's light
Those happy days gone by.

Then followed the refrain a pretty thing, copies of which were to be placed in every seat, so that the "Come, Boys" could join in, more or less intelligently:

For with joy and with pride
We do stand side by side.
Now and forever
Old Harle sticks together
In bonds of true friendship so tried.

And there was more of the thing—five verses more. One or two of the verses would have sounded just a very little more congruous in a barroom than in a theater. Not that they were an absolute or unforgivable kick in the stomach of decency; but they were, at the very least, what professional entertainers vaguely term "club stuff."

Reggie was justly proud of his song. He had laughed very loudly indeed, no less than four times, while he dictated the final polished copy to his stenographer. He had also prided himself on his delicacy in sending for one of the office's male stenographers for the job. You see, Ganz was always a gentleman.

At any rate, he was a "perfect gentleman"—which amounts to almost the same thing.

A Broadway restaurant's entire second floor had been requisitioned for the supper that was to follow the show. And here again Ganz' genius shone like a day star.

Reggie was draped majestically athwart an angle of the theater's bar de luxe—having looked upon his work and having seen that it was good—half an hour before the scheduled rise of the curtain. A hundred fellow alumni were honoring the bar with their presence and warming up for the performance. In the cavernous foyer above, two or three hundred more Harle men were lounging in loquacious groups, acting as a volunteer reception committee—a committee swelled every minute by newcomers.

"I Heard Your Offer. And I Turned It Down. Now It's Up to You to Listen While I Put My Terms"

Then, into the glassy pool of harmony, plumped the stone.

An usher, dispatched by the house manager, winged a downward flight to the bar and there sought out Reggie Ganz.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ganz!" he broke in on one of Reggie's best-told anecdotes. "Mr. Comyn sent me to ask you whether any women were asked to this party. He understood you to say it was stag."

"Women?" grunted Reggie. "Women? What women? Who?"

"There's eight of them up there in the foyer," reported the usher, "along with eight men. They all have tickets. They were starting to go in; but Mr. Comyn got them to wait while he sent for you. He says ——"

"Women?" snorted Reggie. "Good Lord! The notices all said 'stag.' If any of the boys have brought wives tagging along —— Here! I'll go up there with you and straighten it out. That song of mine and some of the gags would sound sweet to a bunch of women, wouldn't they?" he appealed to one of his lieutenants as he departed.

The foyer—aflame with Harle colors—was nearly full of jostling, babbling alumni. One knot in the center had apparently taken a running start for the gambol, and was blissfully singing an undergraduate air, replete with those fearsome close harmonies technically known as "barber shops." In a far corner, herded in a pathetically out-of-place covey, were eight men in business clothes and eight women whose costumes were irreproachable in subdued neatness. In brief, and to end the killing suspense, that lucky corner held the flower of Pompton Plains' beauty and chivalry; in other words, the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club—and wives. Particularly "and wives."

The eight women, as I have hinted, were endued with clothes chosen for serviceable decorum and for church wear—the sort of toilet a self-respecting suburbanette should ever wear to a metropolitan function if she would make certain not to commit the crime of conspicuousness or be mistaken for a Sinning Sister. Yet, in this jocund assemblage, the eight were just now attracting more notice than would a pony ballet at a directors' meeting—a fact whereof they were horribly conscious.

It was the climax of Homer K. Twitty's annoyances—this delay. His vexations had begun nearly two months earlier, when his proud announcement that he had bought seats for Miss Manhattan had been right sourly received by his fifteen prospective fellow revelers. In the first reaction from the dash of enthusiasm that had pledged them to the expedition they had been prepared to cavil at anything. It appeared that none of them wanted to see Miss Manhattan—even those who had never heard of it.

Mrs. Hinkle—a literary lady who wrote Social Whispers for the Pompton Plains Palladium—had been told the piece was immoral; immorality, of course, being in inverse ratio to length of skirt. Mr. Belding had read that its prima donna was the heroine of a fascinatingly shameful divorce case. Others of the circle contributed similar patches to the wet blanket.

Mr. Threbble glumly declared he would greatly have preferred to see the all-star revival of dear old Pinafore. Whereat the entire remaining fourteen at once decided that they, too, would infinitely have preferred to see the all-star revival of dear old Pinafore; in fact, they would rather go to that than to any other show in town. But, of course, it was too late now.

The dollar-twenty-five dinner brought the next serious jar to Homer's nerves. During the soup course Bertha had seen a woman at the next table toying with a Vienna roll. And she noticed that she herself had neither bread nor butter. She called Homer's attention to the deficit. Homer, as master of ceremonies, gravely chided the waiter for negligence, and ordered rolls and butter all round.

Then Mrs. Hinkle was so pleased with her casserole squab that she asked for another helping, as did her husband and Mr. Threbble. The dinner took on a belated gayety, which it sporadically maintained until the bill was presented. Then followed gloom, for an extra charge was made thereon for bread and butter. And the three extra portions of squab were appraised at no less than forty cents each.

Thus the twenty-dollar dinner cost twenty-four dollars and forty cents—completely wiping out the two-eighty nest egg for next year's outing and putting a one-sixty crimp in the five-sixty supper fund. Nor was the waiter at all grateful, or even gracious, at sight of his princely two-dollar tip.

Then came the walk to the theater—a promenade marred by a scurry of rain and by the fact that no one had an umbrella or rubbers. And then, as Homer K. Twitty was marshaling his disgruntled convoy past the theater's door man, came the inexplicable halt and the request to wait.

Cranky, bewildered, volubly complainant, Homer's fifteen convives huddled in their assigned corner, dividing their time between angry questionings of their guide and scared glances at the hilarious throng of men who surged and eddied through the foyer.

(Continued on Page 93)

SUPES AND SUPERMEN

By ROB WAGNER

EVEN for experienced travelers like Dunc and me the surroundin's at the studio were quite strange. It seemed like there was a fete or a festival, or sunthin', goin' on, such gayety and joshin' and cuttin' up as there was. At other times I couldn't think of en'thin' except a great big circus what with so much canvas, sawdust fillin' the mudholes, folks in all sorts of bright-colored costumes, and fellas sellin' hot dogs, ice-cream cones, and things. It was a gay place, but confusin'. Everybody seemed to be doin' sunthin', or goin' to do sunthin'; but nothin' ever happenin'. To further remind you of the circus, every once in a while, when the wind was right, you got that Barnum & Bailey bouquet from the animal cages at the other end of the lot.

Old Soldiers Have Lots of Chances to Fight Over the Battles of Long Ago

Dunc and I were jest beginnin' to like the place when, with about fifteen other fellas, we were ordered into automobiles and set sail for Bear Valley 'way up in the high mountain. Now when you learn that Bear Valley is where they make all the snow pictures, you will understand how happy Dunc was, who had come out to California to be warm. Though always cold, Dunc is a game boy; and when he discovered this horrible fact he never batted an eye. This was pretty brave, for we had been told that we were cast for a coupla fool inmates of a sanitarium where the patients had to amble about in the snow naked but for a towel.

Tricks of the Trade

THE story was supposed to be a comedy; but the fella who wrote it must 'a' been a cold-blooded devil, for if you'd 'a' seen ten or twelve of us poor wops sittin' round in steamer chairs, in two foot of snow, with nothin' on but bath towels, eatin' icicles and readin' magazines, like we were at Palm Beach, you'd 'a' thought that the human race had gone nutty. But that's what we did; and, furthermore, we pretended to like it—for we were drawin' five a day, and we didn't want the director to think we were short sports.

Now Dunc has a pretty grim sense of humor himself, and he pulled some good stuff in one scene, usin' me as the butt; and the director liked it a whole lot. He told me on the way back that we made a right good team, and he guessed he could use us again in comedy.

It was rather rough for our first job, but the adventure was worth while, and we learned a lot about our new life. Also, we made friends with several of the other fellas that were workin' extra, and they tipped us off to no end of things that were valuable to know.

For instance, a few days later we were lucky enough to be taken on for a great big dramatic story that would be about four weeks makin'. In one of the interior sets the director called out: "Half of you guys beat it, and the rest stay on for a close-up." Old Man Purdy had tipped us that if such a demand was made to beat it; and we did.

"Always make an exit," he had told us; "for if you make an exit you'll have to make an entrance, as they'll need you for other scenes. When people exit from an interior set the continuity demands a picture showin' 'em comin' into the street. But when a scene dissolves out it is ended, and the services of those boobs remainin' for the dissolve are likely to be ended with it. You'll notice that the new ones stick round, hopin' to be in the picture as much as possible; but the old-timers duck. And, above all, side-step the close-ups, for a close-up registers your face; and if it is once registered you are liable to be canned for all subsequent scenes. Suppose, for instance, that you had appeared in a street scene in France as a peasant—it wouldn't do to see the same face in a few minutes, peerin' out of the Tower of London. No, my lad; it would be a bum director that would have a French peasant sing in the Marseillaise, and then register the same mug singin' God Save the King! If an extra is real keen he can often work in every scene of a five-reeler. So we old wheel horses shy the close-ups."

We soon learned that the extras had an elaborate code and technic of their own. Furthermore, they study their directors in a way that's amazin'! They get to know all their whims, dispositions, fancies and weaknesses—also, where they are strong.

"You can't pull en'thin' on Mills," a character man said to me one day. "That son-of-a-gun can pick a sleeper out of a crowd of two thousand!" I learned the truth of this later, when, at last, I got on regular at his studio. One day a fella came up and asked him for work in a picture that was startin' the followin' Monday.

Mr. Mills and the Cut-Up

"NOT for one foot of film," replied Mr. Mills. "I used you in that battle scene out in Griffith Park last August, and you laughed when they knocked your king off his horse. You thought because you were one of five hundred that I didn't see you. No; you won't do, young man; my work is too hard and serious to fool with any cut-ups like you."

It's men like Mr. Mills, though, that make actors outa extra men; and if a fella has any ambitions higher'n jest checkgrabbin', he's lucky to hook up with directors like him.

In a big scene last summer Mr. Mills wanted to show a crowd watchin' a woman burnin' at the stake. Some directors would 'a' let us rave and tear and sprain our faces

Even a Knight Grows Tired of Wearing "Tin Cans" All Day

Dare-Devils are Sometimes Hurt in Spite of Nets

tryin' to record horror. Not so with this director. He first addressed the crowd, and told us what was to happen, and what he expected.

"The fact is," said he, "that all those attendin' a burnin' would not show horror. Some would be fascinated, some pale and starin', a few would be made ill; and always at sech times there would be several women faintin'. Now I put it up to each of you, individually, to show how you would behave in the face of such a grewsome tragedy."

That, of course, put us on our mettle and gave us sunthin' to think about. When he called for a rehearsal I give you my word that, as he stood up on the platform beside the camera, shoutin' directions, he did not miss the expression on one face in all the two hundred before him.

"That's fine, madam; turn your head. It's horrible!—Good, man; jest stare and bite your nails.—Here, you in the yella jerkin, cut out muggin'! Mr. Ford, take out that man in the blue cape.—Fine, men; fine! Willie, step out of the picture; you don't seem to understand.—Splendid, Harris!—Hey, you! You in the red cloak: Do you think they are roastin' peanuts?—Mr. Davis, tell those men in the doorway that it is their pay checks that are burnin', and perhaps they will show some interest.

"Great, Miss Harvey! Give her a hand there, boys. Can't you see that she's all in?" And so on.

There's one thing about workin' for Mr. Mills—you feel that you are learnin' sunthin'; and if you do good work it will be noticed. But there are some directors that extra men don't respect, or jest naturally hate; and they look for any chance to make monkeys of 'em. These are the loud-mouthed, profane or bellyachin' kind, that keep bawlin' out the cast, or makin' them so nervous that they can't work. I've seen girls cry themselves into hysterics when one of these mutts got temper'mental. You can't go bawlin' out a lotta fellas that are perfectly willin' to do the right thing, if they know what it is, without gettin' a lotta goats. Many a scene has been crabbed because the extra men were gettin' even with a director that had been abusin' 'em.

Only Professionals Can Do It Like This

Up and Down the Social Scale

SOME fellas jest naturally go to pieces when they get roasted in front of the bunch. I've stood beside men who were shakin' all over, they were that nervous. There are certain directors who realize that actors can't do well when they're all worked up and excited or mad; so they make it a point never to tip off their own nervousness or bad temper. The camera man is the guy that gets it then. I know one director that is apparently the most genial fella in the world, but, all the time he is smilin', under his breath he is growlin' and dam'in' us up hill and down to the camera man.

If directors were interested enough to know what the extras thought of them they'd learn a lot of things; but there are only a few big enough to ever ask us our opinion of a bit of action, or en'thin' else. In some Civil War battle stuff a while back, the director had a young army capt'n assistin' him, so's to have the technic correct; and, because the capt'n acted in a know-it-all way, he thought he was wise to the etiquette of soldiers at all periods. Now in the scene there were some old codgers from the Soldiers' Home, at Sawtelle, and they saw that the action was wrong in many ways; so one of them timidly went up and told the director that he'd like to make a suggestion. He was dismissed very curtly, without a chance to say a word. If that fool director had listened he would 'a' learned—in time to save a fifteen-hundred-dollar retake—that privates in Civil War times did not salute their officers at all as they do now; that and a lotta other things which his capt'n was too young to know.

The thing that surprised me when I broke into the pictures was that extras had a social caste quite as well defined as the stock actors and the leads. The fella who digs ditches or peddles fish, and occasionally kicks into the pictures in the mob stuff, is not considered an extra man—this is a profession in itself. Extra men carry their little kits jest like piano tuners and doctors—grease paints, wigs, toilet articles, and what not. They go from studio to studio as the shiftin' needs require 'em; and, as they are known everywhere, they always get first call over the floaters that want in because they are in need of a few dollars.

Many extra men specialize on certain stunts or in characters that they are specially fitted for. A fella like "Dress-suit Charlie," for instance, has almost a clairvoyant hunch where they are goin' to do ballroom stuff; and, as he is a doll-baby and a good dancer, he's probably atmosphered in more society pictures than any fella in the country. The "soup and fish," as we call the society stuff, pays five dollars a day. Then, a fella like Old Pop Purdy is in almost perpetual demand for judges and old-man parts. He's specially good in the Si Perkins stuff, because he can take out his teeth.

This reminds me that there is a regular scale in this business.

The cheapest work is mob stuff. Crowds are usually furnished by the employment agencies; and, as no costumes are necessary, they go on jest as they come. The pay is a great big round iron dollar a day, sometimes carfare; and usually lunch, which consists of a sandwich, pickle, wedge o' pie, and a cupa coffee. As I said before, these mob folks are not extra people in our definition. The leads and stock don't think much of us socially; but, like the office boy who had the cat to kick, we've got one group lower'n us.

The cheapest regular extra work is the soldier stuff, payin' two dollars a day. These men are mostly recruited from the fellas that have served their enlistment in the army or deserted it. In the big battle stuff, where they have to hire thousands, the regular soldier extra men are put in charge of squads to drill and handle; and for this work they get five dollars

"Atmosphere" is the official name of the next group. These are the ones who work in costumes furnished by the studio; and the pay is three a day. Where a fella furnishes his own spangles he hits the pay check for five. Here's where the boy with the dress suit and the girl with the ball gown cut in.

Various Parts, Various Prices

A SMALL "bit" also gets five a day; but a good bit, such as a butler, draws seven and a half. There are some fellas so suited and intended for certain characters that they are always in demand for those parts, and nothin' else. I know one chap who does nothin' but buttle in the homes of the rich, and he's always wantin' to be cast for adventurous parts.

It must be that when God makes a man he sometimes says to himself, "Now this fella will be an umberella mender and this fella I'll make into a butler," and so on; for there are some in this business who couldn't change from what God made 'em up for, with all the clothes and grease paint in the prop. room.

There is an old colored fella, ownin' a bunch o' liveries, who has acted as coachman, footman and manservant in half the pictures in the country. Old Pop Purdy is rarely outa work, though his dream is of the day when he will be taken in stock. The enthusiasm he has for his parts, no matter how small, is almost pathetic. Even when he's jest doin' atmosphere, he's in character—if he has to invent the part.

So well understood are the scales for the different kinds of work that extra people never talk of the characters they're portrayin'. You hear one fella call to another: "What yeh made up for, Bill?" "Three dollars," he replies, "but to-morra I'm workin' in five-dollar stuff, and next week I've got two days at the Eureka doin' seven-fifty."

The highest-priced extras are the rare types and the dare-devils. These latter are the ones who will make bad falls and take hard beatin's, and do about en'thin' they are told to. The Climax has a fella who's a dare-devil and a half; for he told me himself that he was half Indian, half Mex, and half Chink. He's not what you'd call prepossessin' in appearance, but he'd take a high dive into hell

Here's Where the Boy With the Dress Suit and the Girl With the Ball Gown Cut In

Society Stuff Is Called Working in "Soup and Fish"

for a ten-dollar bill. He's got long black hair; so he often doubles for women who have to be handled rough.

A funny one happened last spring. Hawkeye was doublin' for a dear little baby doll that had to be thrown out of a window by the villain; and it was necessary that he must have his back to the camera during the whole action, for it was all downstage stuff. He did a back fall that was a perfect wonder, landin' flat up in a bed of flowers, right in front of the camera; but his attitude was such that—— How will I say it? Well, anyway, ladies are not supposed to wear leather garters—and the picture was spoiled, the worst part bein' that a retake was impossible because Hawkeye had to go to the hospital with a sprained back. That poor devil spends about half his time in splints.

A Short Engagement as Uncle Joe

THE other high-priced extras that I spoke of—the rare types—also draw down ten a day; but they are used only on unusual occasions. Once, when we were makin' a congressional picture, the director wanted a type that looked like Joe Cannon. After scourin' the whole town over for a week or more, one of the assistants dug up an old codger on the West Side who was a dead ringer for your Uncle Joe. He had spent his lifetime as a minister in the service of the Lord, but when he was asked to play the part of Joe Cannon he got all swelled up on himself. Perhaps he was flattered to look like anyone so prominent, but most likely he was sufferin' from the same itch that everyone has to act in the movies. If someone tells you that he once knew a fella who was so modest that he didn't want to see himself in the pictures, and if you've got the patience to run down the rumor, you'll find there is no truth in it; for—take it from one who knows—"there ain't no sich animal."

The fall of this dear old fella was complete. He got work for only two days, but those two days were enough to ruin him for life. After his hour of dramatic intoxication he simply couldn't go back to the prosaic job of herdin' human sheep in the straight and narrow path, specially as some of 'em had got lost in the movies. No; a new wine had got into his veins and it was good night flock and everythin'. He was a movie actor now, by heck! And, s'help me, he's been warmin' a bench at the studio ever since. I suppose he's hopin' some day he'll be reëlected to the House.

Anyway, there he sits, day after day, without a chance in the world, while a lot of nice white sheep are gettin' all soiled up jest because their shepherd has deserted 'em.

When this movie bug once gets into the system it's sunthin' awful! There are a lotta corkin' big-brawny brutes who've lost their usefulness as gasfitters because they got on once in a mob scene, and are convinced that Hobart Bosworth is holdin' 'em out of a job because of his jealousy and his pull with the management.

"Dan," said Dunc, one night when we were playin' cribbage in that dump we first lived in down on Temple Street, "let's kick into this game seriously and see if we can't land somewhere. A lotta people think that the actin' job is a joke, but I've come to the conclusion that anyone who can add any pleasure and joy to this miserable old world is a high priest. And when you see the number of ex-prize fighters that have deserted real drama and have made good in comedy, it would seem that we ought to do as well as a lotta infightin' welterweights."

So we determined to learn all we could, work like [illegible], save our money, and see if we couldn't attract some favorable notice. First, we got us complete grease-paint outfits and began to study make-up. Dunc developed some amazin' results. He is no Mary Pickford as to looks—nor am I built like Annette Kellermann; but we got so's we could give some of the professional beauts a battle. At first, my face had about as much mobility as an iron dog; but Dunc would rehearse me by the hour in different expressions, until I got so's I could register about every emotion a fella's likely to have, and a few unlikely ones, such as bein' asked to play the lead in a five-reel feature. Gradually we began to gather a wardrobe—dress suits, Western stuff, and such, hopin' some day to be equipped as well as the best of 'em. During the two years of our accumulations we had a good many ups and downs; but, from the first, one or the other of us had sunthin' to do.

The greatest trouble in this game is holdin' up a decent wage scale. There have been all sorts of organizations and unions, but they usually end up at an employment agency, and then peter out. The low scale is due to the number of idle people who will work for almost nothin' jest to be occupied. Los Angeles is full of folks who have come out here for their health, or to sit in the garden and get warm. Many of them have small incomes, and don't actually have to work; but they want to be occupied, and what could be more fun than to act in the movies! Even rich society people crab our game by offering to work for nothin'; they consider it quite a lark. If a studio wants a buncha well-dressed atmosphere, like as not the assistant director will call up the social secretaries of some of the hotels and tell them to send over a coupla loads of goldfish. The social secretaries will suggest the scheme to a well-dressed bunch of rich ones from the East.

An Expensive Set Threatened

WILL they go? Lord, you couldn't keep 'em out with fly screens! If they knew that perhaps they were holdin' out of a job some poor girl that had gone broke buyin' a wardrobe for jest such chances, maybe they wouldn't go takin' her job away from her.

Some of the cheap studios, knowin' that we can't organize, take advantage of that fact and make us stand even their own losses. When we were new and ignorant at this business we got work in a big picture that was usin' a whole lot of extras. One day we were all dressed for our parts, but the light was bad; and the director, after keepin' us standin' round until three o'clock, came out and said we were dismissed, and to report the next day. Right then there was trouble. A few belligerent lads, led by Dunc, went up to the office and told 'em if we didn't get our pay we would wreck the set—and we meant it.

Furthermore, we gave 'em ten minutes to do it, for we didn't want to get in a jam with the police, and we knew that they couldn't get out to the studio from town in less'n half an hour. That set cost upward of thirty thousand dollars; so they thought it cheaper to pay us than to take any chances.

We were waitin' one day in the yard of a new studio with about thirty other fellas when a chap, named Bernstein, began tellin' us what dubs we were not to organize; and he got into quite an argument with a great big lobster called Squinty. While they were hot at it, the employment director came out and said he wanted twelve men; but all he could pay was a dollar. Nobody made the

(Continued on Page 33)

Fifteen Hundred Men Can be Rounded Up in a Few Hours

Tales From a Safe-Deposit Box

The Miracle Peddlers—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

NOW and then, at the bottom of my box, I run across my five hundred shares of Telair; and there rise up again the man with the seal-lined coat, and the professor with his ivory-headed cane, and the banquet, and the unexpected one hundred per cent cash dividend. And I start smiling and then stop. I stop smiling, for I am back where I was then. I am twenty-two again. I have my first five hundred and seventeen dollars in the bank. I get my fifteen dollars a week. I am back in the world where clerks live—in that dull, flat, dun-colored, God-forsaken country, bounded north, east, south and west by fifteen dollars a week—and in mortal terror that I won't escape from it.

I see that thing in the box, and I am back in that old-time hardware store. It is the second day of January once more—closing time; and I stand there alone before the spot of light at the cashier's desk, in the dim rear of the old store, with my small blue envelope in my hand, and my heart thumping as I start to open it. I didn't open it there, as a matter of fact. I took it to one side, by the wall. I tore the thin end off with fussy fingers. And there it was, just the same as ever—three five-dollar bills. Another year—another endless year—at fifteen dollars a week!

I stood stiff and caught my breath and got my hold upon myself. That was the year we had planned to be married! I stood there for a minute or so. Then I crushed the thing into my pocket, envelope and all, pulled my hat down over my eyes, and started out into the blue wintry street, half-way between tears and murder.

And there, on the sidewalk, in his sharp-pressed clothes and a new and costly silver and gray tie, stood Charlie Seavers, the dressy clerk from up in the retail end of the store, drawing on his gloves.

"Going my way?" he asked.

I jerked my head down in answer.

"Well, how'd they treat you?" he asked, after a block and a half of silence.

I didn't answer him.

"Me too," he continued cheerfully. "Same old thing!"

And we walked on again.

"Take it from me," he started up again, "there's nothing in it. The first chance I get, fare thee well! I've been here six years now, and I know. They never raise you." And he stopped upon the sidewalk.

We stood before the Orgillon, our proudest and most expensive new hotel.

"Come in here a second!" said Charlie. "Please! I want to see a man. Then I'll go on with you."

So we went into the glistening lobby, I wondering who it was Charlie could be going there to see.

"Mr. Kenyon in?" he asked the clerk, and stood in doubt, rearranging his new tie with his thin fingers, when the clerk said no. And then, back behind us, came this round, clear barytone voice; and I turned and saw the man in the seal-lined coat.

He came on ahead—a big man with a brown mustache and a smooth, ruddy, hotel-fed face above the sleek seal collar—holding out his hand and smiling. And behind him, almost a head shorter, a squat, square, bearded figure in a dingy overcoat and a round astrachan cap came poking in with his ivory-headed cane, looking straight down before it on the floor.

"Just in from Boston?" asked Charlie.

"Yes," said the big man.

"How's it look now?" asked Charlie, watching his face closely.

"Couldn't be better."

I stood there—out of it. On the other side stood the man with the black cap, like the twin brother of gloom. Then Charlie introduced me.

"I'm certainly glad to meet you," said Mr. Kenyon. "Any friend of Charlie's stands high with us." And he turned round to his companion.

"Professor Mudge," said he, "I want you to meet these boys—friends of mine. Charlie, here, you've met before."

The man looked up and grunted how-de-do.

"The professor comes up here now and then," Mr. Kenyon explained to me, "to tell our stockholders about his invention."

"You Boys are Coming Up to the Room With Me for a Minute Anyhow"

The professor grunted something or other and turned and poked along to the elevator.

"I'll have to be going," said I.

"Oh, no," said the man in the seal-lined coat heartily, "not on your life. You boys are coming up to the room with me for a minute anyhow." And he ushered us both into the elevator, talking friendly talk.

But not a word out of that other man, that professor, all the way up! He stood there, eyes down, cane set firmly on the floor; stumped off the elevator at the landing and headed for a door.

"Good night," he said without even looking up.

"Aren't you coming in with us, professor?" asked Mr. Kenyon.

"No."

We padded down the soft carpets; the two keys clacked loudly through the silent hall; we padded through into the big, still, stuffy bedroom.

"A real gifted conversationalist, eh?" said Mr. Kenyon, tumbling off the costly coat onto the bed. "The old man? You bet. Social to a fault. Sit down, boys! Here, try one of these!" And he handed out two fat dark cigars. I glanced secretly at the band. It was what I thought—a twenty-five-cent cigar. I had never smoked one in my life before.

"Yeh," said Mr. Kenyon. "That's his one fault—always just the same. Kind and friendly as an old blind dog with a toothache. The original crank!"

"Crazy," stated Charlie, lighting his twenty-five-cent cigar with great care.

"Crazy, yes, maybe!" said Mr. Kenyon. "But not half so crazy as I am to-night."

"What do you mean?" asked Charlie sharply. "Is it going good?"

"I mean I believe it's going through!"

"Whee! Good evening!" said Charlie, getting up and grabbing him and starting out to dance with him.

Mr. Kenyon danced three heavy steps and stopped and took out a cigar from the arsenal in his vest pocket.

"Yep," he said. "I believe it. We've got 'em going."

"Your friend know about it?" he asked Charlie.

"No."

"We think we've got something good—eh, Charlie?" he explained

"Do we?" asked Charlie, sitting down and rearranging his new tie. "Tell him!"

"Of course," said Mr. Kenyon, "this is more or less personal to you as Charlie's friend. Even our other stockholders don't know all this yet."

"Of course," said I.

"You've probably heard all about that original telephone stock," said he—"how it took them all from the grocery counters and washtubs and made them millionaires."

"Yes."

"Well, that's what we think we've got—and then some. If it goes through!" he said.

"Tell him," said Charlie, lying back in his fat easy-chair till the top of his gray stockings showed under his sharp-pressed trousers, and sending out a whiff of slow blue smoke from his twenty-five-cent cigar. "Tell him just what it is!"

"It's Telair," said Mr. Kenyon to me. "Maybe you've heard of it. Just a little thing your old friend here, the professor, got up to take the wires off the telephone poles. That's all—a new kind of wireless telephone. The thing they are all after nowadays. Only this one of ours works—or we think it does. And, what's more, we think they think it does—the way they're acting."

"Who?" I asked.

"These telephone people."

"Oh," said I.

"Look!" said Mr. Kenyon, explaining it to me. "You get some idea of what we've got by this: Suppose you went to the railroads of this country and said: 'Here. Take up your tracks! You don't need them. We've got something here that lets you travel without tracks.' Would there be something in it?"

"There might be!" said I sarcastically.

"Well, that's about our proposition to these telephone people. We say: 'You come with us and take down your poles and wires. We will fix you up to use the air.' What do you suppose we'd save them? If it works, I mean always," said Mr. Kenyon, "you understand."

"Millions," said I, "I suppose."

"You suppose right," said Mr. Kenyon, "the first time—only not enough. And what we save them isn't all theirs; not so you notice it. Now and then a dollar comes to us from royalties—eh, Charlie?"

"Fare thee well," said Charlie, and shook his head.

"Yes, we're crazy, I guess," said Mr. Kenyon. "I wake up every morning believing it, more and more. Well, boys," he continued, getting up then and dusting the cigar ashes from his vest, "I'm sorry, but I've got to go now. I've got an engagement to dinner."

And we got up too.

"I tell you what you do," he said to Charlie: "You come round to-morrow night and take dinner with me, and bring your friend, too, if he'll come. Certainly I want you," he said with his hand on my shoulder. "And I'll promise you a good dinner, won't I, Charlie?"

"Will you?" said Charlie with a wide smile. "Fare thee well!"

"That's settled," said Mr. Kenyon. "I'll look for you."

"How do you like him?" asked Charlie, when we got outside.

"He seems like a pleasant fellow," said I.

"He's a prince!" said Charlie.

"What is this thing you've got?" I asked him. And he told me more about Telair.

"It's all his company—George Kenyon's, you might say, and the old professor's," he said. "It's the professor's invention—yes. But George Kenyon furnishes the capital. He's the capitalist in the thing."

"Is he very rich?" I asked

"Is he rich—good evening!" said Charlie. "What would you think?"

"How'd you get acquainted with him?" I asked, wondering.

"Oh, I got to know him," said Charlie mysteriously, "in this new company. Some people I knew got in with him when he first came down from Boston."

So we left each other at the corner and my own mind fell back again from the Hotel Orgillon, and the lights, and the twenty-five-cent cigars, and the millions, and the capitalist in the seal-lined coat, to the dull misery of my own life again—to fifteen dollars a week and the necessity of going home to tell Barbara we weren't going to be married. It kept coming back over me all that next day, every time I saw Charlie Seavers waiting on the customers in the front part of the store.

"Do you suppose," I said to myself, "he's really got into something that will make a lot of money—through getting acquainted with this man, that capitalist? Things do happen that way, of course."

Then, at half past six that night, we started for the Hotel Orgillon again.

"This is the life!" said Charlie, taking me by the arm; and we went in to find Mr. Kenyon, and down for dinner to the Dutch Room in the basement—the last word in the night life of our city

"What do you see?" asked Mr. Kenyon, studying the menu.

We certainly had a wonderful dinner for us anyhow - and cocktails and table wine with it. We devoted ourselves to eating it, not talking much; Mr. Kenyon getting redder and Charlie pinker as it went along—and I, too, probably, from the way I felt.

"Where's the old professor?" asked Charlie, when we lighted our cigars. "Still in a deaf and dumb fit?"

"Yeh," said Mr. Kenyon, and stretched in his chair, blowing out his first great chestful of tobacco smoke.

"Did I ever tell you how I first met him?" he inquired. "Oh, nothing much," he went on. "Only you'll laugh afterward! I was up here in Boston, after that last little deal of mine in that Tulsa Oil; and somebody told me about this old crank, out near Lynn, Massachusetts, who had this new idea in this wireless telephone thing. Well," said Mr. Kenyon, examining the end of his cigar, "I went out there and finally I found him—out in that old shanty he had - outside the town on the marshes. When I got there he was alone in that old shed, out there on those sick, smelling, empty marshes—alone, hanging out words on these terrestrial magnetic currents of his, and shooting them out over the Atlantic Ocean, and gathering in the others when they came back from Maine," said Mr. Kenyon, and stopped.

"Dreams! Dreams!" he went on, waving his hand before his face. "You ought to have been there."

"I'd like to have," said Charlie.

"I thought I'd struck the original nut, sitting on the edge of the world. I certainly thought he was crazy, or that I was. And then, when I got there he didn't even want to see me. Said he wouldn't!"

"Good evening! What do you think of that?" said Charlie Seavers to me.

"Why not?" said I

"He was afraid!"

"Afra - !"

"Yeh, afraid," said Mr. Kenyon, examining his cigar again. "Oh, I tell you—you don't know it, but—we've got something in this thing like nothing else in the world. I'm not talking now about the money there is in it—or isn't," he said to me.

"No?" said I. My voice was just a little thick after that dinner

"No," said Mr. Kenyon. "In the first place—and I bet you never saw anything like this before—the men that have come into this from the outside didn't have to risk a dollar to get their stock."

"Not risk a dollar!" said I.

"Not a dollar," said Mr. Kenyon, "until the thing is all done, the contracts made and the company on easy street. That's the first thing you notice about it," he went on. "And the second is we only sell just so much to a person—not over one thousand dollars to any one investor."

Charlie nodded seriously.

"Why is that?" said I.

"I'll tell you why," said Mr. Kenyon. "It's all the same answer—the professor! Because all the old man will have in this thing is little people."

"Little people!" said I.

"Small investors—little people," explained Mr. Kenyon.

"Why was that?" I asked again.

"For the simple reason he didn't want the big ones He got burned once by them. They almost got him," said Mr. Kenyon, "and he was afraid of them. Yes," said Mr. Kenyon, "afraid. And it's simple enough when you know about it. You see, this professor—you saw him—he's one of those strange eccentric characters like these scientific fellows are apt to be—a regular baby, when it comes to business And when he had got this thing perfected, some big fellows in Boston got ahold of it, and formed a company, and got control of the stock, and they just did miss getting it away from him."

"I see," said I, getting interested.

"So finally when we came down to our agreement—he and I—that made this company, there were two things: In the first place he was to have control of the stock—always—fifty-one per cent, and no big ones—unless you count me," said Mr. Kenyon laughing—"in it, at any price. Nothing but small people. That was his first idea—little people. And the second one was when we got them in we weren't going to sting them either. He'd been burned himself in this company business, he said, and he wasn't going to pass it on."

"How did you fix it finally?" I asked him. And he laughed.

"We fixed me," he said. "I was the thing that was fixed. I had to put up for it all finally the capital for all the promotion expenses."

"All of it!" said I.

"All of it, yes. All the expenses, till I had sold the machine to somebody and got the contract signed. Oh, it's not so much," said Mr. Kenyon, looking off at a good-looking girl at another table. "A few thousand dollars. Oh, I take that chance, that's all, that I can sell it," he said, his eyes coming back to me again. "If I lose, I lose. If I win, I win big. Oh, don't make any mistake about that. If I win—if I sell it—I get something. I get my money back in the first place. I've got this allotment of the stock to sell to pay for the promotion expenses. And I get a quarter of all the stock for myself.

"Oh, no, I don't get off well at all, if this goes," said Mr. Kenyon. "Oh, nothing much, only about ten times as much as if the old man had handled it in the regular way with big people. If it goes, of course," he said. "Of course you can't tell, ever. No matter what you've got."

"Well, it certainly looks easy for the little people, the small investors," I said "the way he fixed it."

"How is that, Charlie?" asked Mr. Kenyon.

"Ask me!" said Charlie, looking over at me. "Say, you ought to have been in on it yourself."

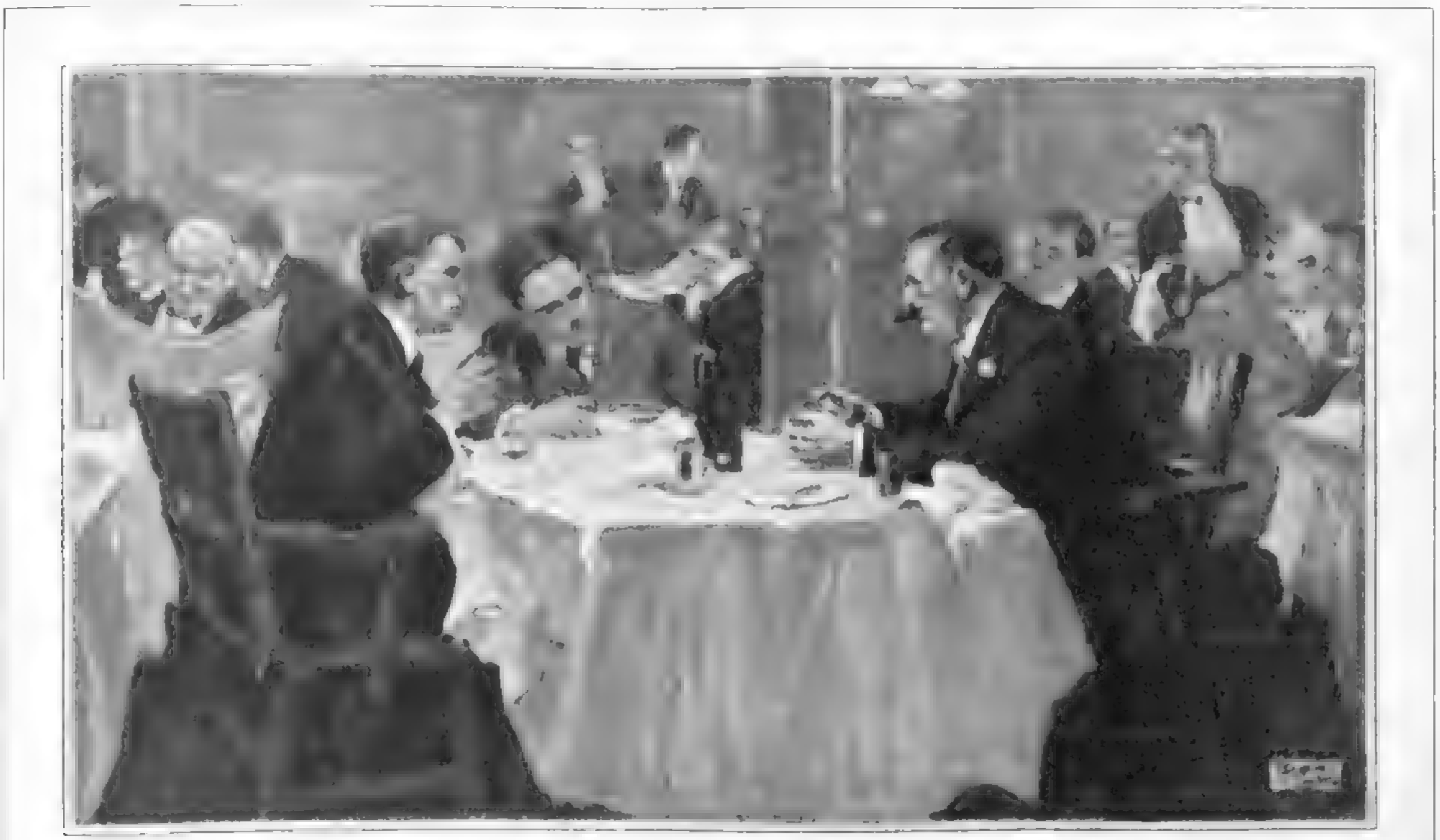
"Don't be too sure, my young friend," said Mr. Kenyon. "You don't want to start to count up yet."

"That's all right," said Charlie. His color was pretty high. "It didn't cost me anything, anyway—and won't, not till you make good."

"There's something in that," said I. I could feel my own face burning

"You're right there is," said Charlie. "You know what I think?" His voice was a trifle mushy. "He could get in now if he wanted to," and he looked over at Kenyon.

"You know better than that, Charlie," said Mr. Kenyon. "You know the allotment here is all gone already."



"I Thought I'd Struck the Original Nut, Sitting on the Edge of the World"

"How about the Boston allotment?" asked Charlie.

"No, I'm afraid not," said Mr. Kenyon; "not there either. But if I do run across anything I'll let him know."

"I guess it wouldn't be much good," I said, "so far as I'm concerned, from the present state of my finances." And I thought of my bank account—my five hundred and seventeen dollars in the bank.

"Finances!" said Charlie. "Say, you ought to see some of the financiers."

And they both laughed pretty loudly.

"Miss Moshier," said Charlie; "and that Cressy, that minister from the Zion Chapel. Financiers!" said Charlie. "Fare thee well!"

"That will do, cut it out!" said Mr. Kenyon, stopping laughing finally. "It's a shame, in the first place, to laugh at them. They're good people—every one of them. But it isn't that altogether, either. Let me tell you something," said Mr. Kenyon, and he fixed his light blue eyes on me, "that maybe you don't know. You can laugh at small people. But when you go back and look over how almost everything big started in this country, you'll find it was the little people that started it—not the big ones. You'll find it started in the beginning with just some such crowd of small people as this is of ours—getting together nights after work. We all started small," he said, "when you come down to it—everybody that amounts to anything.

"Tell you what you do," he said to Charlie, when we got up to go: "Bring round our friend to our next meeting and let him see our crowd himself! And if I do get any wind of any stock in Boston, I'll lay it by for you," he said, shaking hands with me. "You can take it or leave it, just as you want to. It won't be enough to kill anybody, either way."

"Some dinner," said Charlie, outside the hotel.

"Yes," said I.

"It didn't cost him less than four dollars and fifty cents. And did you see him?"

"What?"

"Fifty cents to the waiter!"

"Believe me," said Charlie, "this is the life! And if ever this thing does come through, fare thee well, I'm going to live for a change. Gee, I certainly hope it does!"

He was just a little bit unsteady.

"And I hope he gets you a chance at it. I hope it isn't too late. But if it isn't, if you get a chance at it, good evening. You grab it!"

"Maybe you're right," I said. "Maybe I might take just a little."

"You will," said Charlie, "if you take my advice." It was about a week after that when he and I went up to that place where they held their meetings in an anteroom of the Royal Arcanum Hall. We stumbled up a little late, through the wide, dark, old-fashioned hallway to the fourth story, and went in and sat down in the back.

Mr. Kenyon and the silent professor and another man sat at a small wooden table in the front; and facing them ahead of us, the investors—the "little people" they had talked about that night at dinner. It was cold in there; everybody had on his coat. The third man at the table was talking, facing toward Mr. Kenyon.

"The minister I was telling you about, that Cressy, from that little Zion Chapel," said Charlie. "He's secretary."

"As I understand it, Mr. Chairman," this lean man with thick glasses and a heavy mustache was saying, "this lady would like you to explain just what you do with the money. We're talking about the ten per cent deposit made by the stockholders upon entering the company, I would state for the benefit of the newcomers," he said, looking at us, and sat down.

"I will gladly," said Mr. Kenyon, rising. The gaslight on the wall behind him flashed on a diamond stickpin in his tie. He still had on his seal-lined coat. Back of him there was some kind of charter, framed, upon the wall, with stars and spheres and dark figures in it; some secret society thing.

"I'm very glad to," he said to the tiny woman sitting toward the front.

"Miss Moshier, the one I was talking about, the dressmaker," whispered Charlie Seavers.

"Who's that with her?"

"Which one?"

"That other one—the fat one in black?"

"That's my mother," said Charlie.

"Oh," said I, and listened to Mr. Kenyon.

"It's very simple," said Mr. Kenyon. "It lies in the treasury until the contracts for the company—securing royalties for its inventions—are all complete."

"Go Right Ahead, Folks. I'll be Right Back"

"It is put in, not as an actual investment, as I understand it," said Mr. Cressy, the secretary, "but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the investor."

"Exactly so," said Mr. Kenyon.

"That's all," whispered Charlie to me, "a kind of deposit. Just ten per cent of your subscription."

"But what I mean is," said the dressmaker timidly, half getting to her feet, "just where is the real money? Where is it put?"

"Oh, I see. What bank is it in, you mean?" asked Mr. Cressy.

"Yes," said the little woman.

"In the First National," said Mr. Kenyon.

"Mr. Snaith's bank," explained the minister.

"Yes," answered the dressmaker, in a small voice, sitting back.

"That ought to be safe," said Mr. Cressy, and they smiled, and the little dressmaker moved uncomfortably in her seat.

"And I think, if you will permit me to say so," said Mr. Cressy, getting up again, "we are all to be congratulated, as investors, on having such an ingenious plan arranged for us—to be safeguarded in every way."

And after that Mr. Kenyon talked a little while in his hearty, friendly way.

"I don't want to say much now, friends," he said. "But I think at the next meeting I may have something you will want to hear."

It wasn't a very long meeting. It was cold in there; the dozen or so people in the wooden chairs, sitting huddled up together in their dark coats, were ready to get out. When they got up Mr. Kenyon beckoned to me to come up and see him.

"I've got that for you," he said to me, aside. "That stock!"

"How much was there of it?" I asked a little flatly. I hadn't expected that yet.

"Five hundred shares," he said.

"Five hundred shares!"

"Oh, don't get scared," said Mr. Kenyon, laughing. "It's not a hundred dollars a share. It's just a dollar. I ought to have told you that. And there's no obligation. You can take it or leave it. It won't hurt anybody either way. Only, if you don't want it in a day or two let me know. For there are others that will."

"Will he take it?" said Charlie Seavers for me. "Oh, no!"

"Well, I haven't got the money with me," I said. "That ten per cent deposit—I hadn't known about that before to-night."

"That's all right," said Mr. Kenyon, clapping my shoulder. "Come on now! Come on over!" he said, and then he led me over and introduced me to Mr. Cressy, the secretary.

"They got right after me to-night," said Mr. Kenyon to the minister, laughing, "with their questions. Didn't they?"

"They ought to," said Mr. Cressy. "If you had no more money than the most of us here have you'd be careful." And he laughed back.

"Go as far as you like," said Mr. Kenyon heartily. "You can't go too far for me."

Charlie Seavers took his mother home and I started out with Mr. Cressy.

"Are you coming in? Do you expect to make common cause in our enterprise?" he asked me. "I see. Well, I don't think you'll regret it, if you do. We've looked it up quite thoroughly, and we think we've got a sound thing—a very unusual one in many ways, with the possibility of immense profits. The original telephone stock—the original miracle in this kind, you may call it," said Mr. Cressy—"encourages us, of course, in that belief."

It was two weeks, probably, before that last meeting. Mr. Kenyon was in Boston at the main office, negotiating for his contract, and the professor back in Lynn probably. The only officer of the company I saw was Mr. Cressy, who came and told us about the progress that was made.

"Confidentially, according to my information," he said, "our contracts are now practically complete." And he showed us the letters from Mr. Kenyon.

"If you're going to get aboard," said Charlie Seavers, "it's about time you did it."

And right after that I had a letter from Mr. Kenyon, asking me what I had decided. And I sent on my fifty dollars and my agreement to take the whole five hundred.

"You'd be a fool if you didn't," said Charlie, "knowing what we know from the inside."

So I was there, a full-fledged stockholder, at that last meeting when Mr. Kenyon made his final report. It was still cold in the bare, small meeting room—apparently it always was—cold with the dead cold of a deserted house. Mr. Kenyon was fortunate in his seal-lined coat. The small investors, all out in force, sat before him in their worn black coats, on the little wooden seats, looking colder and dingier and sadder colored than ever. It hadn't struck me so much before. But there they sat—I could see them now—the little people Mr. Kenyon talked about; all permanent inhabitants of the world of side streets and double houses where the clerks lived; the residents of that flat, dismal, God-forsaken country bounded by fifteen dollars a week, which I myself was anxious to escape from.

But no one was really dismal or uncomfortable that night when Mr. Kenyon announced the closing of the contract for Professor Mudge's invention. They smiled at one another and moved about on the cold seats, with pleasure and anticipation, as Mr. Kenyon told them what he had done and made his estimates of the returns upon our Telair stock. I can't pretend to remember it all now. But starting first in the tens of thousands certainly as the equipment could be made, it ran straight up into millions, following the well-known history of telephone stock.

They sat fascinated by the thing—the millions. We all did, and especially one man—a retail butcher, Charlie Seavers said he was. I remember his face particularly—his fat, soft, sagging face, and his eyes that stuck out, as if he were strangling, while Mr. Kenyon made his estimates and Mr. Cressy rose up to confirm the contract with the documents which had been sent to him as secretary.

"Those who wish to examine them," he said, "should come forward after the formal meeting."

"And now friends," Mr. Cressy reminded us, after putting a vote of thanks to Mr. Kenyon, "it remains for us to do our part. Within a few days from now, according to our signed agreements, we must complete our contributions—the outstanding nine-tenths of our payments. After that," he said humorously, "all we need to do for the remainder of our lives is to lie nestled in the lap of luxury and reach out periodically for our dividends. But seriously," said Mr. Cressy, when the stir and smiling had subsided, "we must remember that all payments must now be made in three days."

"And before you go," said Mr. Kenyon, rising in his warm, princely coat, "just a word, folks. I don't know how you feel about this thing, but I feel good. And I think we've done a big stroke of work. And what's more, I think we ought to celebrate it! Now it looks to me, friends, this way. Three days from now your money'll all be in this company, according to your agreement, and I'll have got mine back by my contract. By Thursday I'll have the money and you'll have the experience, friends, as the man said," remarked Mr. Kenyon jocosely, and everybody laughed. "So, as far as I can see, there's only one thing to do. I've got to pay for this celebration myself. And so, folks, I ask you—all of you, all the regular paid-up stockholders in Telair—to come round and be my guests at dinner at the Hotel Orgillon on Thursday night, and we'll have a little jollification meeting."

There was quite a sensation naturally at this; and then, after another vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Cressy, the small stockholders of Telair, in their dull-black wraps, filed up and shook hands with the big stockholder in the seal-lined overcoat, and went out down the wide, dark, dingy stairs, talking louder than ever before.

I went along out with Charlie Seavers and his mother.

"What do you think about it now?" Charlie asked me. "Do we win? Fare thee well! Three years from now we'll all be riding round in big, red buzzwagons—mother here especially."

His mother, the heavy woman in the black straight cape, disregarded him, stepping painfully down the stairs. She looked a good deal less frivolous than Charlie. And then we got on the street car together, a group of us who went the same way. It was middle evening, the time between the going to and coming from the theaters, when the trolley cars usually go droning up the grade, bearing a lounging conductor, drowsing in back, and a passenger or two inside. We had our car practically to ourselves. We were all excited by the news and more than usually talkative, Mr. Cressy leading the conversation.

"It certainly looks good, it certainly does," he said in a round, oratorical voice that filled the car.

"Oh, I hope so," said the little dressmaker excitedly. She was a surprisingly little thing, when you got a look at her, almost a dwarf, with a queer face, puckered and worn by forty years of staring down at a needle.

"We all hope so, Miss Moshier," said Mr. Cressy heartily.

"It's time some of us had some luck," remarked Charlie's mother, who seemed a rather serious person.

The butcher sat by himself in the corner, with his heavy hands in his lap, looking off, without noticing us.

"You're right in that, too, Mrs. Seavers," said Mr. Cressy.

The car droned on as we thought about it.

(Continued on Page 41)

THE FORTUNE MAKER

III

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

JOLTING along in their local train to St. Louis, John Turner and Walter Hayes speculated somewhat about Smiley Carter and Madeline Jones. But their own prospects were more absorbing. In the excitement of reaching St. Louis they fairly forgot their late companions

Walter Hayes, who could run a typewriter, write shorthand a little and knew a bit about office work from his experience in the bank at Marthasville, was the first to get a job. There was a lean period of several months—for the country was then in the grip of hard times when his small salary supported both of them. John was of no use at office work or any routine job, but he presently discovered a decided talent for salesmanship. Newspaper and magazine files contain many sketches of his life. From them one may learn that for some time he was engaged in selling carriages in St. Louis.

But along in the last years of the old century pretty much everybody became aware of a new contrivance—namely, a pleasure vehicle propelled by mechanical power contained within itself. John Turner was fascinated by this new contrivance. He found work of an intermittent and precarious sort for a time, demonstrating and selling it.

With that, we can skip over to the year 1903; the place, Fort Wayne, Indiana. John was employed there selling automobiles, but not very prosperously. He had got Walter Hayes into the establishment of his employer as a bookkeeper and general office man.

Edward P. Underhill was this employer's name. He'd had an agency for the sale of farm implements near Fort Wayne and made some money by it; but, like John, he was fascinated by the new self-propelling vehicle. So now he was running an automobile agency in the city. He was probably forty-five, lank and rather round-shouldered, with a drooping red mustache, and a nose like a large, freckled, bent knuckle—a bone-dry sort of man, excessively earnest, without humor, a fire of endeavor always in his blue eyes

He had gradually evolved a lecture about his automobiles, beginning with the wheels and proceeding in great detail to the chassis, the engine, transmission, speedometer, body, top, windshield. For proper delivery this lecture required about an hour; and he insisted, as far as possible, upon delivering it properly—gravely pointing and demonstrating with his lank, freckled, big-knuckled hands, leading the prospective purchaser round the car from point to point as he explained in a loud, monotonous voice.

"You and I Ought to Send Him to the Senate. Just Making Automobiles Will Cease to Amuse Him After a While"

If, while he was talking about the carburetor, the listener cut in with a question about upholstery, he would say patiently "I'll be coming to that in a minute," and go on with the carburetor. He was immensely proud of this lecture, considering it the most conclusive and exhaustive presentation of a machine that was to be had anywhere—besides showing that he knew all about the contrivance. His earnest blue eyes would light up with proselyting zeal as he explained some fine technical point.

The lecture was certainly exhaustive. Listener after listener got restless under it; interrupted; insisted on answers to questions that were quite out of order; left in vexation. Sometimes Mr. Underhill himself lost patience at the listener's gross lack of appreciation.

"Of course, if you don't want to know what you are buying ——" he would say reprovingly; or even: "If I'm willing to spend my time explaining this machine you can afford to listen, can't you?"

He considered his intimate acquaintance with the mechanism of an automobile a great asset, and was impatient of the vulgar view that regarded mere sales as the chief point. Thus he was in a state of chronic irritation, which didn't at all help his sales or his relations with manufacturers or the banks. Under these conditions his agency was in an excessively poor way; with more liabilities, in fact, than assets. It handled two makes of cars; but the Crittenden, made in Detroit, was its chief reliance. The Crittenden Company, however, was dissatisfied with the connection and looking for a new one. These untoward conditions might have discouraged a much abler man than Mr. Underhill; but he had more confidence in himself than other people had and a bulldog tenacity that carried him along. He looked upon John and Walter as mere youngsters, reserving whatever confidences he had for Hemphill, the other and older salesman.

"The shebang is busted, Pips; they'll be closing it up one of these days," John observed to his friend; for Walter talked freely enough to him about conditions that his job of bookkeeper made him acquainted with.

This was on Saturday afternoon, and they were sitting alone in the office, which was divided from the salesroom by a partition of stained pine and ground glass.

"Looks like the want-ad column for us again," Walter replied good-naturedly.

"No," said John. "I've been thinking it over. Let's you and I buy the agency."

He was twenty-eight then, stalwart, handsome, dark-eyed, dark-skinned, with a solid jaw and chin. He dressed well, whether he could afford it or not, because, as he explained, he couldn't afford not to. Since the show days he had grown perhaps ten pounds heavier—gradually, just as he had come by the more overweening confidence in himself from having long measured his wits and will against others in selling things. He looked as though he might have a million dollars, and acted that way, throwing out the suggestion about buying the agency quite as though it were a thing anybody should consider seriously.

Walter Hayes stared at him a moment with a slightly incredulous smile; then laughed, asking:

"Where'd we get the money?" as though it were a joke.

Outwardly he had not changed much—eight years older, of course, with the fresh coloring of his cheeks a bit faded and dusted over. He had stopped wearing his reddish hair in a pompadour—now he combed it down sedately, or tried to; but a wisp of it bristled up over his forehead. He was as amiable and loyally attached to John as ever; but he had developed a knack of grinding industry and a sort of conservatism. He carried the whole office work easily and had a couple of hundred dollars in the savings bank, though Underhill paid him only eighteen dollars a week. That and John's wardrobe were about all the tangible results the pair could show for the years since they took the local train for St. Louis.

"Don't need any money," John replied promptly. "It oughtn't to take anything but nerve. I've got plenty of that."

Leaning against the end of the desk with his arms crossed, now and then puffing at a brier pipe and looking down at Walter, who was curled in the big swivel chair, he explained:

"This lobster, Underhill, is all through—except that he don't know it. He ought to be lecturing to farmers' clubs on alfalfa culture instead of trying to sell cars. He's got a note coming due at the bank on the thirteenth. He can't pay it and they've already renewed it for him half a dozen times. The Crittenden people are sore at him. He's broke, and getting worse all the time instead of better. If we go at him right we can shake him up and get him to sell out to us. That means we'll assume his debts."

"But where'd we get the money to run the agency with if he did turn it over to us?" Walter insisted, showing his white teeth in a laugh, for John's nerve amused him. "We've got to pay for the cars when they're shipped to us, you know; then we don't get any money until we sell 'em. Who'd back us?"

John smoked and meditated a moment.

"We'd make the Crittenden people sell us cars on time," he replied confidently. "What they want is to sell cars. Why, if a rooster like Underhill can run this agency a year on wind we can run it a century."

"But Underhill had capital and credit when he began," Walter objected.

"What's credit but just selling something?" John replied. "It's just selling yourself; persuading the man with the goods to invest in you, just as you'd persuade somebody else to invest in a car. If I'm good enough to make a farmer buy a Crittenden car I ought to be good enough to make the Crittenden Company buy you and me. We're a blame sight better buy than their cars are." He thought it over a moment further and announced: "Sure! We can put it across! We'll take a hack at it, anyway."

So it was decided. They talked it over and determined to await a favorable opportunity for approaching Mr. Underhill.

"Why, it's a good-enough gamble for us any way you put it," John observed. "We don't stand to lose anything except our jobs; and when Underhill blows up we'll lose them anyway." He could be completely plausible about propositions that might sound completely ridiculous to another.

The opportunity came two or three days later, when there was nobody but Mr. Underhill and Walter in the office. In the morning's mail Walter had noticed an envelope with the return card of the bank in the corner and had peeked sufficiently to feel sure the envelope contained a notice on a printed form about the note that fell due on the thirteenth. Mr. Underhill sat at the desk with his round shoulders humped over, looking down very gravely at the notice and thoughtfully pulling at his long red mustache. Walter slipped out to John in the otherwise empty salesroom and said under his breath: "He's got the notice to pay up on the thirteenth. Might as well hit him now."

John glanced about the salesroom, but Hemphill, the older salesman, was out and the coast was clear; so he nodded assent and led the way back into the office, Walter following.

"We'd like to buy this agency from you, Mr. Underhill," he said at once, standing at the end of the desk and smiling.

He liked to stand and look down at a man. Walter, also smiling, hung a little in the background and nervously stuck his hands in his pockets.

Astonished, Mr. Underhill merely gaped up at the speaker with his earnest, rather boiled-looking, prominent blue eyes.

"Of course it's practically gone up, anyway," John went on in a soothing tone, a good deal like a surgeon proposing a major operation. "It can't last long as it is, you know."

"What the devil do you know about my affairs?" Mr. Underhill blurted out afflictedly.

"Well, you know what the debts are and how much there is to pay them with," John replied with the most amiably reasonable air. "For one thing, there's that note at the bank."

"My bookkeeper has been blabbing to you!" Mr. Underhill cried, turning a red and accusing face to Walter.

"Well, of course, Mr. Underhill, we're both working for you and are interested to see how the business is going," Walter explained amiably. "Naturally we've talked about the business, because it's on our minds."

"My knowing about a note that is coming due wouldn't make any difference, Mr. Underhill. It would come due just the same," John put in propitiatingly. "You see, if you come right down to brass tacks, your liabilities are more than your assets. Of course it's the figures that count—not what I know about them."

"My books don't show it," the proprietor retorted with an unhappy feeling of the ground's slipping under his feet.

"Of course that old paper you took over from the implement business really isn't any good," Walter observed, still smiling.

"You know the Crittenden people are looking round for another connection," John reminded him. "If they take their cars away there won't be anything at all left but just a hole. You see, Mr. Underhill, selling cars isn't really your line. You know too much about them. You ought to be making them. If the bank knew the Crittenden people were looking for another connection, or the Crittenden people knew how you stood at the bank—you see, just a touch anywhere would blow the whole thing up. It's sure to blow up soon, anyway, leaving you 'way in the hole. By selling out to us now you could get out with a clean slate."

"How much capital you got to buy with?" Mr. Underhill demanded.

"Oh, if we had capital we wouldn't buy this agency, Mr. Underhill!" John replied. "We'd start a new one. You couldn't sell to anybody with capital, because nobody who had capital would throw it into a hole. If I had capital I'd go get the Crittenden cars to-morrow on my own hook. We're willing to assume the liabilities exactly because we haven't any capital, and without capital that's the only way we can get a look-in at the game."

"The Crittenden Company won't sell you cars," Mr. Underhill declared.

"Sure they will!" John replied with a confidence he didn't quite feel. "You see, we'll have the agency then. I can show 'em that we're going to sell their cars. That's what they want—to get the cars sold. They'll take a chance."

Well, they hammered away at him, saving his feelings as much as possible—jollying him while they kept the anvil hot. Finally he agreed to let them have the agency if they would assume the liabilities and get the Crittenden line of cars.

Then John went up to see the Crittenden people—to be rebuffed at first. But, as he told Walter, he hung on like a dog at a gopher's hole, haunting their doorstep and fairly sleeping with them, until finally his salesmanship won. The company had a rule against selling cars to an agency on credit and they wouldn't break the rule; but they slipped round it by indorsing the new agency's note.

So the modest sign, E. P. Underhill, came down, and a gorgeous blue-and-gold one, John Turner & Company, went up in its place. For a time the new concern ran exclusively on its nerve and powers of persuasion; but, as John calculated, what the Crittenden Company wanted was somebody who could sell its cars. When Turner & Company demonstrated their ability to do that the manufacturers became very friendly to them.

Meanwhile Walter Hayes had plenty to do. He was only a dub salesman, as the senior partner frankly told him; but his working hours became anywhere from twelve to fourteen a day. He ran the office end, dealt with the newspapers for advertising and with the banks. He was liked and trusted. The banks particularly quite took to him—with his precision, accuracy, punctuality, and his quick understanding of the elements of credit. He had the business sense and was always smiling; always obliging when he had a chance to be.

Within a year the new agency was out of debt; but it wasn't possible to keep out of debt. John Turner was irrepressibly expansive; never quite round one sharp corner before he was rushing at another; always wanting more advertising, bigger electric signs, spending money freely among possible customers. Often Walter objected that they didn't have the money.

"All the more reason we ought to hop in and get it," John replied; "the more bait, the more fish."

He defended his lavishness as sound business policy, which in the long run it was; yet, having the means, he would have done it anyway. It was his nature to operate on a broad scale. It wasn't very long before about everybody in that region knew John Turner was selling automobiles.

Besides the Crittenden line of cars, Underhill had another line—the Luxfer. This was a high-priced car that hadn't caught on very much and John Turner was indifferent about it. The company made conservative objections to keeping on with the moneyless new agency and John let them go.

But along toward the end of the first year they took another car—the Sarum—which was then not much over a year old. It was made by the Sarum Wagon Company, an old and very respectable concern that had got a strain of new blood and decided to branch out into the expanding department of the vehicular field. The old company spent a lot of money launching its automobiles, but the car wasn't very successful. There were faults in the engine that let distributors in for a good deal of complaint and trouble generally.

Sarum was then a good, solid, conservative sort of town, of about fifty thousand inhabitants, with half a dozen quite well-established manufacturing concerns that nobody in particular outside their own lines of trade knew anything about. The wagon company was the biggest of them. It was only a night's ride from Fort Wayne; and in the course of the agency's second year John Turner ran up there a good many times, talking to them about the trouble in their engine, and so on. By that time John wouldn't be round anywhere very much without making acquaintances

He Would Exactly as Lief Call the Boss a Blackhand as Anybody Else

and finding out about how things were. He had reached a stage where he impressed himself on those with whom he came in contact.

The real head of the Sarum Wagon Company was Judson Weatherly, who had married the daughter of one of the old stockholders and gradually, in effect, absorbed the management. He was about forty-five then, a wiry, restless, undersized man, always carelessly dressed, with a bushy brown mustache and big, round, gold-bowed spectacles. He was always in action, never still, giving an effect of bursting energy. He was selling cars at a great rate, dealing in figures larger than the town had ever known, building a big addition to the wagon factory; and Sarum was talking of him with bated breath as a business genius.

Before anybody woke up to the situation he had reduced the respectable old wagon company to a mere tangled wreck. He had sold plenty of cars, but accurate accounting showed they cost the company more than they sold for. He had appointed irresponsible agents, taken their notes for cars that had not been shipped, and discounted the notes at the banks. He had issued notes of the company and falsified the books to conceal that fact. What he had done to the fine old wagon company, in short, was about what a curious youngster of three years might do to a clock if left in undisturbed possession of it long enough.

The appointment of a receiver for the wagon company was quite an earthquake for Sarum. The eight banks were loaded up with extremely doubtful paper and the whole business community sat goggle-eyed and aghast. The receiver proposed to cut off the unprofitable automobile business at once and save what he could out of the wreckage.

In short, it was the Underhill situation over again—only on a far bigger scale and in a much worse snarl; and in all the welter Judson Weatherly was bobbing round, with the same fatuous energy as of old, dabbing at his bushy mustache and peering through his gold-bowed spectacles as though he was running over with vastly important affairs.

"He's just a farmer," said John Turner boldly, meaning it as a term of contempt. "He's set on a wire spring, like a jack-in-the-box. Because he's always bobbing and wiggling, people thought he was doing something important. The trouble with him is, somebody lent him a dime-novel magazine story about how the big fellows in Wall Street put it over everybody. He thought he was acting like them."

John made this contemptuous statement at a meeting in the directors' room of the First National Bank. There was Frank Detweiler, president of the First National, sitting at the end of the table, with one lean leg hooked over the arm of his chair as he listened to John. He looked all a shock of iron-gray hair, with a grizzled mustache and eyeglasses. He kept turning a pencil round in his fingers and sticking the end of it through his mustache as though it was a sort of comb. His bank was in for a hundred and forty thousand dollars of Weatherly's paper of different kinds.

Then there was William Bush, of the Sarum State Bank—a short, dumpy man with a red, wrinkled, leathery, fierce-looking face, set off with a strong hooked nose. He sat bolt upright and glared in unspeakable indignation at everything in general.

Next him was Lyman George, of the Merchants' National Bank, who wore a neatly trimmed and pointed brown beard, and had fine, curly brown hair, parted in the middle; but the hair was a wig. He nodded sagely from time to time and stroked his beard, but hardly spoke; in fact, during the whole day and a half since the failure he had been scared so stiff he could hardly speak. His bank was in for ninety thousand dollars and he had a disagreeable suspicion that the directors were going to discharge him, for he owned only a small amount of the bank's stock.

Then there was Isaac Baum, of the Citizens' Bank, who was fat and bald, and wore a thick red beard. He had a wide mouth, and grinned at the others from time to time rather as though he expected somebody to announce that the whole thing was only a poor practical joke.

There was Macdonald, of the Manufacturers' Bank, a big, flat-chested, hollow-eyed old Scotchman, who didn't want to talk or think of anything but the quickest way to get Weatherly into the penitentiary. Now and then he interrupted the talk to tell some other instance of Weatherly's having lied to him, his voice rising, thumping the table with his fist.

There was Peter Tree, of the Savings Bank, a benevolent-looking old gentleman with a handful of white chin whiskers and kind blue eyes. Whenever some fresh instance of Weatherly's financiering was touched upon, he repeated that he couldn't understand how Weatherly could have done it—remarking two or three times over that he'd known him from a boy, and looking round the table with a slight, amazed smile.

There was Wollenstein, a notebroker from Chicago, who had sold a lot of Weatherly paper to banks over the country. He spoke with a slight lisp, but always

to the point, and smiled a crooked smile with one side of his mouth only. This catastrophe was more a thing in the course of the day's work to him than it was to the others. Altogether, the men in the room represented nearly a million and a half dollars of debts of the Sarum Wagon Company. Whether the real assets would amount to half that was a question.

John Turner was there on his nerve, taking Walter Hayes with him. He had been in Sarum and knew the failure was going to happen the day before it was announced. Since knowing it he'd hardly had his clothes off. He proposed to get the automobile end of the business and carry it on. There were the creditors, all at sea and aghast over the prospect of a big loss—as to which bank directors and stockholders were sure to ask many unpleasant questions. The whole town was stirred up and the bankers were nervous lest depositors should start runs on their institutions.

John could talk automobile by that time and he did talk it. He went all over the Sarum concern's business; showed how Weatherly had lost the money; insisted that it could all be got back again and nobody need lose a dollar if only the automobile part of the business was run properly. The name was pretty well advertised; there was an established selling organization. Make the cars right, and loss would turn to profit.

Of course that was a big temptation to men who, if the automobile business was closed up, would certainly have to pocket a big loss. John saw that Detweiler and Wollenstein were the ablest men in the lot, and he stuck to them like a burr. Without having John's magnetic salesmanship, Walter Hayes could talk plausibly about the financial details. As usual, he was liked and trusted.

Ten men in the room—creditors and representatives of creditors—were upset by the failure; their nerves were shaken, their minds uncertain, not knowing what to do; some of them half bewildered—all afraid to face a big loss. And there was handsome John, in magnificent form, talking to them with absolute confidence—never the slightest doubt or hesitation—asserting positively that they needn't lose a dollar, but, on the contrary, might make a profit. Chance had given him a great opportunity and he rose to it. When it came to the automobile business he reeled off figures and made predictions that caused the audience to gasp; but always with that absolute assurance.

Well, the great bluff went through. The Sarum Motor Company was organized to carry on the automobile business. After allowing what the wagon end of the old concern might be worth, the creditors took preferred stock in the new company for their claims. Finally all of them, except Lyman George and Andrew Macdonald, subscribed something to the new issue of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of preferred stock, which was to give the company its working capital.

John Turner and Walter Hayes went back to Fort Wayne, where a couple of bankers and three or four other men with money had a good opinion of them, and got some additional subscriptions to this hundred and fifty thousand of preferred stock; so virtually the whole amount was taken.

The day before the failure John Turner & Company, of Fort Wayne, might perhaps have been able to scrape together twenty thousand dollars from their automobile agency. Now they were in control of an automobile manufacturing concern that made quite a showing—if one didn't look behind the curtain. The common stock in the new company represented nothing but prospects. John took forty-five per cent of it, Walter twelve per cent, and the remaining forty-three per cent was given as a bonus to those who took the preferred stock.

If one were to retain an impressive idea of the new concern he must not look behind the curtain. There was an unfinished plant; an unsatisfactory car; a business that had got a big black eye from the failure; a lot of agents, many of whom were quite disgusted; and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the bank.

John Turner and Walter Hayes knew enough about the automobile business even then to know that a hundred and fifty thousand dollars wouldn't carry them very far in the way they meant to go. Completing the plant would take the better part of that, and John wanted two hundred thousand dollars the first year just for advertising.

This is not a narrative of the Sarum Motor Company, but of John Turner. The shifts they made those first two years, the impossible corners they actually turned, the times when the whole venture hung on a hair—hanging on a hair being, in fact, its chronic state—need no detailed recital. Before the second year was out the banks were worse loaded up with the new concern's paper than ever they had been with the old—so loaded up that they fairly had to stand by it.

He Took the Country Club in Hand, Contributing Nearly All the Money for the Spacious New Building

In dire junctures there were such expedients as shipping out carloads of unfinished motors and getting credit at the bank on the bills of lading; then running the cars back to the shop to be completed. Walter Hayes developed a resourcefulness in the matter of kiting checks that rather astonished him. All these things John himself related later and laughed over.

Arthur McGregor—known to everybody as Sandy—had been put in as superintendent of the factory some months before Weatherly blew up, though fatuous Weatherly would never let him have his way, preferring the highly theoretical Frenchman who had devised the bad engine.

Sandy was a rolypoly, bewhiskered, bespectacled person who looked comically like the caricatures of a German professor. He dressed carelessly and spoke with a burry accent. He not so much walked through the plant as plowed through it, always with his fists doubled and swinging at his sides in short, jerky little motions, as though he was pumping himself up. His whiskers fairly bristled with energy and his peering eyes behind the spectacles saw everything. If anything didn't please him he spoke burrs and nettles; but he would exactly as lief call the boss a blockhead as anybody else—which was another reason why Weatherly had ignored his advice.

He and John had struck up an acquaintance before the smash and talked engine exhaustively. As soon as the new concern came in Sandy was made a vice president and general superintendent, and given a handful of the new common stock. He couldn't talk so beautifully about his engine as the Frenchman could, but the engine worked far better.

In those two years John Turner, Walter Hayes and Sandy McGregor ate and slept when there was nothing else to do. The financing and accounting were as strenuous as anything else about the place. Night after night Walter Hayes dozed in the car that took him away from the plant at any time up to midnight and laid the foundations of the gray patches on his temples.

But it went. When two years were up wise people began more or less to drop the habit of talking about the Sarum Motor Company as a mere temporary phenomenon, founded on a shoestring and foredoomed to early disappearance. There were some debts still; but real money was pouring into the banks through the pass books of the Sarum Motor Company at a rate that was commented on in bank parlors in awed tones. Bank presidents were ceasing to shudder when they saw Walter Hayes smiling at them from the threshold of their private offices, indeed they were beginning to smile back in warm expansiveness.

It was just at the end of the second year that John Turner, instead of rushing down to the First National to see President Detweiler, had his secretary telephone that gentleman an invitation to come out to the plant at half past two, because there was a matter of importance to be discussed, and Mr. Turner couldn't well get away. Sagacious Frank Detweiler went to the plant, realizing as he did so that John Turner had arrived.

Two or three days after that Walter Hayes accompanied Sandy McGregor through the shops; for he, too, liked to keep in touch with the manufacturing department. They presently entered a shop that had been fixed up for temporary use—one of those makeshifts that were always happening as the business outgrew its housings and spread over the neighborhood like a cucumber vine on too small a trellis.

This shop had windows in one end only, insufficient for lighting it; so it was artificially lighted from long glass tubes of gas on the ceiling—the sort often used in composing rooms, giving a strong but ghastly light with a greenish tinge. The shop was filled with massive lathes for cutting and grinding crankshafts. A workman took a step to pick up a rough shape of forged steel from the heap beside his lathe, and Walter happened to notice that he limped, as though one leg was stiff.

Walter loitered a moment, for he liked to see the cascade of fire as the steel met the swiftly turning wheel. The workman started his lathe. Then, aware of someone standing near, he glanced up, lifting a thin pale face that looked corpselike in the grewsome light.

It was Smiley Carter. Recognition came to Walter—not in a flash, but with a kind of swift dawning. For a moment the two men stared at each other, with mutual recognition. Then Smiley bent his face over his work again.

Walter was amazed. In the pale, lame workman he felt indefinitely a poignant tragedy. Yet he walked on without speaking. It would be difficult to say just why. Of course in twelve busy years Smiley had drifted far into the background of his consciousness. Perhaps he hadn't once thought of the man for five years. That show business had become vastly remote. Then, he was taken wholly by surprise and there was a certain reticence—an instinctive shrinking back from a painful contact; and this was not

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IBERIA

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

TO BE sure, the Gaul has said in his wisdom: "When in doubt, search for the woman." In the depths of his soul and the depths of his literature he has searched for her, and discovered her: and, all things considered, the result has proved a very bad thing for the Gaul. Unfortunately it has also established the woman in the light of the great universal alibi - where she belongs.

To blame Miss Helen Merrihew with nicety of judgment, consider first her birthright and her patronymic. She had a broker for a father, a college president for an uncle, an ambassador and a governor for grandfathers, a dozen minor celebrities for cousins-german. She herself had known newspaper blarney as early as that glorious day when skirts were lowered in maiden dignity to her shoe tops, and now that fashion had sent them back again still faster than they came, her photograph adorned the Sunday supplements six times a year, which indicated that she was socially prominent without being vulgarly rich.

So that quite rationally Miss Merrihew expected that her suitors, like her distinguished kin, would be successful to the point of public recognition and acclaim. She tended to discourage those who hadn't some one quality of greatness, and so far she had got away with it with perfect accuracy. But there came a night when she committed the grievous error of looking under her lashes at Ernest Benham after his voice had begun to falter. She completely lost her head in the moonlight, and when she found it again it was resting comfortably against the shoulder of Ernest Benham, who was the son of nobody, the heir to nothing, and had a none-too-easy job in a national bank.

"You'd Rather Have There—These Comparatively Trivial Things Than Have a Chance of Really Big Accomplishments?"

In the morning, after she had blushed at herself in several mirrors and reflected upon her duty to posterity, she sent for Benham; and when he duly arrived in season for tea, she proceeded to advise him solely for his ultimate good. She really wasn't more than two-thirds in love with him, and she honestly thought him to be at best a lovable sort of slacker; so that her ultimatum was kindly, but easy to understand. In effect she told Benham to go and get a reputation.

He took it with characteristic calm, but his smile was grewsome.

"In other words," he said, speaking thickly, "you weren't sincere! You didn't feel it as I did! You thought I was only spooning! It was just—casual to you! Oh—Helen!"

Miss Merrihew was suitably affronted and distressed, but she curbed her sympathies and her resentment and followed the tradition of centuries by displaying that motherliness which at once serves as attack, defense and strict neutrality.

"No—no!" she said with the utmost gentleness. "That isn't it at all. But we're so terribly young, Ernest, and we simply can't afford to make any mistakes, can we? We can't do anything we'd be sorry for afterward. And—I do care a lot for you, too, only we've got to be sure we'd be happy together, haven't we?"

"Well, I'm sure," insisted Benham doggedly. "I'm sure enough for both of us!"

"But I've just told you, dear—I mean Ernest—that we are young, and you haven't ——"

"The point," said Benham, with unfathomable injury betraying itself in his eyes, "is that you're not certain I'd make you happy. All right! That's easy. What do you want me to do?"

Very explicitly she told him. Incoherently and illogically, but with shattering clarity of purpose, she conveyed her meaning. She was accustomed to temper her affections with honor and admiration, and to behold her convictions upheld by the world at large. She wasn't averse to marrying a poor man, if he were famous or en route to fame; an she wouldn't marry an obscure man anyway. She required triumphant success, or the promise of it; glory, or the assurance of it; she was the last of an uncommon family, and she could ally herself with none but an uncommon man. This opinion, she said in closing, was shared in its entirety by the arbiter of her domestic destiny, her father. In fact they had collaborated on it. It was practically immaterial to them what the candidate's field of endeavor might be; he must show the fundamentals of superiority in that field. And Benham, she said, was indolent and lacking in ambition. There was even some doubt as to his ability to support her. They wanted him to dismiss, for a time, any hope of matrimony and to earn his right to sue.

Benham laughed spasmodically and met her eyes.

"That's fair enough," he conceded. "Well—I'm not scared. I'll satisfy you and your father or break my neck trying! You've been awfully frank, Helen. I'm glad of that. It hurts, but I'm glad. You see I'm not so very conceited. I don't ever expect to be good for much front-page news. I'm not cut out for a genius, either. So my only chance seems to be pretty evident, doesn't it? What's the figure Mr.—your father sets?"

Miss Merrihew colored, but since she had laid herself open to the *riposte*, she conquered her emotions and quoted six figures.

"And that's final?"

"I'm afraid it's final, Ernest."

Benham stood up, approached her and bent low.

"Then," he said, quivering, "I won't make it any harder for us! I won't bother you again until I've done something! And the next time I come to you ——"

As she sat there, crushed and stunned, listening to his footfalls in the hallway, Miss Merrihew was subtly aware that neither the haughtiest plutocrat in the social register nor the wisest savant in the world could have kissed her more alarmingly or more superbly. It was at that moment, too, that she first became curious to know whether her father, whose dogmatism was notable, had ever been seriously in love.

Now in the biography of every normal young man whose ancestors have neglected to accumulate a fortune there must be inserted sooner or later a frenzied chapter, in which he realizes that nothing else can remotely approach the importance of growing rich overnight. And even although such chapters, at least in the temperate zones, are generally descriptive of the months of May and June and have their origin most frequently in the solitude which follows a rendezvous by moonlight, they are not by any means peculiar to lovers. All young men have their periods of golden yearning. Nevertheless, it was Miss Merrihew who egged Benham on to folly, and on these grounds she must stand indicted.

For it so happened that Benham, during the eight long years since he had left his native village in Ohio and sought his fortune in Manhattan, had privately cherished a dream of plutocratic splendor to be thrust upon him. He had scanned with envy those tabular statistics which show that for every dollar invested in some industrial security in 1885, the lucky speculator has received four thousand dollars net to date. He knew, as every man knows, of investors—no less clever than himself—who had bought Beth Steel at 60. He knew of wily fellows who had swept the boards with General Motors. From time to time he had resolved that at the nearest opportunity he, too, would venture down among the kings of finance, to become that one exception out of every hundred neophytes and win his fortune in a rising market. But thus far he had never risked a penny in the Street, and he might never have soiled his record if it hadn't been for Miss Merrihew's strange standards. She was innocent but responsible. She touched the spark of her desires to the dynamite which was Benham's hidden nature, and his common sense exploded in a jiffy.

As a bulwark between Benham and starvation, there was a fund of six or seven thousand dollars, and six or seven thousand dollars was ninety-three or ninety-four thousand too little. Furthermore, as far as Helen Merrihew was concerned, there was no great utility in any assets less than the stated minimum of one slim figure and five plump ones.

What analysis could be simpler? Benham drew a single check and was committed to that popular indoor sport which demonstrates, anew each week day, the charming optimism and inefficiency of a gentleman named Hoyle. And it was hardly the lunch hour before Benham had made a thousand dollars, and he added five hundred more by two o'clock.

"Well!" said Benham joyously to himself. "What makes me sore is why I didn't get into this game earlier!" He forthwith ordered violets for the lady of his alibi and gloated inconceivably.

In subsequent sessions he took a five-point profit in the rails and six in coppers. A mere acquaintance volunteered a red-hot tip on Zinc, and Zinc obligingly responded by giving an imitation of an express elevator going up. Benham had eighteen thousand to his credit and began to entertain contempt for cold-blooded silurians who purchased bonds. He participated in the spectacular drive on Alcohol and had the incredible good fortune to sell short at the week's high and to cover at the week's low. Rothschild and Jay Gould and Russell Sage all say it can't be done, but Benham did it aptly and nonchalantly. In six weeks he was master of sixty thousand dollars, and he sent two eagles' worth of roses to Helen Merrihew. At this delightful juncture the gods of hazard perceived him from on high and noted his budding arrogance, and one said sternly to the other:

"This Benham boy seems to think he's got our number. Let's show him up. Kick him, one of you fellows!"

Whereupon Benham bought the rails again and won, and was smiling beatifically when the cashier of his bank summoned him for an interview. There were no preliminaries, formal or informal.

"Sit down, Ernest," invited the officer. "I'm afraid we're going to have a quarrel. I hear you've been speculating. How about it?"

"Why not?" Benham was ingenuously proud of himself.

"Well, we're naturally inquisitive to know why you didn't file your declaration."

"What declaration?"

The cashier frowned a little.

"You're not trying to dodge, are you?"

"Not exactly. If I am, I don't know what I'm dodging. I simply don't know what you're talking about."

"Is that the truth?"

"What!" said Benham, starting.

"Do you mean to say that when you opened your account you weren't given a blank to sign—a blank that stipulated that if you were connected with any bank or had access to any trust funds, you had the permission ——"

"I certainly did not," said Benham flatly.

"I—that's so remarkable, Ernest, that—— However, we'll drop it for the time being. Here's the situation: you're cutting such a swath that we heard about it indirectly, and that means you've been making the fur fly. It can't go on. Your intelligence ought to tell you why it can't. You're a very young man, you're in a confidential relationship toward us and ——"

"It can't go on?" Benham was incredulous.

"Not possibly. We can't allow it. We've found out by experience that it isn't safe for us, and it isn't safe for our youngsters, to have 'em ——"

"But if I want to go on?"

The cashier's gesture was dramatically adequate.

"It's impossible! You can't stay in this bank and operate on the Street. That's flat."

"In that case," said Benham politely, "when would it be most convenient for you to have my resignation go into effect—Saturday?"

"Ernest! Don't be a fool!"

"Fool!" retorted Benham. "At thirty-five hundred a year? Why, I'm two decades ahead of you now!"

"But listen! Your prospects ——"

"Now if there's to be any quarrel," said Benham with all deference, "you'll have to stage it. It's a matter of plain business to me. And if you're as positive as I am—if you're as stubborn as I am, we'll say—I don't see but what we'll just have to part company. I'm sorry—I liked it here. But money's money."

"Hold your horses for a second!" persisted the cashier seductively. "Now at Christmas we'll very likely distribute a fifty-per-cent bonus, Ernest. And you may be elected assistant in another season, too. You know that it's what you've been working for. Well, it's in sight. Don't you go off halfcocked. I know you've been lucky, but it won't last—it never does. You save what you've made, put it in mortgage bonds and stay here. Think it over at any rate!"

"Inside of a week," prophesied Benham, "Anaconda'll go to par. I'm buying a thousand to-night. You can figure out for yourself what my salary'll look like alongside of a four-point rise. Or that bonus compared to six points."

The cashier inclined forward and loaded his voice with all the impressiveness it could carry.

"Ernest," he said. "I'm not trying to bulldoze you. This isn't any bluff; it's straight talk. I was instructed to notify you and I'm doing it. Don't you be an idiot! Stay out of the market and do your work decently, and you'll be a big man in the banking world some day! And don't make any snap decisions. Because I tell you absolutely that if, after I've given you this notice, you don't see fit to take it, you're out of banking for good. You can't stay here, and no other reputable bank would take you without our recommendation. So—"

"To save arguing about it," said Benham, "we'll date my resignation to-day. You needn't pay me any more salary, but I'll come in as long as I can help the next man to grasp my job. You've been mighty nice about it, but if I've got to choose between this place and my future, I'll have to say good-by."

"Ernest," said the cashier soberly. "I'm sorry. We like you and we want to keep you. I want you. We've got along without friction, and you have the making of an executive some day. Think just once more! You take, say, a week!"

"No, I don't believe I'm open to argument."

The older man sighed in pity and shook his head.

"Well, there's no alternative then."

"None at all!"

"And I suppose I'll have to accept your resignation, if you'll be kind enough to have it typed."

"Thank you for being so white about it," said Benham, rising. "And if you'll let me know who's going to succeed me, I'll be glad to coach him." He went out buoyantly; half an hour afterward he had bought Anaconda at 95, and everyone from the check desk to the president's sanctum knew that he was gone to uphold his independence and to display the courage of his information.

What he had long contemplated was no more visionary than, under the circumstances, it was logical. A month ago he had realized that he might do worse than to seek an alliance with some conservative brokerage house and to pursue the career for which he was temperamentally fitted. He would push his capital up to the sum at which Miss Merrihew's hauteur could be underwritten; he would become a specialist in seasoned securities; he would cease to gamble and take instead his profits in commissions. The attitude of the cashier, then, was a source of relief to Benham; it gave him freedom and saved unpleasantness. It was distinctly better for him to free-lance for a while, and after that he could attach himself where he would. Anybody of prudence would be glad to get him.

With the same pen he signed his resignation and ordered his florist to deliver daily a dozen Beauties to Miss Merrihew until otherwise advised.

Then Anaconda slipped to 89, and Benham took his loss with equanimity in order to flirt with sudden death, as exemplified by the common shares of United States Steel. Following that, he lost appreciably in one or two of the more mercurial war brides, learned to avoid wheat, cotton and linseed oil, failed to diagnose the fluctuations of Reichsmarks, and while he was unswervingly persuaded that another movement would reverse the scale and make him Crœsus, he was whirled to the brink of ruin on the tail of a mighty hurricane that one day swept the curb. He was anxious now to associate himself with any institution which would pay him thirty-five hundred a year, or even less, but to his horror he discovered that his friend the cashier had been fatally correct. He began to hunt systematically for a berth, but money had tightened, and nobody wanted him at a living wage.

Desperately he turned again to fight the market, but he was fighting against the sheer economies of the world, and he lost consistently. His last thousand dollars splintered into fragments; and he became a nervous hanger-on in board rooms, eager for his eighths. Then he bought odd lots, fewer and fewer, and became a detriment to the atmosphere of prosperity. Three months after he had quitted the bank his brokers hinted that, much to their regret, his account was technically undesirable. A fortnight later he was bluntly requested not to haunt the premises of a reputable dealer in outside stocks. He had ceased to be careful of his appearance, and he discouraged other customers. With his last fifty dollars in his pocket and the certainty of success still flickering in his heart, he asked Jimmy Rafferty, who kept a cigar store near Exchange Place, for the address of a bucketshop he had heard about—Skeel's bucketshop—and Rafferty reluctantly told him.

And it wasn't until then that Benham countermanded the order to the florist. He had to.

Mr. Skeel flourished—which is to say he acquired profit without yet having been arrested—in a grim suite of offices in a dingy court, in the gloomiest of all the sun-fearing streets below the dead line. To reach these offices, if you set out from Rafferty's cigar store, you plunged first into a dismal alleyway moldy with dead men's hopes. You swung south, then west and south again, sacrificing something of your pride at every turn, and came eventually to a pair of ornamental iron gates which had deserved their share of architectural magniloquence at about the time that the electric telegraph was a national novelty.

Passing through these gates, you trod on yielding flags, cracked and uneven; you faced a decaying bulk of dirt-gray stone, with warped iron staircases clinging to its sides, not as escapes in case of fire, but as the only means of access to the upper floors.

Her Ultimatum Was Kindly, But Easy to Understand. She Told Benham to Go and Get a Reputation

You avoided the ruins of a central fountain and took to the dark embrasure which was the main entrance to the court. You strode along a dim and lofty corridor, walled with marble of a suggestively greenish tint and smelling faintly of dry-rot, and paused at the farthest door—William W. Skeel and Company, Stocks and Bonds.

At this point, unless your sense of shame was quite burnt out of you, you pulled your hat over your eyes. And then, no matter how abruptly or how silently you crossed the threshold, you found Skeel looking at you.

It was unbelievably quiet in Skeel's, primarily because his customers, for the major part, had long since lost their spontaneity. They were the victims of a devastating fever; they were immune to passions. And even those who came by preference to Skeel's were quiet there, presumably because repression was their policy of insurance. The ticker droned in the corner, the board boys chalked quotations as they came, and Skeel himself, sitting complacently aloof behind his fumed-oak desk, smiled faint encouragement to his broken clientèle and checked again the paltry margins they had given him. He glanced up as Benham entered.

"Well?" said Mr. Skeel, noncommittal as always.

"Is this the proprietor?" asked Benham under his breath.

"Yes. Anything I can do for you?"

"Why—yes, possibly."

"Look here, brother," said Skeel, eying him, "who sent you here?"

Benham flinched at the familiarity.

"Why, nobody in particular—I heard about you somewhere ——"

"Uh-huh. I get you. Now, where've you been trading?"

"I—what difference does that make?" Benham's very jaws were red.

"Take your time, brother. I don't take new accounts unless they've got some references—no broker does. Where'd you come from?"

"Why—as a matter of fact—Jimmy Rafferty sent me."

"Oh! Know Jim, do you?"

"I've bought a lot of cigars from him."

"That's it!" Mr. Skeel nodded approval. "This your first offense or ——"

"No." Benham laughed shortly. "Rafferty told me you didn't insist on wide margins."

"Oh! Got into you, did they?"

"In a way, yes."

"So. Well—what's on your mind?"

"Nickel."

"Um-hum. Long or short?"

"Long."

"How much?"

"That depends."

"Of course. But how much money?"

"Say fifty," offered Benham.

Mr. Skeel grimaced and spoke almost without moving his lips.

"Twenty-five shares, brother?"

Benham gasped.

"You'll take two points!"

"For you, yes. You're a friend of Jim Rafferty's. At the market?"

"Why—I think so. The bull movement's about due, don't you think?"

"Right. Cash, please!" He accepted the bills and stuffed them into his pocket. "Oh, Sam, twenty-five Nickel at the market!"

"Twenty-five Nickel!" echoed a worried-looking order clerk far in the murky background of the cage. "Twenty-five Nickel at the market!"

Benham coughed in deprecation.

"Pardon me—I'm not used to—but how does this work? If you actually buy and sell on margins like that ——"

"Lay off that stuff!" Mr. Skeel was peremptory and belligerent. "Don't you get yourself in dutch, brother—take it from me! I want to tell you we do buy and sell."

That, of course, was a downright lie.

"I want to tell you I was a partner in a wire house for ten years." That was a verity. "You ask Jim Rafferty whether this is on the level or not!"

"Nickel—twenty-five at forty-seven and a quarter!" shouted the clerk from the recesses of the cage.

Benham nodded and swallowed hard. The room, unclean and unwholesome, disgusted him; the customers filled him with nausea. Mainly they were the offscourings of the street, the diseased and maimed of the financial district; here and there was a well-dressed, rat-eyed suspect. Benham gagged at the sight of them, and yet ——

"Well, I'm here—I might as well sit down," he said to Skeel, attempting to appear jocose.

The proprietor, displaying scant interest, waved him to a seat. The ticker droned, a flashily clad tout read the tape huskily, the board boy chalked away without cessation:

"Erie a half . . . five-eighths. . . . Steel six . . . eight hundred at an eighth . . . a thousand at a quarter . . . an eighth . . . a half for the Boat, a quarter for the Ship. . . . Annie three-quarters. . . . Steel a quarter. . . . Wax seven-eighths. . . . Mex Pete pur and a half. . . . Nickel forty-six and a half."

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President and Congress

THE handful of senators who wrecked the whole legislative program at the close of the Sixty-fourth Congress, with the country in the shadow of war, should never again be vested with public power, because in a crisis they cannot be trusted to subordinate themselves to the overwhelming majority of both houses and the exigent needs of the nation.

No question of keeping the country out of war was before them. Anybody but a hopeless blockhead, no matter whether his tendencies were pacific or militant, could then see that whether the country got into war depended upon events and forces far beyond the control of the Senate. The question before them was whether the nation, exposed to an imminent risk of war, should stand in a ridiculous and humiliating position—one hand temporarily bound down with senatorial red tape and a hand of senatorial obstructionists sitting on its head. They answered that question in the affirmative.

For years the executive branch of the Federal Government has been gaining upon the legislative in actual power, and Congress has echoed with complaints of that fact. The scene at the close of the Sixty-fourth Congress points to the reason. The President, by and large, is a far more trustworthy representative of the nation than Congress is, partly because the latter is always more or less at the mercy of factious minorities and petty politicians working for selfish ends.

From the beginning of the submarine controversy President Wilson faithfully represented the nation. It said so last November. It is saying so now. The nation is behind him, and the means he needs to carry out its purpose will be given to him in spite of temporary, conceited obstruction. One of those means, as he promptly pointed out, is cloture in the Senate.

Irresponsible Egotists

IT TAKES a situation like that of the first four days of March to throw the inherent incompetence of Congress into pitiless relief. The country was at the verge of war, and several measures of the greatest importance awaited action. Any body of men that actually represented the people of the United States, and was inspired by an intelligent sense of responsibility to the nation, would have found some basis upon which individual differences could compromise and the exigent business of the nation be dispatched.

What actually threatened during those four days was a temporary dictatorship by a few irresponsible, factious, lightweight egotists in the Senate. Under the absurd rules of that body it was possible for a handful of members to assert their petulant wills in effective opposition to the will of an overwhelming majority of both Houses, and in defiance of plain national needs and wishes. Two or three men could kill any bill.

That was not a representative system of government. It is not democracy. A flabby-minded household periodically terrorized and bullied by a spoiled child would be a fair analogy.

In fair weather that might answer after a fashion. In this situation it was impossible. Congress had to be a more representative and responsible body, and to that end the Senate adopted cloture during the early days of its special session. The exhibition during the closing days of the Sixty-fourth Congress showed indubitably that, with the United States at war, cloture in the Senate was among the first necessities of national defense.

The fairly dictatorial power over legislation that every senator formerly possessed in a crisis could not be trusted to ninety-odd individuals, some of whom would undoubtedly abuse it.

Fighting the Submarine

AT THE beginning of February, England had been under a war régime for thirty months; and for at least two years law and public opinion had been operating vigorously to induce thrift. Taxes had been increased a hundred and fifty per cent, which in itself was no negligible inducement to thrift. Importation of many luxuries had been forbidden. The liquor traffic had been very drastically curtailed. The government had taken extensive control of food supplies to prevent waste. It seemed that England was living about as economically as it could. The fact that it had five billion dollars to invest in a new war loan pointed decidedly to that conclusion.

Yet at the menace of a more active submarine campaign England promptly discovered many things that it could get along without. Going over the imported food supply of the preceding year, it struck off a million tons. The supply of newsprint paper, already severely reduced, was further cut in half. Many hundreds of thousands of tons of such basic materials as iron ore and timber were lopped off. By these restrictions upon imports there was released for the carrying of essentials a quantity of tonnage equal to about four times the submarine wastage in the first month of unrestricted warfare. And every ton thus saved for the carriage of essentials meant so many dollars saved toward the next war loan or for after-the-war reconstruction.

The British blockade taught Germany what a nation can do without when it is necessary to do so. The German submarine has returned the compliment. Probably it will make England a more formidable antagonist than it was before. It must develop far greater destructiveness than it showed in the first weeks in order to win.

To be Expected

WHEN the Kaiser proposed a peace conference, on the bluntly stated assumption that Germany had virtually won the war, and the proposal was rejected, well-informed opinion in England was nearly unanimous that Germany would resume unrestricted submarine warfare. President Wilson had said flatly that unrestricted submarine operations would cause the United States to break diplomatic relations with Germany; and if Germany then sank merchant ships without warning, involving loss of American lives, war was the only rational probability.

A blind man could see that. Germany saw it, of course, and at least ten days before announcing resumption of unrestricted submarine operation began making active preparations for war with the United States—very naturally looking to Mexico as a possible ally who might be useful to her by harassing us.

It is silly to affect surprise at this action on the part of a nation that saw nothing in Belgium except the easiest road to France. The moment a cancellation of the Sussex pledge became probable the United States and Germany faced toward war; and Germany, as a matter of course, began looking for the best places to strike.

We ought to know by this time that Germany fights no toy wars and sentiment has no place in the calculations of her General Staff. At war with the United States, she would exert every means at her command to injure us in every possible way, and she would not be lacking in ingenuity to devise means of injury.

If there is any spot in Latin America, or elsewhere on the globe, where she could stir up trouble for us she would be at it. Anybody who imagines that war with Germany is a sort of young ladies' boarding-school pillow fight is imagining ill for the United States.

Sea Power

SINCE the Battle of Trafalgar, England's supremacy at sea has not been challenged. For a hundred years the British Navy has been the mightiest weapon that any modern nation has possessed. It is doubtful that even the Rome of Augustus could assert so decisive a superiority over any probable hostile combination.

On the whole, no invincible weapon was ever used with greater moderation. The period of British naval supremacy has been the period of evergrowing freedom of the seas. Trade of other nations multiplied undisturbed. England adopted the most liberal navigation policy ever known, throwing open even the home coastwise trade to all vessels without restriction.

England's material interests required moderation; and the fact that moderation best served her own material interests was the surest guaranty of a continuation of that policy. Years ago her ablest men saw that she had already made all the conquests which would be profitable to her, and that what she most wanted was an orderly, peaceful world in which to enjoy and develop her possessions. Her situation inclined her to a liberal, peaceful program; and it was highly probable that she would have the wisdom to see it.

For a hundred years British naval supremacy put no obstacle in the way of the United States. We came to accept it with no more misgiving than over the geological possibility that an earthquake may happen in the Mississippi Valley. But if Germany could starve England this naval supremacy would undoubtedly end, and sea power would shift to the hands of a new nation, formed on concepts of conquest, ambitious for territorial expansion. Germany rejected proposals for reduction of armaments, preferring the system that kept the Continent of Europe armed to the last available man, each nation watching its neighbors, finger on trigger, and straining its resources to muster more battalions.

Sea power in Germany's hands would at once extend that system of competitive armaments over the world. Very few events of a political nature could give the United States greater ground for apprehension than a transfer of naval supremacy from England to Germany.

No Apologies

IN THE present situation the United States has nothing to apologize for; its course during thirty months of European war was right. It was right in rejecting conscription; right in maintaining that compulsory army service should not be adopted here, save under the pressure of evident necessity. It wanted nothing in the Balkans. It had no part in the web of clashing ambitions and mutual jealousies out of which the European War arose. It was right in going to the utmost tolerable lengths to keep out of that essentially mad, anarchic conflict.

It detested such German crimes as the violation of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania; but it was right in resisting the emotional clamor that would have made it play the rôle of an armed avenger, when it still might hope not only to gain endurable conditions for itself without war but to save the neutral position that would enable it to advance the ideal of world peace.

Without war it did for many months gain tolerable recognition of its neutral rights at sea; and as a neutral it formulated the idea of a league of nations to maintain peace, which must finally take the place of Europe's international anarchy.

The United States took a risk—the risk of finally being dragged into war ill prepared. But it took the risk in the interest of the highest political ideal—the ideal of a peaceful, ordered, law-governed world.

It has nothing to apologize for.

War and Business

A GLANCE at stock and money market records for February will show that when diplomatic relations with Germany were broken the United States had had thirty months of most important preparation for war. Industrially and financially it had been put on a war basis. What would have taken many months to accomplish if an immediate threat of war had arisen in 1913 was already done.

It was generally assumed that if war came business would go on quite undisturbed, save as its momentum was still further increased. But one difference, important to many individuals, was often overlooked.

In selling stuff to the Allies America had made enormous profits. No such profits would be permitted to pass to individual pockets if the United States itself were at war. Taxation would certainly take at least half of them. Congress had already imposed an "excess-profits" tax of eight per cent; but that was only an indication of the extent to which it would reach after war profits if the country was at war.

Nothing could be sillier than the charge that munition makers were dragging the country into war. They were already getting all the gains of war, with none of the burdens. It must have been a very dull munitions concern which did not know that it could make—or keep—more money by selling to the Allies with the United States at peace than it could by selling to both the Allies and the United States with this country at war, and the English example of a sixty per cent levy on war profits before the eyes of Congress. So far as governmental ingenuity can possibly prevent it, no individual or corporation should profit by war.

This, however, involved a difference to individuals and not to the general business situation. Looking at the latter, and considering how greatly a threat of war arising in time of world peace would have demoralized trade, one sees that a very important preparation has taken place.

A PROPER CHINA WAR LORD

By Samuel G. Blythe

IT WAS two degrees below zero outside the train in China on the second night before Christmas last year—the train, or what they call a train, between Pukow and Tientsin. Inside my car it was not more than seven degrees below, I should say—perhaps ten; but probably not more than seven. I was refrigerating my way to Peking; and it appears, from the testimony of old China hands, I had hit on an entirely unprecedented and astonishing period of frost—unusual, you know, and all that; but apparent.

There was a large bundle of wraps, shawls, furs and mufflers opposite me; and concealed within it was Wiggin—Wiggin, who, also, was refrigerating his way toward Peking. Wiggin is an Englishman, and he assured me that they never, never have such weather at 'ome. There had been another Englishman in the compartment; but he, through some connivance with the conductor, had gone off to the other sleeping car, where, by the skillful utilization of some silver—Mex.—he had secured a two-berth compartment for himself. He was an exclusive person, this other Englishman, at the start, but not so blamed exclusive at the finish, as it turned out. We three were the only foreigners on the train, which had two first-class coaches and a whole string of second and third class, all jammed to the roof with coolies and other Chinese specimens. For our part, in the first-class coaches, we had a rather comprehensive gathering of presumably first-class Chinese; anywhere from eight to ten to the compartment. It was a merry little Christmas train.

Our compartment was a four-berthed affair, two lowers and two uppers. The seats were covered with leather, and the leather was rimed with frost. Also, they were so ingeniously contrived that the part that served as a back to the seat served also as the upper berth when elevated, after the manner of foreign sleepers; but with this improvement: There was a hump in the middle of the back that made it quite impossible for any person over three feet tall to sit even approximately erect. This, as Wiggin pointed out, was undeniably of advantage, for it forced us to bend forward, and thus conserve our natural warmth, which would have radiated from us had we remained upright.

We had tried the restaurant car; but a restaurant car on the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad is no sitting room for white folks, at best, and on a very cold night, when it is packed with Chinese, swathed in ancient fur-lined silk robes, scoffing tea and soup, and practicing other native and catarrhal rites and pastimes, it becomes practically uninhabitable from the Anglo-Saxon point of view.

Chang Hsun is Afraid of Nobody in China, and Everybody in China is Afraid of Him

The Chinese for Nitchevo

SO WIGGIN and I remained gelidly in our compartment. We had emptied our duffel bags and had drawn them up over our legs, and had variously disposed all our other clothes and wraps. Wiggin futilely endeavored to lay a Gladstone bag on himself in a heat-giving manner, and I varied a detailed count of the places where the wind came in, when it reached forty-seven, with a mental catalogue of all the homothermous animals I could recall, coupled with the wish that I was the warmest-blooded of the lot for the time being.

Then the China boy came in. He was a thin China boy, and his natural yellow was changed by the cold to a sort of sickly bluish white. He looked like cold skimmed and watered milk.

"Master go bed now," he said definitely.

"Will it be any colder in bed than it is sitting up?" I asked.

He looked at me in that why-you-poor-fool way Orientals have of regarding the Westerner and intoned unemotionally:

"Maskee that; master go bed now."

Now maskee is the Chinese for nitchevo, and nitchevo is the Russian for skataganai, and skataganai is the Japanese for Forget it! And when a China boy says Maskee he means finish, so far as discussion is concerned. So we unswathed ourselves and went out into the corridor to find out whether there was a place on that train colder than our room. We didn't think it possible; but there was.

Making up a compartment on a Chinese train is an entirely simple and uncomplex procedure. It took that China boy four minutes to fix ours. He threw up the backs of the seats, hitched them to the suspensory rods, laid a thin sheet over each of the leather-covered shelves we had been sitting on, put another thin sheet over that, and a blanket, provided a cylindrical, leather-covered block of wood for a pillow, and said:

"You go bed now."

So we went to bed. Inasmuch as the seat on which we were expected to sleep was tightly built into the wall at both ends and sides, there was no way to tuck in blankets or sheets. They lay slippery on the frosty surface of the leather; but Wiggin and I had had experience on Chinese trains before, and we knew the trick of folding the blanket into a sleeping bag and crawling into it. Wiggin's preparations were even more sketchy than mine. He took off his shoes, and so did I; but I rather ostentatiously removed my collar, which was nothing but swank pidgin.

Now that was about half past eight of this second night before Christmas; and after we had piled our overcoats and our rugs and all the rest of it on ourselves we shivered off to sleep. At every station vast numbers of Chinese stopped before our door and held long and squeaky conversations about their ancestors, I suppose, or some other important topic; and I discovered that Wiggin was possessed of a most beautiful and condemnatory vocabulary as relating to Chinese who disturbed his slumbers. That man could call the Chinese out of their names in more ways than any white man I ever met, and I have heard persons who have made a study of the art. Wiggin had a natural gift for it. He knew all the English dialects, from Whitechapel to Hyde Park; and, as he had lived in India, Egypt and Hong-Kong, he had a smattering of the expletives of other tongues used for telling natives about their personal characteristics and shortcomings. Not that any great result was attained, but that the artistry of it was perfect.

The night wore gelidly along. At one period—about midnight, I fancy—I was engrossed by a dream that related to the refrigerating rooms on the ship coming across the Pacific. I made a tour of the ship with the captain and inspected the ice plant, where the long rows of meat hung frostily. I was dreaming that I had been suspended on one of those hooks in the meat room, and that some Johnnie was prodding me with a stick to find out whether I was properly frozen. Then there came a glow of light and I opened my eyes. The prodding was no dream. There were four extremely unpleasant soldiers in the room, wearing pigtails, dirty, greasy, smelly, and quite unsociable. One of them was poking me with the muzzle of a rifle.

Wiggin was in the same case. One of them was poking him too. I made shift to inquire what it was all about, but got no intelligible information. My prodder addressed me vehemently, but not with a clarity of diction that gave me any light on the proceedings.

"What do these blighters want?" Wiggin asked me.

"You may search me!" I replied. "Unless it is a holdup!"

"Do you mean robbers?" asked Wiggin.

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "I hope they won't steal my overcoat."

There seemed to be no nourishment in getting up; so we stayed in bed. Meantime there was a constant tramping back and forth in the corridor. Our door was open and we could see soldier after soldier clumping by.

"Possibly they are giving a review of the troops in our honor," I suggested, "and want us to be awake to see it."

Wiggin thought that over for quite a time. Finally he said he didn't think that was it.

"You see," he explained, "it isn't likely they knew we were coming; and besides, it's after midnight, old top, and even in this bally country they don't have military reviews at night. It cawn't be that!"

Beds for Topside Men

THE soldiers came through the corridor in unceasing number, each stopping at our door and glaring at us. Our four personal attendants talked to us. One spoke. Then another. Then all together. It seemed apparent that they had something to communicate to us. One put a dirty hand on Wiggin.

"I say!" shouted Wiggin. "We cawn't allow this, you know. Let's chuck the blighters out."

So we chucked them out. It was quite a job, but we had the advantage of a surprise attack on them and rushed them through the doorway. Then we slammed the door shut, locked it, and took stock. We didn't know what had happened, but were sure something had. The soldiers gathered in convention outside and held an excited debate, banging on the door from time to time, eliciting from Wiggin a line of colloquial reprobation that was eloquent, excoriating and extremely personal.

Presently the door opened violently. The conductor was there; and he had a key. Our China boy, chattery with cold and fear, was behind him.

"What," we demanded, "is the meaning of this outrage?"

There was considerable more to our demand in the way of supporting, amplifying and illuminating adjectival trimming; but that was the gist of it.

"Thank you!" the conductor replied, that being the extent of his mastery of the rugged English tongue.

"Pigtail soldiers!" gibbered the China boy. "Hsuchowfu—Chang Hsun—pigtail soldiers—have got—sleep here!"

A light dawned.

"You mean," I asked the China boy, while the conductor stood by and said numerous thank-you's, "that these gentlemen desire to share our compartment with us?" Only I didn't say it that way, albeit that was the sense of it. What I did say was: "They wanchee bed?"

"Shih!" the boy replied, "Shih—wanchee bed—topside man wanchee bed—can do?"

"Finish!" yelled Wiggin, who had been listening intently. "Finish! No can do! Go to hell!" And he slammed the door shut.

"This must be Hsuchowfu," said Wiggin; "and some of those Chang Hsun soldiers—probably a general—want to sleep in here. Not while I am standing!"

"All right," I told him, "if you feel that way about it we'll hold the first-line trenches until they turn the gas on us."

The train stayed at Hsuchowfu—for it was Hsuchowfu—for half an hour. During that period one Englishman and one American maintained the status quo of that compartment against a fat old Chinese general who expostulated that there were two vacant beds in the room; against a

thin old Chinese general who was most vehement in demanding entrance; against a conductor who exploded intermittently with "Thank you!—Thank you!—Thank you!"; and against a file of villainous pig-tailed soldiers.

Of course they could have taken the room at any moment if they had turned the soldiers in; but I think Wiggin bluffed them by the vehemence and variety of his conversation. I was merely the chorus. It was my part to shout "Finish—no can do!" at regular intervals. Wiggin did the solo work; and presently the fat old Chinese general and the thin old Chinese general moved away, with their pig-tailed soldiers, apparently of the opinion that we were both crazy, and bad joss.

There was racket at each succeeding station until daylight, and several attempts to get into the room; but we had the door tied by that time with our neckties.

In the morning the China boy came in. "Very bad!" he said. "Very bad—all time ride train—soldiers—no proper tickets have got—Chang Hsun men—very bad!" He spoke appreciatively of his own efforts in our behalf. "Me keep them out," he said. "White men have got—finish—very big white man—good boy! You give cumshaw—good boy!"

"What about this Chang Hsun person?" I asked Wiggin. "And what about his pig-tailed soldiers?"

"Terrible old rotter!" Wiggin replied. "Sits down here at Hsuchowfu like a feudal lord and absolutely controls this part of the country. Tells everybody to go to the devil! Most interesting man in China, and most powerful. All afraid of him. Richer than Rothschild. Has the whole outfit terrorized. Does what he bally well pleases, and keeps an army of forty thousand of the most frightful villains to back him up. Runs the Tuchun—military governor, you know—and all the local officials. Don't give a snap of his fingers for any Peking authority. Remarkable blighter in his way. All China kotows to him."

At this point the other Englishman, who had sought seclusion in the smaller compartment, came in. He had a most woeful tale. It appeared from his disjointed conversation that at an early hour in the morning a file of soldiers entered his compartment—the same constituting an enormous outrage to the English flag—and deposited on him a fat old Chinese general and a thin old Chinese general by force of arms; and he sat in the corridor the rest of the chilly night. He announced feelingly that, as the English were at the moment engaged in preserving the liberties of the world, it ill became the Chinese thus to trample on the indubitable rights of an individual Englishman who himself would be fighting were it not that his services were required in maintaining the supremacy of British trade in the Far East! And it was his purpose to report the incident to Sir John Jordan, the British Minister at Peking, as soon as he arrived.

A Swashbuckler of Parts

I never heard whether he did or not; and indeed, we paid scant attention to him, for that day before Christmas was the coldest in North China since records were kept, and we were fully occupied in trying to keep the semblance of life from being frozen out of us.

However, we arrived; and after I had thawed out I took thought of Chang Hsun and his pig-tailed soldiers, and made inquiries concerning this fearsome person. Wiggin was right. Of all the four hundred million Chinese the bully boy with the glass eye is Chang Hsun. He is afraid of nobody in China, and everybody in China is afraid of him. The Chinese speak of him as "Old" Chang, but he really isn't old. He is about fifty-two or fifty-three; and he is the cock of the Chinese walk, the proper topside man, the Number One of China. He is a swashbuckler of parts—is Chang—with a vast sense of humor, and a vaster contempt for any authority save his own. If there is any person in this world who does as he pleases, that person is Chang. And, in China, what pleases Chang most graciously pleases everyone else—even the President and the government; for Chang has them all buffaloed, as we might say in the States.

Chang Hsun maintains his seat at Hsuchowfu, which is a city in the Province of Kiangsi, on the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad. There, also, he maintains his pig-tailed army; and the maintenance of that army proves my statement that Chang has a vast sense of humor; for the government pays the army—or, rather, pays Chang for the army—and Chang does what paying he sees fit to do. And, because of the army and with it, Chang defies the government if he feels like it, and lives and acts with all the freedom and authority of a feudal lord.

I heard many stories about Chang, illustrating his unique and engaging personality, his power, and his assumed and maintained authority. But the one that seems to me best to show not only his engaging sense of humor but his absolute dictatorship in his own territory is the story of his dealings with the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad, which, as Chang uses it, is a personal perquisite, and conducted for his own conveniences and the conveniences of his friends and followers, quite regardless of the fact that the government owns and tries to operate the road as a public utility.

Like a Private Railroad

That means nothing to Chang. He is overlord of Kiangsi and his seat is at Hsuchowfu. Therefore, as the railroad runs through Kiangsi and the trains stop at Hsuchowfu the desires and necessities of Chang Hsun are paramount to any little detail of public advantage. The logic of it is plain. There is the railroad. There, also, is Chang Hsun. Now, as is well known, railways, an invention introduced by foreign devils, are notably superior to Peking carts or donkeys, or chairs, or junks for conveying people from one point to another with celerity. It may not be within the philosophy of Chang to admit that railways have done anything to further the progress of China; but, having been introduced, it is entirely without his philosophy not to use this particular railway as most suits his imperial whim.

Chang's people move about from place to place. This railway may, on occasion, expedite these journeyings. Shall it be said that he, Chang Hsun, overlord of Kiangsi, is so lost to a sense of his dominion that a railway penetrating and crossing his territory shall have the power to extort money from his people as payment, or toll, for their use of its trains? It shall not; nor shall it be said that there is any other authority than Chang Hsun to confer on his people the medium for passage, and the wherewithal therefor.

Chang Hsun scorns the Administration of the Chinese Government Railways. He scorns the officials of the Chinese Government Railways. He scorns everybody connected therewith in any capacity whatsoever, including the Peking Government itself; and when a subject of the imperial Chang desires to ride on the railway the imperial Chang hands that subject a pass. He has set up in Hsuchowfu a printing press, which is used for the sole purpose of printing tickets good on the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad, and those tickets are extremely good, because back of them is not the issuing power of the government but the persuasive power of Chang Hsun's forty thousand pig-tailed soldiers. He prints his own tickets, and issues them liberally. It is said that if it were not for the Chang Hsun passes and tickets used on this railway—if all who travel by virtue of the imperial favor of Chang Hsun paid fares—the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad would show a profit instead of a deficit each year.

Chang Hsun has no railway position whatsoever. What he has is his army and a discriminating sense of his own importance and power, and the abilities of his soldiers. Likely as not, he is the only non-official person in the universe who prints and issues his own tickets for a government railway. Those generals who tried to board Wiggin and myself at Hsuchowfu were traveling on Chang Hsun tickets—"no proper tickets," as the China boy said, but perfectly good none the less. Chang Hsun sees to that.

Combined with Chang's pass bureau and ticket dispensary was a most liberal pass policy on the part of the government officials; and the result was that the government trains carried very few first-class passengers who paid for their rides. They had about as many free riders as the Congressional Limited between New York and Chicago used to have in the liberal days before the Hepburn Law was passed. So, last year, the Minister of Communications decided that this thing must stop. He issued an order that all this pass business would cease on January 1, 1917.

When that order came to the imperial attention of Chang Hsun he sent word to Peking that he was not concerned in the restrictions which the Minister of Communications was seeking to impose on others. But, as for himself—Chang Hsun—he would be bound by no such order; would pay no attention to it; would continue to issue passes and tickets as he saw fit. And, in case the Minister of Communications had not noticed it, Chang Hsun begged to call his attention to the fact that he, Chang Hsun, had extended his scope as pass provider and was, at his pleasure, issuing transportation for the Peking-Mukden Line, and the Shanghai-Nanking Line, and various other lines. Having all these things in mind, would the Minister of Communications, and the Chinese Government, kindly inform Chang Hsun what they intended to do about it?

Well, the Minister of Communications secluded himself for a period of hard thinking; and when he had thought it all over he issued a further and supplementary order, saying that the original order, which suspended these privileges and stopped this practice on January 1, 1917, would not be operative and in effect for a month, pending negotiations with Chang Hsun for compromise. Think that over! An official government order held up because one man said he would not obey it! A powerful citizen, that!

Chang Hsun was originally a mafoo, or outrider, in the entourage of the court, an uneducated man of the status of a groom; but when, after the Boxer troubles in 1900, the Empress Dowager fled to the far places in China, Chang Hsun stood by. He was one of the few loyal and devoted servants who followed the Empress Dowager in her wanderings. He came back to Peking with her and was made an officer in the Green Banner Army, which was a royal division. Yuan Shi Kai, also a royalist in those days, and an officer in the Royal Army, became President, and Chang Hsun, who had risen to high rank in the Imperial Army, retained his position under the Republic.

He is illiterate, not being able to read or write, and has no military education. The official biography speaks of him as "an old-type military officer"; which is the fact. Chang Hsun has no theories or practices about warfare save these: The object of war is to kill your enemies, loot captured cities, and distribute captured women to the victorious soldiers. That is as far as he goes in military science. If so be it seems expedient to torture prisoners before killing them, he knows how torture should be applied. "Though barbarously severe," says an official Chinese biography of him, "he won universal admiration by the manner in which he preserved discipline among his forces, and peace and order in the neighborhood in which he encamped."

The Uncut Pigtails

He does that. He certainly preserves order. In Kiangsi the Chinese saying is: "You can sleep with your door open in Kiangsi." You can; for the people of Kiangsi know very well what will happen to them if Chang's troops are turned loose on them. His soldiers unhesitatingly obey his command, and he holds his officers in a thoroughly Changesque manner. Chang is a poker player of parts. He draws such government money as may be for the support of his army and the payment thereof, inasmuch as it is a part of the Chinese military establishment; and he pays the soldiers such part of that as he sees fit. Then the officers win the money from the soldiers; for all the Chinese are gamblers, and Chang's troops are persistent gamesters. When the officers have the money Chang wins it—and more—from the officers; and has them constantly in his debt, holding them to his flag in this manner, as well as by the force of his personality.

Also, though Chang's soldiers are not good soldiers in a military sense, and he himself isn't much of a general, as his strategy in the first revolution, at Nanking, proved, the soldiers know that, when they go out, the loot is theirs; and they remain loyal in the hope of future loot.

Chang Hsun would not obey the order that came with the beginning of the Republic to cut off queues. He refused to cut off his own queue and he refused to allow his soldiers to cut off their queues. Hence his soldiers are known as the pig-tailed soldiers, for most of the other soldiers are short-haired now. This was another defiance of the government; not unique with Chang Hsun—for many of the Manchus refused to cut off their queues—but giving an evidence of the arrogance and the power of the man.

Being a humorist Chang Hsun made a joke about the matter when he was asked why he did not cut off the queues of his soldiers.

"It would not be wise," he said; "for each army needs its distinctive characteristic. I retain the queues on my soldiers so that they may be instantly known as my soldiers, and instantly detected in any wrongdoing. If a pig-tailed soldier is observed in any wrong or immoral act, that soldier is marked as a Chang Hsun man, and can be reported to me who will mete out proper punishment, inasmuch as my soldiers are constantly exhorted by me to be virtuous, upright and moral—not only in their warfare but in their private lives."

Fancy that line of talk about forty thousand villains like those in Chang Hsun's army! And imagine what would happen to any person who had the temerity to report one of them to Chang Hsun, who cares nothing about what they do, provided they remain loyal to him and recognize no other authority!

Chang's Summary Methods

The fear of Chang Hsun and his army is not only governmental. The people are afraid of him too. When the Bank of Communications, at the time of the silver panic in Peking, got into difficulties, and there was great popular clamor against the bank and its officials, the government announced that Chang Hsun was a principal stockholder and a director. That was all that was necessary. The people who were for mobbing and looting the bank refrained. They knew it would be most unwise for them to take any such steps against an institution in which Chang Hsun was an owner and director; for, if they did, that imperious person would come up to Peking, or go elsewhere when a branch bank was attacked, and turn loose his pig-tailed soldiers to avenge this personal insult. And the people further knew exactly what it would mean to have those pig-tailed cutthroats turned loose. So they let the Bank of Communications alone. They clamored, but they did not mob or loot.

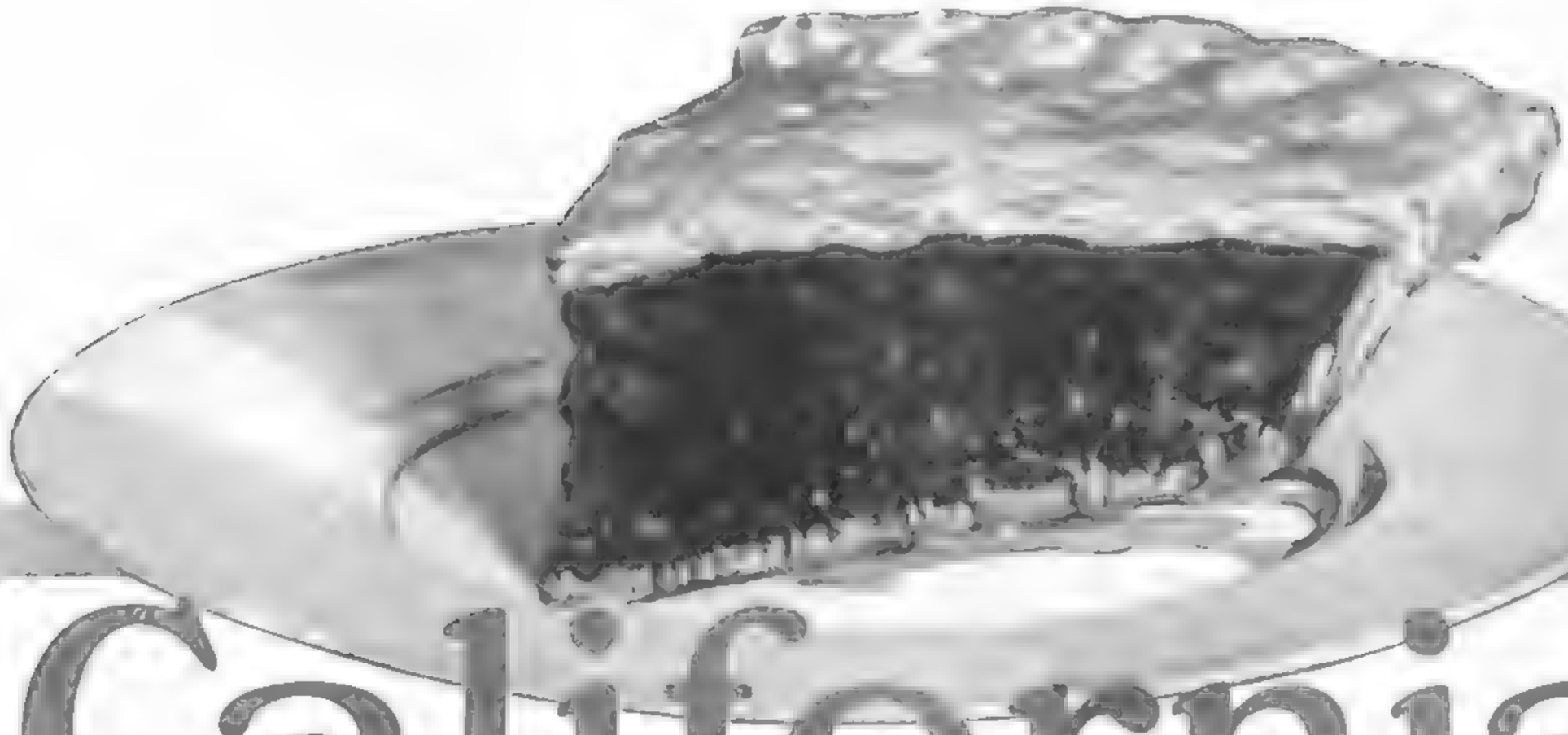
By 1911, the time of the first revolution, Chang had progressed so far in the favor of the monarchy that he was in command of the imperial forces in Nanking and had permission to wear the Yellow Jacket. The Viceroy, the Tartar general, and Chang, at Nanking were in a frightful way at that time. They heard that the Cantonese, who were in the Revolutionary Army, had supernatural powers as soldiers; that they could run up hills and surmount mountains without effort; and that they flew, as if on wings, over the most massive city wall. Naturally it was a great task to fight soldiers with those attributes; and the fight the defenders of Nanking made wasn't much. Chang being a poor general, did not take advantage of his opportunities on Purple Mountain, outside Nanking, and was thoroughly whipped there by the rebels.

A surrender was arranged, and Chang was to appear, with his forces, outside Nanking on the morning of a day certain. He did not appear. Instead, he and the Viceroy and the Tartar general were hoisted over the wall of Nanking in baskets and with a large number of Chang's troops, who went out through the gates, escaped across the Yang-tse River to Pukow, which is directly opposite Nanking and is the terminus of the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad.

Chang seized all the rolling stock of the road, established his troops in this movable camp, and awaited developments. The dread Cantonese came across the river. Chang moved on. The Cantonese came along. Chang proceeded discreetly up the road. Finally peace was declared; but Chang did not release the rolling stock of the road, which he had almost entirely in his control. He held it and kept his troops quartered in the cars. Naturally the government wanted to open the road. Chang was obdurate.

It seems that the rebels had taken Chang's favorite concubine in the capture of Nanking, and Chang wanted her back. The rebels, it was said, took the concubine to Shanghai and sold her at auction. Chang would not release the rolling stock of the road or permit its operation until the lady was brought back to him. So they hunted her up and brought her back; and Chang allowed the road to open for business.

(Concluded on Page 30)



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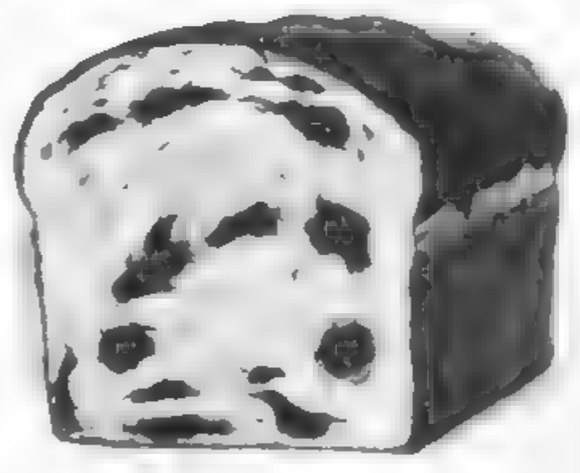

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(Concluded from Page 28)

The joy of the revolutionaries was great over whipping the formidable Chang Hsun; and they built a monument on Purple Mountain, commemorating the victory, elaborately inscribed with patriotic sentiments setting forth the details of the glorious event. Two years later, in the 1913 revolution, Chang Hsun fought again on Purple Mountain; and this time he won, defeating the revolutionaries. The battle waged where it had two years previous, but, by orders of Chang Hsun both before the fighting and after he had taken the mountain, the monument was left undisturbed. His soldiers camped round the shaft that told how, two years before, their leader had had the tar whaled out of him, and had gone down to defeat forever. And yet they say the Chinese have no sense of humor!

When he entered Nanking and took command there was a squabble, in which some of his soldiers killed some Japanese soldiers. Chang Hsun contended that his men did not know the others were Japanese; but that did not satisfy the Japanese, and they made protests over the occurrence to Yuan Shi Kai, then President. Chang Hsun was ordered to make a formal apology to the Japanese consul general at Nanking, but delayed until the Japanese became insistent. Then he sallied out one day, with full military escort, and marched to the residence of the Japanese consul general. He went in, made his apologies, and came out.

The Japanese thought they had humiliated him and had caused him to lose face among the Chinese; but they had not. After Chang Hsun left the Japanese consulate he marched to the house of the consul general for each foreign country, in Nanking, and made formal calls; and then gave it out to the people that he, as the ever-victorious conqueror of Nanking, had been paying his imperial respects to these officials of friendly governments. And he had the laugh on the Japanese.

The Life of a Feudal Lord

At heart Chang is a monarchist, of course; for whatever good he has done for himself began under the Manchus. He also considers himself a statesman; and from time to time he sends lengthy communications, or mandates, prepared by his very capable secretary, to Parliament, admonishing that body to be circumspect and patriotic, and generally setting forth a course of procedure. He called two military conferences to admonish the government. As for himself, aside from his admonitory capacity, he remains genially in the middle of the road, politically. His position is that he does not recognize either or any political faction in China. He—Chang Hsun the All Powerful—suffers them to exist!

Chang lives like a feudal lord in Hsuchowfu. The ancient etiquette is observed. All kotow to him. He likes company, entertains lavishly, and is generally agreeable. He is willing to do anything for a friend. Thus far, he has sent in the names of twenty-three men, recommending each for the premiership. It was discovered that these men were Chang's guests; and, in order to please them, he recommended them for high place. He is liberal in this way: He will give away any amount of money belonging to other people. As for himself and his personal fortune, he, beginning not so long ago, has managed to accumulate about twenty million dollars.

Chang, though illiterate, tries to talk in the tralatitious manner of the educated Chinese. His conversation abounds in simile and metaphor; but he bases his figures on nonpoetical subjects. In discussing the revolutionists once, he said: "They are like cabbages with their roots in the air. They are trying to climb a ladder to which there is no top." And so on.

In 1915, when the Japanese demands were up in Peking, Chang came to the Capital. The Diplomatic Corps kept rather shy of him; but one day he was at the American Legation, talking with Doctor Tenney, and noticed that General Barry, then in the city, was reviewing the American troops which constitute the Legation Guard. Chang said he would go over and review the troops also, as he was a great general of a friendly power. There was nothing for it—they took him over; and Chang and General Barry reviewed the troops.

"If you need any help in your country," Chang said to General Barry, "call on me at any time. I'll come over and help you finish anything you start."

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WING FOOT
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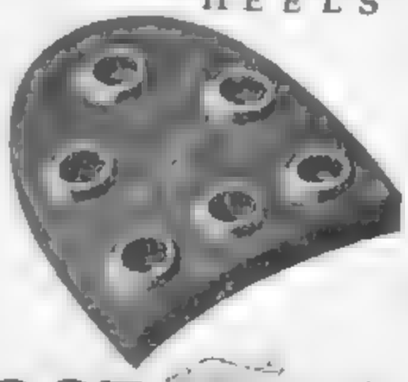

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SUPES AND SUPERMEN

(Continued from Page 17)

slightest move for a long time; then Squinty stood up and, lookin' straight at Bernstein, said:

"I'll work for a dollar."

Well, it's jest as well that he did his lookin' then, for two seconds later his lamps were trimmed and his face was otherwise all mussed up. When Squinty could finally distinguish between light and darkness he made a very ashamed exit. The director stood there grinnin' while this was goin' on; and when calm returned he said:

"I don't blame you fellas for that. I wouldn't work for a dollar either. I was sent out to hire you guys for a dollar if I could get you; but, seein' I can't, I'll have to give you two."

The picture we were drawn for was a modern small-town street scene, and there was to be some sort of a row on the hotel balcony. Six were told off to go up and start roughin' it up—Bernstein bein' one of 'em. Now I've done a bit o' travelin' and have seen some pretty rotten things pulled, but this here balcony stunt was the rawest ever. Imagine hirin' a painter to paint your house and then you goin' out and pullin' the ladder from under him, and thinkin' it was a joke! Well, that's about what they did in this scene. The balcony was fixed with a breakaway, and when the boys were warmed up to the struggle some one pulled the support out and down come the whole works. It made a corkin' picture, no doubt; but some of the fellas were badly hurt - one of 'em quite seriously. For the fall stuff the studios usually employ dare-devils at ten dollars a day who know how to fall from en'thin'. These guys were jest cheap; and to save those few dollars they pulled that miserable trick.

If you remember, this was the bunch that refused to work for one dollar—still feelin' very 1776 after beatin' up Squinty. Bernstein started the survival of the fittest by lightin' into the director; and, as he seemed to be the guilty one, the rest of us jest stood round to see that he got a fair wallop at the bird. In a minute the whole place was in an uproar and Bernstein made his get-away in the confusion.

Every now and then I read in the papers that Americans are softies and have lost their "militant spirit"; but there seems to be lots of punch in certain fellas out in this part of the world. Anyway, you couldn't convince the big directors that we can't raise the grandest army of roughbucks in the world.

Mr. Meade Hits the Pavement

Another time, in a Mexican story, a bunch of us were sittin' round waitin' to go on, when a camera kid I knew came up to me and said:

"Dan, I jest heard the lead talkin' to the director, and they are framin' one I think you ought to know about. The scheme is to have you all sittin' round the entrance of the adobe house, and Meade will roll off the roof right into the middle of the bunch, usin' you for cushions to break his fall. The director suggested that he might incidentally break your necks; but Meade said he'd fix it to have nothin' but Mexicans.

When I heard this I went and dug up the *patrón* who bosses the Mexicans and tipped him off that this curly-haired brute was goin' to use his countrymen as shock absorbers for a pretty fall. I couldn't understand what he called out; but jest as Meade got to rollin' nicely those boys opened up the prettiest hole you ever saw, and Mr. Gansevoort Meade hit the adobe pavement with such realism that it loosened up about a thousand dollars' worth of bridgework. And the joke of it was he couldn't say en'thin' about it—if he'd had the breath, which he hadn't—without tippin' his hand. Anyway, he had that bump comin'.

The Mexicans are the queerest bunch that work extra. They are employed by a *patrón* and consequently take orders from him only. A director can shout his fool head off, even in bad and violent Spanish, but they won't do a thing until their *patrón* tells 'em to. They work best in the battle stuff, for they are naturally better actors and more dramatic than Americans. The lowest-browed dub in the bunch has some artistic sense and will take a fearful drubbing for art's sake.

Strangely enough, they fight with much more enthusiasm just before lunch. The studio lunches are banquets to fellas who've grown up strong on chili beans. I once heard a director tell a *patrón* to tell his men that he was goin' to pay 'em five dollars for their day's work; but he expected 'em to earn it. Say, you ought to've seen those black devils fight! They'd liked to have killed one another.

So long as I have told you those rummy anecdotes, I'm goin' to get another off my chest and then turn to pleasanter subjects.

We were workin' in a picture one day at the beach, where the hero had to climb up a cliff by a rope, with four or five of us followin' him up. When Edgar was near the top, and the rest of us were danglin' below him like a rope of pearls, we heard someone up above call out to cut the rope. This cheerful direction was given without any warning, for naturally none of us would 'a' gone aloft if we had known that the rope was to be cut. You can imagine what a splash we made as we all pitched down, one on topa the other. They no doubt got some "swell film"; but a pinhead director could get a "swell murder" if he actually had a fella kill his mother in front of the camera. This was the first time that I'd been caught in any of these cheap stunts, and my spirit was sorer than my old bruised hulk.

The Squirrel Hunt

The first thing that occurred to me when I untangled myself from that squirmin' mess of men was to get my hands on the gent who said to cut the rope. I looked up to the top of the cliff, where the other camera was located, and, seein' the director peekin' over, I started up after him. It's jest as well he beat it when he saw me comin', for I was not very amiable at that moment, and there's no tellin' what a fella's likely to do when he's het up.

There're at least two, and sometimes as many as four, sides to every question; and I don't want you to think that all directors treat their extras like these few I've mentioned. Then, too, there are no end of extra people who are entitled to little consideration. Checkgrabbers, who stall every minute they can, are a fearful expense and a darn nuisance. At some studios it got so that a fella would go to the office and get his ticket; then, at the first opportunity, beat it off the lot, but turn up in the evenin' to get his ticket cashed. Nowadays you get your card, go to the costume department and get it punched for the spangles and props; then, when you return the stuff, get it punched again; and then finally you must get it signed by the assistant director—who knows whether you've been workin' or not—before you can get it cashed at the office. Even with such precautions, many of these dubs find ways of beating the companies.

This trick is easiest to pull where there are many people engaged, and the scene is spread over a lotta country. In a big Babylonian ten-reeler we were makin' last spring there were so many people in the picture that they stalled by hundreds. In one very excitin' night scene, where everybody was supposed to be in the picture, I saw at least forty Babylonian warriors playin' cards and smokin' cigarettes on the walls of Babylon while the Persians were thunderin' at the gates. No wonder they got in. A bunch of these fellas were caught and had to give up their tickets; but, at that, there was a pile o' money lost.

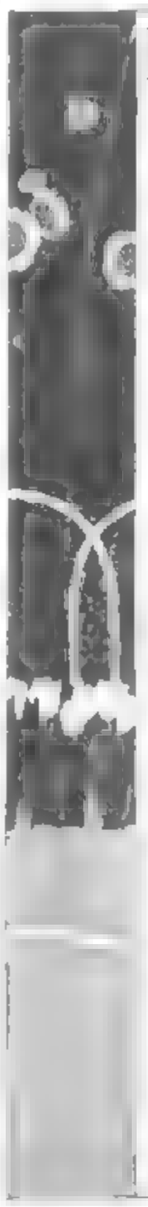
Checkgrabbers who sneak off into the brush to smoke or sleep durin' the big outdoor scenes are called squirrels. Most companies have horsemen for no other purpose than to jest ride round and stir them out. In a Civil War picture last month some powder monkeys went out to plant dynamite under an army wagon, and, for some reason, they decided to overturn it first. When they did so, out rolled five squirrels!

The rottenest thing about the checkgrabbers is that they crab the game for all of us. No matter how honest and ambitious a fella is, he is open to the same suspicion as these guys.

The greatest pests in the game are the cheap skates who try to "make paper" with the directors by flatterin' 'em. They stand round within hearin' distance of the director and tell everybody what a wonderful fella Mister So-and-So is. Then they are always buttin' round askin' the boss whether their make-up is satisfactory.

Some directors love this kind of cheap flattery and are always trailin' a bunch

WINGFOOT



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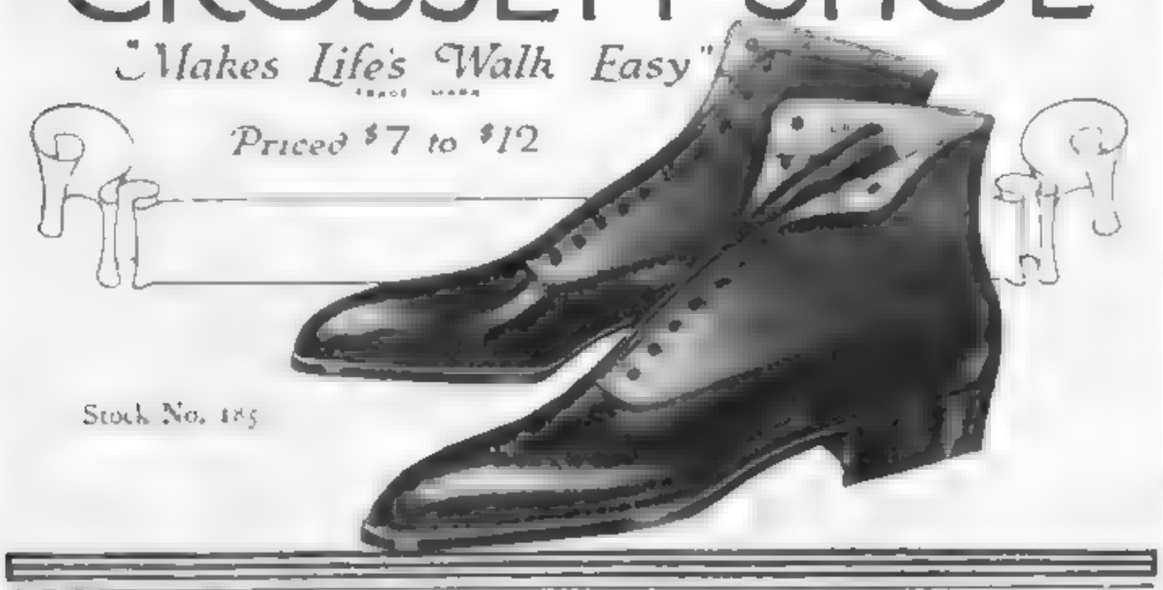

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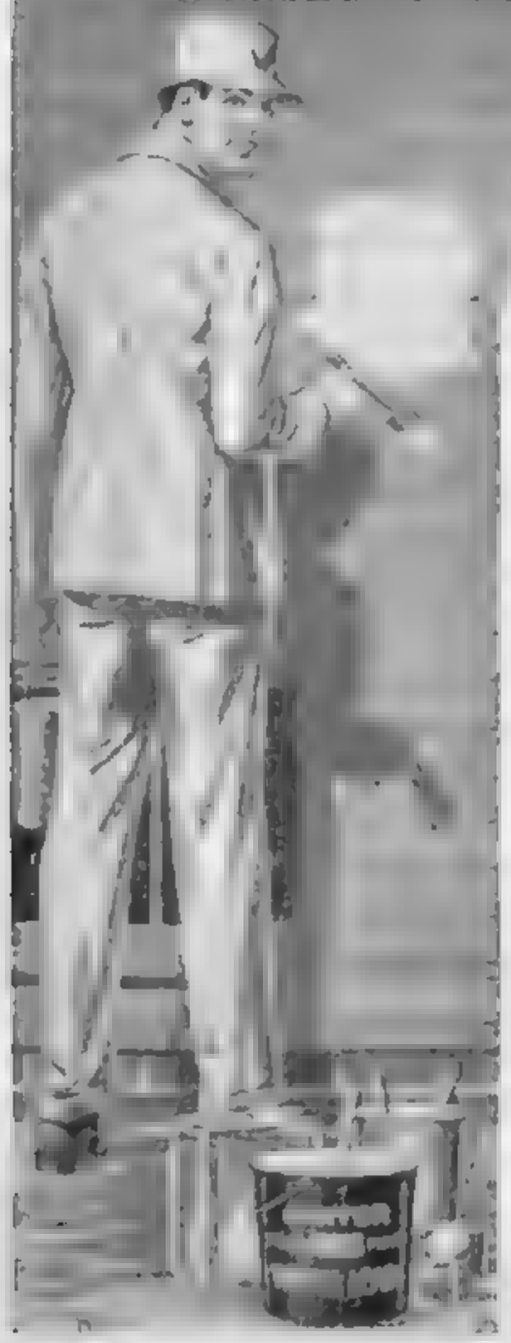

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of worshipin' favorites round with 'em. There are others who are bored to death with these sticky slobs and think up all sorts of picturesque ways to hand it to 'em. A favorite one with Goodhue was to start a fella runnin' out of the picture and forgettin' to tell him to stop.

One day a man named Haney got Goodhue's goat so hard that he grew pretty peevish; and I figured that he was framin' sunthin' excitin' for Mr. Haney. Sure enough, when we were about through Goodhue calls him over and says:

"Haney, I want you to load on your minin' kit; and, startin' by this tree, I want you to walk straight out of the picture. And don't turn round for en'thin', because I'm goin' to try a long-distance slow dissolve. I want to get one of those lonesome effects of a chap headed for the settin' sun."

In less than a minute Haney had grown six inches and a half round the chest. To be picked for the final dissolve! This was fame that came to but few.

We all stood round watchin' to see how the camera man would work his shutter; but when Haney had gone beyond hearin' distance Goodhue, with his fingers to his lips, ordered the cameras struck and motioned us all to our machines. By this time Haney had gone about a mile, and he never so much as turned his head. Take a chance of spoilin' such a picture? Never!

This comedy was enacted up in the San Fernando Valley, where the distances are perfectly magnificent. To'rd the west, as far as the eye could see, stretched a limitless waste. After we had been ridin' for about ten minutes Goodhue ordered the machines to stop.

"Boys," said he, "I never saw such a sunset; let's wait for a minute and drink it in."

It certainly was grand! And 'way, 'way off yonder we could jest barely see a little black spot on the horizon, which grew less and less, and finally disappeared. It was Haney dissolvin' into the settin' sun.

If you read the movie magazines you've discovered by this time how all the leads broke into the pictures. They love to tell of the way they struggled against fearful odds and then arrived by their own superb powers; or else how the director went over backward the first time he saw 'em, and, as soon as he recovered, got 'em to sign a contract for a measly three hundred dollars a week that they had a fierce time breakin'. They also assure you that, if you are as handsome, intelligent and persistent as they are, you can also make the grade to film fame. As competition with their physical splendors and splendid brains is too hopelessly discouragin', about all that's left for most of us is persistence.

How to Break In

As very few of the supermen arrive via the extra job, their stories are more interestin' than helpful. So I'm goin' to tell you how the ninety-and-nine break in.

First of all, it is absolutely necessary to appear in person. You'll never get a job by writin' for it, or thinkin', because you've mailed your certificate from the Correspondence School of Expression, that they'll send for you. If you've had any experience state it, and make your statement strong; leave a photo of your fair young face; and then be sure to live on a telephone. Now if you have a good, strong wife who's willin' to work, perhaps you can stick round for eight or ten years waitin' for the director to send for you, as he said he would; but if you want to get action before you are good for only old-man parts you'd better keep makin' the grand tour of the studios.

It's a pretty tiresome job, for they are far apart; but after a while you'll begin to get tips where work is likely to be had. If you hang to it long enough—and this will depend upon your wife's ability to keep you in that station of life which will assure a good front and enough fuel so's you can make the rounds—perhaps some purple day you will be called.

If you once start out after this movie job you can't work elsewhere; for the very day you're off the job is the day they want you. That's where a good, strong wife can tide a fella over. I knew one chap that waited at a certain studio continuously for six weeks; then one day he tried his luck at another, and while he was gone the director came out and asked for him. One of his friends called the lad up that night and told him about it, so he hotfooted right over the next mornin'; but the director gave him a bawlin' out for not bein' round when he was wanted

A pull works in this business the same as in any other. Great men often have lowly acquaintances; and a bell-hop who gets very friendly with the director who lives in his hotel will stand a lot better chance of landin' a job than a fella without any friends on the inside.

Extras are hired by the assistant directors; or, as some studios make a separate job of this, by the "talent man" or "employin' director." In order to hold their jobs these fellas have to show good judgment in their choices; but, after all, they are jest as human as the rest of us, and often will fix it so's some fella they like can make a few dollars.

The extras that come from the stage seem to make the grade easier than the others—not because they have more talent, but because they have more crust. They think a lot better of themselves than ordinary folks and have a way of stickin' round until they impress the talent man that they are the goods. There isn't a doubt that there is a lot of fine, smolderin' talent lyin' round on the benches outside the office, but the owners haven't got the front to go with it; and, b'lieve me, this is no game for modest violets.

Failures Who Hate Successes

As Los Angeles is the terminus—that's a softer word than finish—of many a road company, the town is full to overflowin' of "artists" who are "restin'." But no real artist wants to "rest"; so he offers his services to the studios, and if there is a ghost of a show he will get it while the ordinary humans are readin' special articles on How to Break In.

Dunc and I landed because of astrology or omens, or sunthin'. We fortunately began in comedy; and Dunc, bein' a real comedian, pulled some bully gags that cinched our jobs for a while, at least. He worked them all with me, our physical contrasts bein' funny to start with.

I don't much blame the police for forbiddin' our pictures where they have the power of censorship, for our portrayal of these dignified guardians of the law was not such as to command the respect that they think is their due. I've found that there are three classes of people who can't take a joke—school-teachers, ministers and the police. These professions seem to put a crimp in a fella's sense of humor.

I was remarkin' this to Dunc the other night, and he agreed; but said I ought to include extra men.

"It's my observation, Dan," said he, "that the bum actor is the most serious and egotistical ass in our social cosmos. Nine-tenths of the dubs we work with think they are really good, and that the fellas at the top are a bunch of prunes who have landed in the headlines because of some drag. Jest go down to the Rampau Bar some night and hear 'em rave.

"'Griffith?' says one. 'Why, I knew Griff when he didn't have a bean to his name! Met him down in Menfis one time, tryin' to beat a hand-out; and I slipped him a dollar. Now he doesn't even know me!'

"'Walthall an actor?' pipes up another. 'Ah, ya make me sick! He was nothin' but a punk super when I was playin' opposite Edna May!'

"'Arbuckle funny?' comes from 'way down the bar. 'He's jest as funny as an ulcerated tooth! You know why he holds his job, don't you? Well, the big boss don't dare to fire 'im. Why? Well, this is jest between us; but they say that Arbuckle knows where the girl is buried.' And so on.

"It's queer," Dunc continued, "how all the leadin' men of the good old days are now workin' extra. To hear 'em talk, you'd think Mansfield would 'a' been carryin' a spear if it hadn't been for their splendid support. No, Dan; these guys are anatomically shy a funny bone. And vain! S'help me, I b'lieve an extra man's dream of heaven would be to drive through town in a pink automobile with his name painted on the side!"

Of course Dunc puts it a bit strong, even if there is some truth in what he says. I myself think the extras are funniest when they begin to tell you of the scenarios they've written. They always cast themselves for the lead, but they never send their scripts in. Why would they? The studios, they always say, would only steal the ideas and send them back. That has been the

(Continued on Page 37)

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WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued from Page 34)

experience of so many—to hear them tell it—that they guard their secrets jealously; unless you should ask them—then you are in for a bad two hours. It's a shame that these great dramas are doomed never to dram; but that's always the way with genius!

You might not think from lookin' at some of them that they would worry Francis X. very much; but that's because you've never seen their pictures. Where they get 'em is a secret of the dark room, for it is hard to b'lieve that science could be so inaccurate. Yet they will flash carbon prints on you that would make a marshmallow taste like a quinine capsule.

The reason that the still men all go crazy is due to the pesterin' that these fellas give 'em. After a moving picture is shot, the still man always sets up his camera to take a picture, which will be used for advertisin' purposes; and if a fella can crowd into a good close-up alongside of the star, he'll beg a print off the still man, which he will carry until it is worn out, showin' everyone how important he was in that story. And if they can some day get the poor man to shoot a still of 'em all alone, they have got photographic proof that they were playin' at least second lead. Oh, but best of all, if they can nail a few inches of film showin' 'em in a close-up, their immortality is fixed. What manicure girl wouldn't be impressed to see her cutie in a close-up with Wallie Reid?

But, after all, I don't b'lieve that the stock actors and leads are very different from the extra man in these respects. I hear 'em all pullin' pretty much the same patter. We've got the largest If I Had That Fella's Chance Club in the world.

It isn't everybody who knows his limitations as well as Dunc, and it isn't everybody who will listen to another's estimate of himself as patient as I do.

"Dan," said he to me one day, "you're not built like the Apollonaris Belverdere; nor have you a face like Lillian Russell, but you make a good heavy; and when you wore the tin cans in that Joan of Arc picture you were the grandest knight in the bunch! And in comedy you are sure funny! But that's God's fault—not yours. So, don't, I beg of you, ever spill this stuff about not havin' a chance to show your art. If you're goin' to be an actor, try and be original."

That's my number; but I knew it before Dunc called it. I am perfectly resigned to stay within my limits—some day I'll enlarge my limits; but that's another matter—and I'm happier for it. At least, I don't suffer the shootin' pains of egosipelas; that dread disease which claims so many of my brother artists. No; Dunc and I decided that our physical and educational limitations forbid us ever settin' the world on fire. But that reminds me that we come pretty darn' near doin' it once, anyway.

Fighting Enough for All

Late in the summer of '15 we went up into the Great Tejunga to make some battle pictures, and we sure did have the battle of our lives.

It was fearful rotten judgment that ordered a battle picture in such a place before the rains had come. Here was another place where the director could 'a' learned a pile from the extras, for among them were hundreds who knew the mountains well, and they freely predicted the trouble we were in for. But, as unconcerned as though we were pullin' studio stuff, the powder monkeys were ordered to plant powder bombs all over the bloomin' landscape.

After the battle started, because of the dense smoke from the bombs, the director did not notice that the brush was afire in several places until it had got a fierce start. When he saw what he had done he ordered the picture stopped and for us to turn in and fight fire.

Even on an apparently calm day there is likely to be strong air drainage up those cañons, and in less than ten minutes the fire got started up the alley and all the devils from Cork to Connaught couldn't 'a' stopped it.

When the director saw how futile our efforts were he told off some of the men to round up the scattered members of the company, and the camera men were ordered to kick in and get some good fire stuff. But the opportunity to get this wonderful film was denied us, for we'd no more'n got started when four rangers rode up; and, polite as en'thin', one of 'em said he hated to put us to any trouble, but that our Uncle Samuel gave him authority to impress all able-bodied men into his service to fight fire.

The director argued about the expense of his two hundred men, and how he simply had to get back to the studio; but the ranger was cold-eyed and firm, and the young cannon he toted in his belt was no prop.

So off we went in squads of fifty under the leadership of rangers to see whether we could stop what we had started. By this time it looked as though the whole world was on fire; for miles the woods were burnin' with a roar that was downright terrifyin'. Pretty soon we were joined by other rangers, comin' from different directions, and the way they went about their business was inspirin'. If you'd 'a' seen that fire and the handful of men who set out to stop it you'd 'a' thought there wasn't a chance in the world. But fire fightin' was their business and they didn't seem a bit discouraged. The rangers knew exactly what to do, and went off with only a word from the head ranger.

The Madness of Mr. Meade

The thing that tickled me was the way the ranger handed it to Meade, our leadin' man. Meade was mad and indignant over the whole thing. He didn't think the work was his social equal; and he didn't want to soil his ridin' panties and pretty putties. He beefed so much about his troubles that the hard-hearted ranger jest naturally picked him out for the hot stuff. The way that poor milk-fed boy swat and swore kept the rest of us good-humored all night.

I learned later that the studio had a fierce time squarin' itself with the Forest Service for havin' started the fire. Nowadays we're not allowed to pull any of that stuff without the presence of a ranger to show us where to head in.

A mighty good feature of this studio is the Suggestion Department; for, besides payin' a fella for any notions he might have it calls the attention of the management to your work. I made fifteen dollars one month and twenty-five another by suggestin' some new gags for the comedy stuff.

It's curious that studios have personalities, jest like cities. Dunc and I beat it round for two years from one to the other, and no two of them was alike. One of the first places I worked in was well organized, efficient and apparently clean; but for some reason the women didn't care for it. I made a pretty good guess at the answer when I got acquainted with the manager. Falstaff looked like a Saint Francis by comparison. Some studios are laid out like small fairgrounds, with parks, walks and gardens all round; then there are others that look like the pictures of model towns—fine concrete buildings, all in rows; automatic sprinklers, and clocks to punch. These latter are the cannin' factories; efficient as the devil, but about as inspirin' as a boiler shop.

Perhaps the most excitin' studios are those thrown up by some new rich fellas that are breakin' into the pictures for the first time. Every gambler that ever made any money out of a film success right away thinks he is a producer, and, after roundin' up a million dollars or less from his stock-jobbin' bunch, lands in Los Angeles, leases ten acres, wishes together a big ramshackle studio, and starts takin' pictures. The pickin's for the actors and directors are fine while they last; but unfortunately—or fortunately for the public—the company goes fluey about the third release.

Dunc and I worked for six weeks at one of these mushroom studios in a big American war drama; and it was a riot. The directors were mostly dubs and the extras put it all over 'em. You may wonder how a fella who was editin' a trade paper last week or a well-bred 'rah-'rah boy right outa papa's office in New York could jump in and start takin' pictures—even bad ones! Well, it's the camera man that does it. They, of course, must know the technic of a picture, and they have to quietly coach the director, or the result would be an awful mess. Whenever you see a new director standin' close up to the camera man and talkin' as though he was givin' him instructions, you can make a fair bet that he is askin' the boy who turns the crank what he thinks of the action.

I'm afraid I was responsible for the cannin' of one director at this studio. He was a vain devil—ignorant and abusive, and thought he had to show everyone in the

"I got in easily enough—

marched through the gate like one of the invited guests—thanks to my MICHAELS-STERN Suit—and incidentally, 'yours truly' was the only newspaper man who *got in.*"

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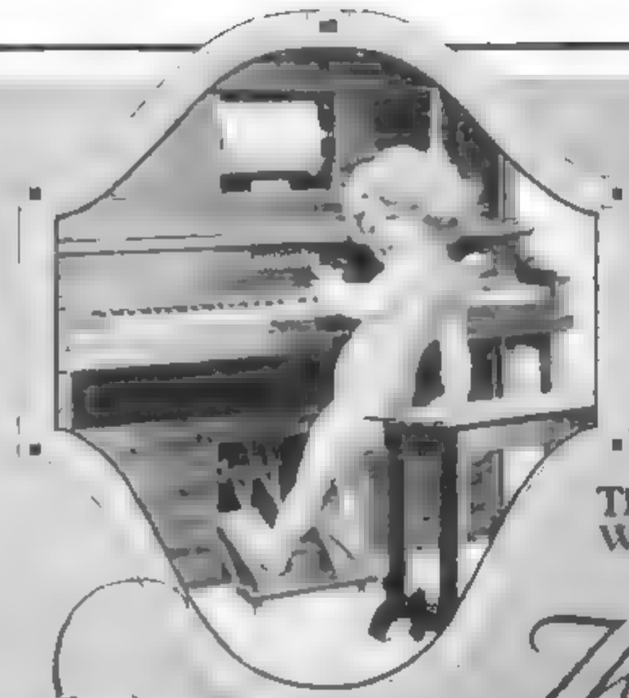

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"THE-JUDGE-ON-THE-BENCH"

KAHN TAILORING CO.
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cast how to do the least thing. The trouble came because about forty of us who were workin' in a big scene couldn't help laughin' in the presence of death. After all, it's human nature to cry at weddin's and laugh at funerals; so there was no particular reason for him to get so miffed.

The king had been eatin' too many tarts or sunthin', and was lyin' in a great canopied bed, sufferin' from royal cramps; and, while thus indulgin', he was supposed to cash in with all the chamberlains and chambermaids of the royal apartments standin' round registerin' royal grief

Well, the king gent didn't seem to be pullin' his demise as the director thought a king would, and he became angry and abusive. "Don't you know how to die, you great big fish? Well, I'll show you!" he screamed, and rushed over as though he intended to punch the head of our beloved monarch; but instead of that, he jumped into bed, shoes and all, kicked the king out on the far side, and then gave his ideas of the croakin' of a king.

His Highness looked so pathetically absurd standin' there takin' lessons in deathcraft from such a mad and excited nearcorpse that we all burst out laughin'. This made the director so furious that he jumped out from under his royal tent and bawled us out most scandalously. He ripsnorted round until his buttons were all over the place.

When he had us all properly squelched he started the scene all over again, and the poor old king did his gol-darnedest to die accordin' to the script. When he got to the final spasm and began to roll his eyes I thought of how funny the director looked in bed with his boots on, and I let out a little snort. Someone else giggled, and we were all howlin' again.

The director jest turned white and began to rave, stompin' round like he was in a padded cell. Then he pulled a line of profanity that no woman should have heard; so I drilled up to him and told him that he'd have to cut out that talk: that it wasn't nice. Then he turned loose on me.

Jest at that moment the general manager, hearin' the noise, came along; and, seein' the director's rage, called him aside and says: "I'm afraid, Mr. Weldon, that you are temper'mentally unfit to handle men. I'll ask Mr. Davis, your assistant, to finish the scene, and you come with me until you are feelin' calmer." We heard next day that he was fired.

After our first start on this business Dunc and I decided to move along slowly on legitimate lines rather than to go after the swollen wages of the dare-devils.

When Dare-Devils are Hurt

Some of the dare-devils are in the garage most of the time; but, of course, the company has 'em all insured. If a fella is hurt doin' ten-dollar stuff he gets ten dollars a day for two weeks; after that he draws sixty-five per cent of the wages he was workin' at for fifty-two weeks if he's in the hospital that long. Then they stand suit for damages or settle. If a chap's killed no doubt the studio will buy him a handsome satin-lined wooden overcoat; but as yet few have attained that raiment.

Here's a funny one: A fella, whose name I've forgotten, was notorious for his dare-deviltry, and curiously had never once been to the hospital; but one beautiful summer day he was quietly drivin' his girl to the beach when he was run into by a speedin' flivver—and darned if he wasn't killed, though the girl didn't get a scratch!

You mustn't get the idea that all the dangerous stuff is done by professionals. Some of these poor extra devils get so hard up that they become desperate and will offer to do en'thin' for a few dollars; and they are usually the ones that are hurt. I've seen no end of 'em jump into the ocean when they couldn't swim a stroke. They'd take a chance o' drownin' before they'd lose that three dollars.

I remember one wild-eyed fella who offered to do a fall from an aëroplane for five dollars. "Fact is," said he, "there are two things I can do before I starve: One is to risk my life for a picture, and the other is to steal. As my life doesn't seem to be worth a damn, I think I'll take the risk. Besides, the finish would be finer!"

Whenever we do water stuff some of us find out those who can't swim, and then arrange to have good swimmers go in close by, so they can help 'em to a landin'.

The cowboys are another type of dare-devil; but, as their risks are rare, they either work on regular salary or as ordinary extras, gettin' extra pay for any dangerous ridin' or falls they have to make.

They are the hardest-workin' and most conscientious extras in the game. They tend mostly to their own business, but will do any darned thing the management asks them. They've got no highfalutin' notions that manual labor will ruin their art. They are also the happiest bunch on the lot, doin' a pile of skylarkin'.

Cowboys are used in all parts requirin' good horsemanship—cavalry, Cossacks, and even polo players; and, of course, doublin' with the leads in all dangerous ridin'.

Some time ago, when the studios had cowboys on regular salary, they got from thirty to forty dollars a month, and found; but those were the days when everyone was makin' Westerns. Europe bein' the biggest buyer of this class of pictures, there has been a big slump in Westerns since the war. Nowadays the cowboys are free-lancin' it, jest like the others

If a Western picture is bulletined at a studio now it's very amusin' to see how the ordinary extras will try to break in. They'll tear downtown, rent a pair of chaps and a big hat, turn up at the studio chewin' tobacco or rollin' brown-paper cigarettes; and then stand round bow-legged, hopin' that they look like regular cowboys.

"If your face was your fortune, Dan," said Dunc one day, "you'd be in the hands of a receiver But, at that, you need your old pam to stick grease paint on, so you'd better shy the dare-devil stuff. And as neither of us has ridden en'thin' but the brake beams, I guess we'd better not imitate the cowboys."

No, siree! We two old battle-axes stuck strictly to our knittin'; and we were goin' to arrive if my good health and Dunc's brains were worth en'thin' to us.

Days That Could Not Last

The copy books also say that excellence will tell; and in this great big seethin' bunch it ought to be easy to hear it if it tells ever so little. When I saw that most extras were jest checkgrabbers, and when I'd sneak up on about forty, loafin' and smokin' in the scene docks, I thought to myself there was a good chance even for a couple fellas like Dunc and me.

Once in a while a guy breaks into the extra game that has education, culture, and all the trimmin's that go to make a success. If they get a chance they do well too. But they don't get many chances, for the directors know the type well. The trouble is booze. They are not dependable, and this business requires that quality above all others. I met one, an Eastern college fella who'd been in the shippin' business in Boston, but had gone to the devil with liquor. He'd come all the way to California to work outdoors, thinkin' the state was goin' dry.

Mr. Mills, the big director of our studio, took me aside the other day and gave me some valuable tips. He says I've got a fine picture sense and could work into the technical department if I had more of an education. Well, a lot of people have got an education when they were much older than thirty-three. When I see the care and trouble that the Research Department goes to in order to get accurate sets, I realize that a fella'd have to be mighty well informed to hook up with them.

If you are observin' you can learn no end of things right on the lot. Think of havin' the whole world come to you—foreign lands, streets, houses, animals and people, absolutely true in every detail! I've gone from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand—all in one day.

And, to prove that the copy books are right, my perseverance has landed me in stock at thirty-five a week. This is all the more notable, for of late the studios have been cuttin' down their stock. At present most of 'em are employin' only a few leads and character people, and hire a whole new crew for each picture.

That's why workin' extra has become so respectable of late. We used to look with awe—if not admiration—up to the stock actor; but nowadays the ranks are so full of 'em, who are glad enough to work for even a few days, that to work extra no longer means social inferiority.

No doubt the present arrangement is good business, but it's pretty tough on the actors. But, alas, those gorgeous get-rich-quick days couldn't last forever.

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This Little Home Labor-Saver

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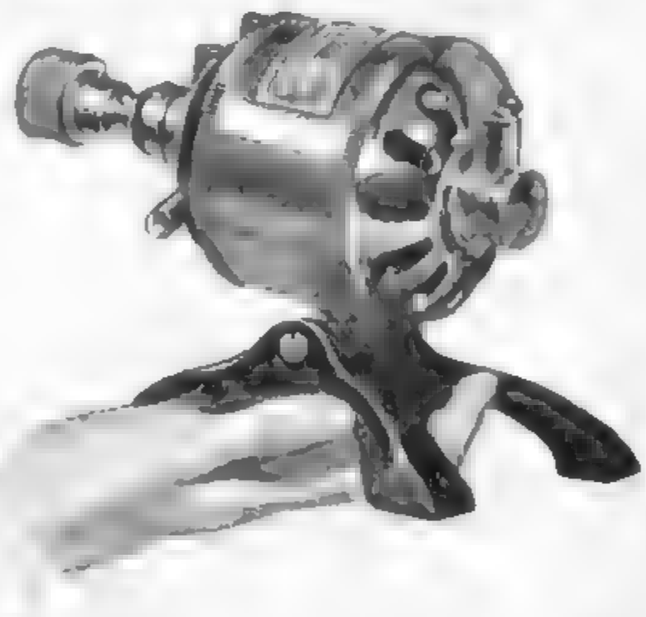

I use it to run my sewing machine

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Come to the Empire store and let us tell you about it. Let us show you what this extra mileage is, and what it means in dollars and cents to you.

The Empire Tire Dealer

TALES FROM A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX

(Continued from Page 20

"I had been wondering," said Mr. Cressy then, looking up, smiling suddenly, "if it would do to propose an idea that has just come to me."

"Go on," said Charlie's mother bluntly. "What is it?" And Charlie winked at me.

"I had been wondering," said Mr. Cressy, "suppose we should get this money—suppose we should secure the limit of our wishes from this enterprise—how would each begin to enjoy it? It would be interesting to know what each one of us has dreamed. For that's what someone has said—Emerson, I think—we are what we dream.

"Come," he said when no one spoke, "I will challenge you—I will confess first. I will tell you frankly how it is with me. For me it would be my first desire to travel. I would see the Holy Land particularly. It would not alone be pleasure and education for me," he said in a lower voice, "but an avocation as well—I might hope, if all went well. A reinvestment, if you like, of my means in a close and familiar knowledge of Palestine.

"I have had in mind for a considerable time a course of lectures on this important subject, approaching it from an entirely new angle, which I think would fill a long-felt need upon the lecture platform."

He stopped for a moment, silent.

"And now," he went on gayly, "I have confessed. What would you do with your money, Miss Moshier, if it should come to you? Would you travel too?" he asked her when she didn't speak.

"Yes," Miss Moshier answered faintly from behind Charlie's mother.

"Where?"

"I think I'd go to Paris first," said the little dressmaker, and smiled quickly. And Mr. Cressy laughed.

"A pretty gay choice, Miss Moshier," he said, and shook his finger at her. "Pretty gay."

"That's it, I guess," said Miss Moshier, and laughed a little nervously. "That's just why."

"Anyway," she said, and adjusted the little ribbon at her neck, "you asked me and I told you."

"I don't blame you a bit," said Mr. Cressy. "I wouldn't mind seeing the capitals of Europe myself, Paris among them. And you," he asked Charlie's mother—"where would you go? Or would you travel?"

"Well, I don't know," said Charlie's mother doubtfully. "I always thought I would like to see Niagara."

"We wouldn't stop there," said Charlie, "not if I was aboard. We'd keep going."

"In the big red car," I said, getting humorous, "and a new suit of clothes for every day."

"You've mentioned it," said Charlie.

"And you," asked Mr. Cressy of me playfully—"what would you do?"

"I don't believe I'd travel," I said. For I had got started now. "No, I'll just stay at home and get married!"

"Well spoken!" said Mr. Cressy. And then they all laughed at me.

The butcher didn't say anything and nobody urged him. He sat by himself, staring ahead. And then the rest of us kept still, a little ashamed of letting ourselves loose. And the car droned up the hill in our silence.

I got off where Mr. Cressy did, and we walked a ways together.

"I certainly do hope," he said soberly, "it will come out as we wish—or some way approximating it," he added quickly. "For the entire thing seems too hopeful now to be all true. But, if it should not fulfill all our expectations, I certainly pray it does not entirely fail. These are all people of small means," said the minister of Zion's Chapel. "I am familiar with the circumstances of nearly all of them and know it will be a real disaster if it should actually fail—for many of them.

"Take Miss Moshier, for example! It might go hard with her if this enterprise did not eventuate—if it should actually fail. The money she put into this was a considerable part of her savings; what she had destined, I had always understood, as a fund to insure her entrance to an old ladies' home, when the time comes for that. And that would be soon," said the chapel minister. "She is now quite well along in years. And no longer in active demand as a dressmaker."

"And that man who sat by himself—that butcher?" I said, for I wondered especially about him.

"Much of his profits, I believe," said Mr. Cressy, "would go to meet his debts, at first at least. Indeed I have never understood how he secured the money for investment at all. For he is not a successful man. In fact," said Mr. Cressy, stopping before his house, "very few of those in this company are successful—as the world goes."

"No," he said, "I thought of it as we were speaking in the car to-night—of what we'd planned. In some ways it was almost pathetic."

I saw the shine of the street light on the shoulders of his black overcoat as he turned up the outside step to the double tenement house where he lived.

"Well," I said to myself, leaving him, "if it should go wrong it would be bad enough for me; but my end of it would be a pretty small part of the trouble."

That was one thing I had learned anyhow by this time—that there were plenty besides me exiled to that bare country of fifteen dollars a week.

"But I guess it will go now all right," I told myself. And I sent on my four hundred and fifty dollars the next day according to my agreement.

It was the second day after that meeting that I was in the bank, making my weekly deposit to my bank account—now practically empty; and I saw John Snaith from his place in the front window beckoning me.

"Well, how is it going with you at the store?" he asked me.

"Not very well," I said, and told him about my disappointment at the beginning of the year—about my fifteen dollars a week salary.

"That so?" said John Snaith slowly. "Too bad."

He waited, turning his unlighted cigar in his mouth.

"A thing came in here the other day," he said to me, "that made me think of you. It was a chance for a small business. It was an agency for a line of hardware specialties. I thought at the time of you."

"Yes!" I said, looking up quickly.

"They're getting through with the man they have, and they want somebody else that knows the trade. Most of the goods they send on consignment."

"Yes!" I said, my blood rising in my face.

"There ought to be a good thing in it. A good living in it in a year or two for a hustling boy. He might even get married some day on it," he said, while my face flushed crimson.

"Of course," he added, "you'd have to have something to put up for the renting of offices and things like that."

My excitement stopped again—cold

"Let's see," he said: "how much did you have saved up the first of the year?"

"Five hundred dollars," I said automatically.

"Humph, well," he said; "with that to start with and what I might let you have—it might be done."

I leaned forward.

"I haven't got it any longer," I choked out.

"Haven't got it!"

"I put it all—I bought stock with it," I stammered.

"What stock?"

"American Telair," I said. "A new company. I don't know as you ever heard of it."

He looked at me.

"Well, yes, I've heard of it," he said slowly. "So you're in that!"

"Yes," said I, holding my breath.

"Well," he said at last. "That ends it, I guess, so far as this business is concerned."

My heart bumped down on my boot soles as I heard him.

"And I should say offhand," he continued, "as far as your five hundred dollars go too!"

"Ends it," I said when I got my voice. "What do you mean? Do you know anything against the company?"

"I know enough," said John Snaith. "I'd ought to. It's been peddled round enough. And I know this George Kenyon some, all I need to."

"Is he—is he crooked?" I managed to ask.

(Continued on Page 43)

Bought to save insurance —used to save the car

THE saving of 15 per cent. in insurance premiums is often sufficient to cover the cost of the extinguisher. But even without this feature, the purchase would prove a sound investment by the positive protection it gives—and by the sense of added security.

Fires choose their own time and place, often the worst possible for you—but you're adequately prepared if you equip your car with a

Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher

—the *only* one-quart extinguisher discharged either by pumping or by air pressure previously pumped up. Deadly to all incipient fires, whether from gasoline, oil, grease, kerosene or electrical arcs.

The J-M Fire Extinguisher is approved and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

J-M Extinguisher Fluid—non-deteriorating and harmless to the skin, fabric or machinery—is the only liquid recommended and guaranteed for re-charging.

To the Trade: Ask the nearest J-M Branch for details—generous discounts, uniform and rigidly maintained regardless of size of order, coupled with a sales policy designed for your protection.

Price, in nickel or brass finish, $8.00, including bracket

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
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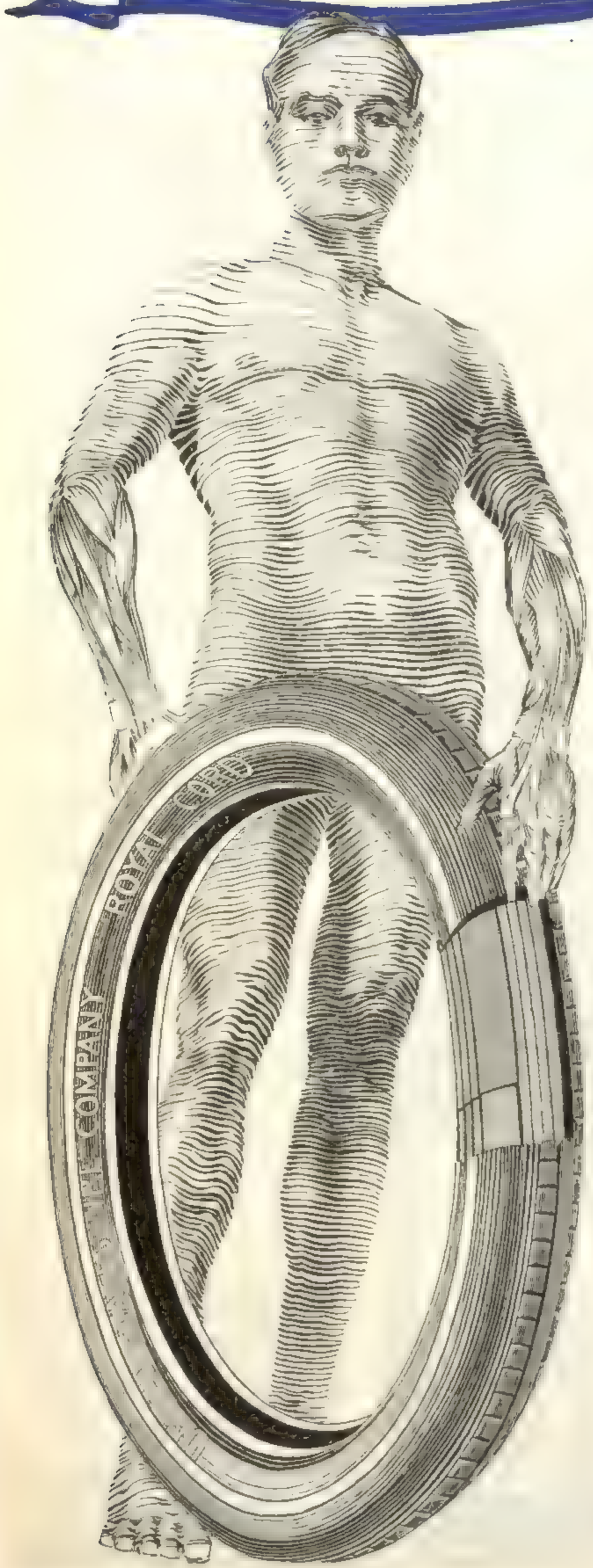

Muscles of the 'Royal Cord' Tire

"Follow nature and you can't fail."

'Royal Cord' Tires are built on natural lines—on lines analogous to the human anatomy.

And following nature so closely, we know that we have built right.

* * * * *

The muscles of a cord tire are its layers of cords.

The muscles or cords of the *'Royal Cord' Tire* are built in layers into the anatomy of the tire just as muscles are placed in layers in the human anatomy.

Study, for example, the muscular structure of a human forearm. *(See illustration.)*

Note how the muscles are laid, not lengthwise—but diagonally in opposite directions.

Note also that the muscular structure is not made up of merely two layers of muscles, but of several.

* * * * *

Cord tire construction is of two kinds:

1—two layers of heavy cords laid diagonally in opposite directions;

2—many layers of many powerful little cords, the layers running alternately in opposite directions.

It is self-evident which of these two forms of cord tire construction follows the laws of nature.

* * * * *

The 'Royal Cord' Tire is made up of many layers of many powerful little cords, the layers running alternately in opposite directions.

And that is the principle upon which nature builds the muscular structure of man.

Having that natural construction, the *'Royal Cord' Tire* must necessarily have the same muscular resistance to stress and strain from all directions, which is the physical attribute of a man with well-developed muscles.

* * * * *

The 'Royal Cord' Tire being built on nature's lines,
—gives lowest mileage cost;
—gives marvellous resilience and flexibility;
—gives that service which has demonstrated its supremacy among cord tires.

United States Tires
Are Good Tires

The five types—'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

Continued from Page 41

"Well," said John Snaith carefully, "he isn't in jail yet. But he's certainly shaved pretty close to the law sometimes. He has certainly done a lot of business round here on the strength of a seal-lined coat and a diamond scarfpin. And if any of his stocks have come out right so far, I haven't heard of it."

"But that professor," I said, more and more excited, "is he—is he crooked too? He is an inventor, isn't he—really?"

"Well, yes," said John Snaith; "so far as I know he's all right. Just somebody George Kenyon got ahold of somewhere and got under his thumb."

"Well, they have got this invention," I kept on arguing.

"Yes, I guess that part's right too."

"And they've got a contract to turn it over to the telephone company. I saw it," I said, getting back a little courage.

"So I heard," said John Snaith.

"And they'll pay big royalties."

"Will they?"

"Well, what is the matter with it then?" I cried. "This company will have to carry out its contract. And they've got all the money in the world, haven't they?"

"You didn't look to see when they begin paying under the contract, did you?" asked John Snaith, his cigar tilting up.

"No," I said. "I don't know as I did."

"Well, the next time you do that. And if you find anything definite, come round! I'll take this stock off your hands." And he started to turn away from me to his old desk.

"Look here," I said desperately, trying to keep his attention. "What do you mean? What do you know about this anyway?"

"Nothing in particular, except it's an old game," said John Snaith. "Peddling stock round that's going to be another telephone. Putting another miracle on the market, as everybody's been doing since the telephone started."

"But the contract," I said again. "Why would that big company make it, if they didn't want it?"

"Why wouldn't they," asked John Snaith, "if they don't have to pay for it until they use it?

"No," said John Snaith, starting to turn round for good, "I do know something about the thing. I looked it up once for someone. They've got another one of those half-baked miracles to sell—it won't quite work. A kind of half a big idea. These companies can afford to buy them and keep them until the other half comes along—if it ever does. And all there is to it," said Mr. Snaith, "is that George Kenyon came along, and ran across this thing, and saw what he could do with it—peddling it out to small people who had no experience."

"Well, it might be good then sometime," I said with a last flush of hope.

"Oh, yes," said John Snaith, turning back still further toward his desk, "maybe it will—about 1945. But that won't help us much just now—buying out this business we want."

He stopped talking then and looked at me. I suppose he saw the misery in my face.

"Who's in it with you anyway?" he said to me in a more human voice. "Who'd George get in this time?"

So I told him those I knew.

"Got your stock?" he said.

"Yes."

"Want to make it over to me?"

"Yes, sir," I said, like a miserable schoolboy.

"All right," he said. "Bring it over! I'll see what I can do." And he wheeled back to his old black-walnut desk. "But keep this to yourself," he said over his shoulder.

"Yes, sir," I said humbly, and went out.

The evening after that was the banquet at the Hotel Orgillon, upstairs at eight o'clock. At seven-forty-five the stockholders of the American Telair Company began arriving in the private reception room for their celebration.

Mr. Kenyon, in a flowered waistcoat and an evening dress suit, smooth as the skin upon an apple, came up and met me warmly when I came. And Charlie Seavers followed after him, in a brand new evening suit with a deep-set slender waistline, perfect in every detail.

"Some party," said Charlie, removing an imaginary thread from my coat collar with his thin fingers.

And I went around and shook hands with the rest of them all arrayed for the occasion. The professor and Mr. Cressy had on frock coats, the rest of the men their sack suits. The women were in black mostly, with high necks. Miss Moshier, the little dressmaker, alone had paid tribute to the event and the Hotel Orgillon with a V cut down below the collar line—in a stiff, old-fashioned, garnet silk. She had a black ribbon round her thin neck, and her face looked still more old and puckered over it.

We stood round the walls for a while, and Mr. Kenyon finally got us in to dinner—the waiters watching critically. I took out Miss Moshier myself, her head reaching up to between my elbow and my shoulder, her hand shaking a little on my arm as we went in. I didn't pay much attention to her. I was thinking of myself mostly and of my lost five hundred dollars and my lost opportunity—since the day before—and about that sleek rascal that was carrying out the farce that we were playing. I wouldn't have come if John Snaith had not told me to. I was too absent-minded and anxious to pay much attention to my partner. But I did hear her gasp when the doors opened into the white dining room. She looked round at everything in silence, like a little, old, hungry child at a baker's window.

"It is certainly elegant," remarked Charlie Seavers' mother across me. "Isn't it, Miss Moshier?"

"It's wonderful," said the little dressmaker, and stopped, watching the centerpiece of big roses on the table.

"This is the way we shall dine every evening when the dividends begin to come in," remarked Mr. Cressy to us, spreading his napkin.

I forgot my own troubles a little, listening to them, wondering what would happen.

"This is certainly the life," called Charlie Seavers to me from across the table, sitting slim and immaculate with a white camellia in his lapel.

And they brought in the oysters—the cocktails standing untroubled by the plates mostly. Then unexpectedly a waiter came and whispered to Mr. Kenyon at the head of the table and he went out.

"Go right ahead, folks," he said. "I'll be right back."

But he wasn't. He stayed there quite a while.

"Shall we go on?" asked Mr. Cressy of the professor, who sat at the right of Mr. Kenyon's empty chair, as noisy as the Skeleton in Armor. And when the professor didn't know, they sent out the waiter to find out.

"First-class food," I heard the butcher say. "They buy everything A Number One here." He had waked up quite a little.

Then the waiter came back and said that Mr. Kenyon said to go ahead and he would be in later.

He did come—that next course. But it was almost half an hour afterward, with the waiting.

I looked up and sat up. For with him came a John Snaith, in his old pepper-and-salt sack suit. The waiter made a place for him at the head of the table opposite the professor.

"Why this is a surprise," whispered Mr. Cressy to Charlie Seavers' mother. "John Snaith!"

"Who?" she asked.

"Mr. Snaith, the banker!"

"Good evening, Mr. Snaith," said Mr. Cressy, catching his eye and getting up. "This is indeed a good omen. I hope it means you are one of us. I hope so, for anything John Snaith's name is in must necessarily spell success from its inception." And he laughed a little loudly.

"You don't know me, neighbor," said John Snaith. "When I come to publish the secret history of my investments you'll think different." And he sat down.

We talked mostly among ourselves after that. They didn't say much, I noticed, at the head of the table, even Mr. Kenyon. And the old professor, of course, sat across from John Snaith, still as absent-minded as ever.

Mr. Kenyon didn't laugh at all now. He sat and ate and drank heavily and directed the waiters. I sat and waited anxiously, the only one with any real suspicion about the thing.

Then, finally, after the dessert, John Snaith got up on his feet.

"I'm not much on public speaking anyway," he said in a dry, level voice. "And already I have disturbed your fine dinner to-night by taking Mr. Kenyon away from you. So I won't say any more than I have to. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Kenyon and I were unavoidably detained, talking over a matter interesting to

Concluded on Page 45

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Smart Clothes

The difference between Failure and Success is often self-confidence. "I'm as good as you are!" is the spirit of America, and "Go ahead, and look the part!" finds fulfillment in a Stein-Bloch Suit.

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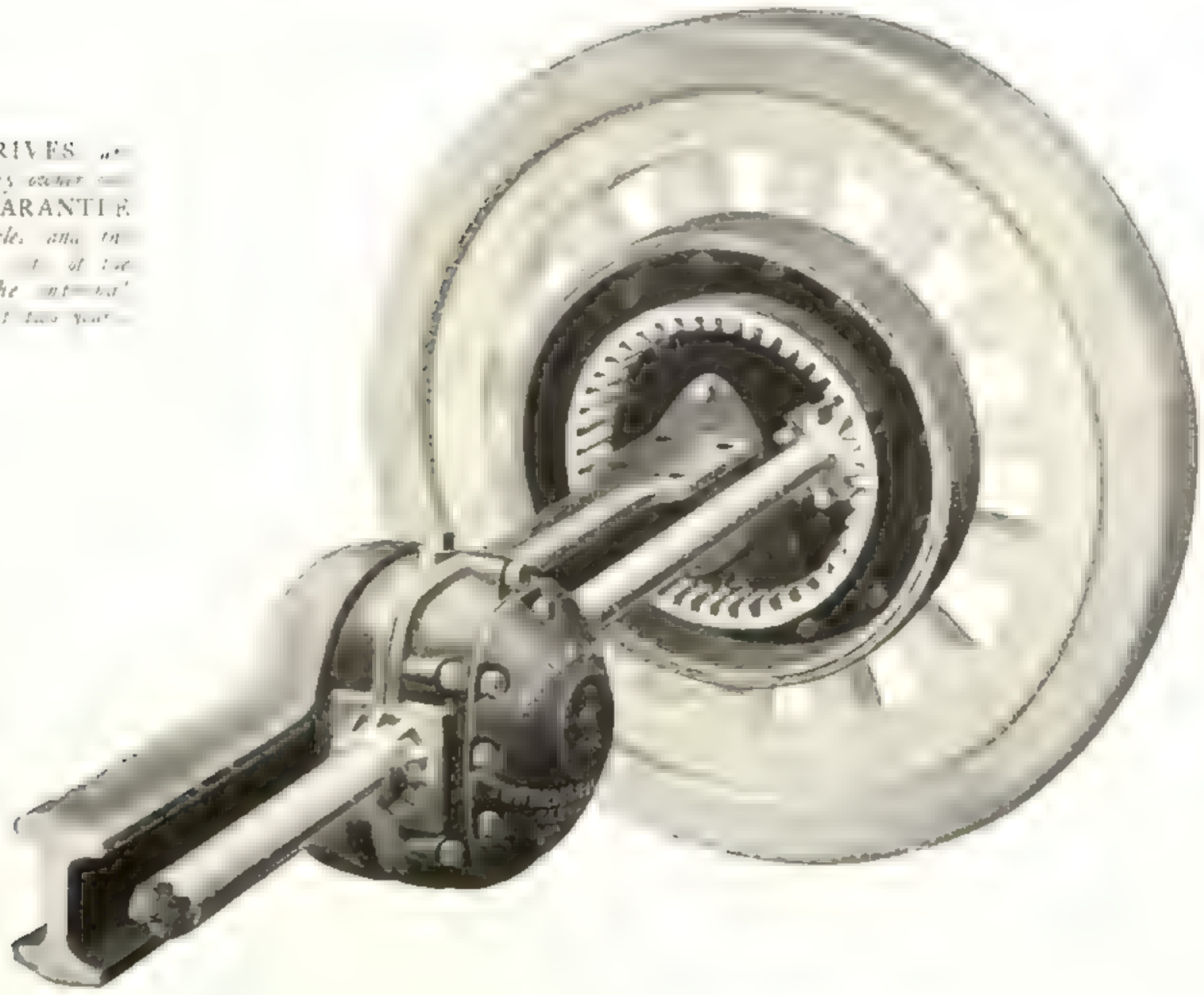

It is the rear axle *DRIVE* that makes a truck a *truck!*

FOUR-FIFTHS of the whole truck load hammers the rear axle constantly.

Every road shock, every side-sway, multiplies this tremendous weight—tries *that* rear axle to the limit.

Pleasure-car axles *can't* stand such treatment. That is why *old-time* trucks, with *pleasure-car* axles, were failures. It was up to the *rear axle* and it *fell down.*

So the truck business lagged behind in development till a rear axle was designed which took into account *all* the rending forces that trucks must meet.

TORBENSEN Rear Axle Drives are *truck* drives. A dead *I-Beam* carries *all* the load. It naturally has great overload capacity.

A differential and a jack shaft transmit *all* the power and apply it near the *rim* of the wheel. They carry *no* load whatever.

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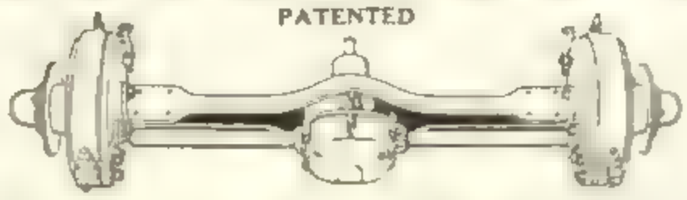
This is *how* TORBENSEN solved the truck problem. This is *why* TORBENSEN became the largest builder of internal-gear truck axles. This is *why*—in the last two years—the internal gear truck axle has seen a development proportionately greater than that of any other type of drive. This is *why* TORBENSEN is now the world's largest producer of truck axles of any kind.

TORBENSEN-DRIVE

Internal Gear Axle



Torbensen Axle Co., THE CLEVELAND.

The Torbensen Axle Company is the largest builder of Truck Axles in the World

(Concluded from Page 43)

everybody here, about the finances of your company."

"A financial conference!" said Mr. Cressy, nodding deeply.

"You see your company's money is all on deposit in my bank," explained John Snaith. "That's one reason I come into it, besides stock!"

And I saw Mr. Kenyon give one long black look at me, under his eyelids.

"Well, to come to the point," the old man went along, "the upshot of it all is that Mr. Kenyon's asked me to announce to you the payment of the first dividend of your company."

"A dividend!" called Charlie Seavers quickly. "How much?"

Everybody sat straight, listening, as the speaker stopped.

"Good! Good!" said Mr. Cressy, thumping the table with his spoonhandle.

"He has decided," went on John Snaith, "to declare at once a dividend of one hundred per cent, from the assets now in the bank."

"One hundred per cent!" said someone. And we all sat motionless, even Mr. Cressy, the spokesman for the investors. I looked at the head of the table, at the professor. He sat up, his mouth opened, and I thought for a moment he was stricken into speech. But then he looked right down again, as if after all it didn't matter.

"Yes," said the speaker, "we talked it over and we looked at it from all sides, and Mr. Kenyon came to the conclusion that the stock which he would hold in this company would be sufficient for his work of forming it for the present. So he made the proposal that the company turn the money in the treasury back to its contributors—all he had in his hands as treasurer. And so he spoke for this dividend of one hundred per cent."

The little dressmaker beside me leaned forward, her eyes shining, half the wrinkles and puckers smoothed out of her face.

"Already!" I heard her whisper.

"His idea being," said John Snaith, "that under the circumstances he can postpone the payments to himself until the royalties of the company begin to come in. They'll pay him when they do and meet your other expenses, if there are any expenses. And meanwhile he'll see to paying the expenses as they come—the way he has up to now."

"Why, this ——" cried Mr. Cressy, starting up restlessly, and sitting back again as John Snaith went on speaking:

"It seemed to us that there was no time better for a thing like that than now—just this banquet, this celebration we're having now—so he and I worked out this scheme, if you approve of it. It's this: Mr. Kenyon offers to postpone his contract for cash settlement for his promotion of the company and, as treasurer, he will sign over to me a check for the entire amount of the dividends, for which he has funds now lying in my bank.

"Have I got that right, Mr. Kenyon?" asked John Snaith.

"Yes," said Mr. Kenyon in a voice so thick I scarcely understood it. He looked very red and hot. A great blotch of cigar ashes lay unnoticed on his flowered waistcoat.

"Why, this ——" started Mr. Cressy again, and stopped once more.

"I want to get it right," said John Snaith, "exactly. And that's it, I think. Mr. Kenyon will make out his check to me and I will give my personal check to each of you, if you will each one state the amount of stock you own. That is, if this is satisfactory to you."

"Satisfactory!" said Charlie Seavers to the tablecloth. "John Snaith's check! Good evening!"

"This, you understand," John Snaith was saying, "is Mr. Kenyon's own idea, his choice of several ideas. And in addition," said John Snaith, "he takes pleasure in tendering you this banquet!"

"Why this, Mister Chairman, is generosity itself!" said Mr. Cressy, standing up and looking toward Mr. Kenyon at the head of the table. Mr. Kenyon sat perfectly still where he was, sunk down deep in his chair. But his red face suddenly became a deep maroon.

"Exactly so," said John Snaith, checking Mr. Cressy.

"But, of course," he went along, "you've got to vote it first; you've got to go through the formalities."

Then we sat there while the necessary motions had been gone through at the head of the table. And after that Mr. Cressy sat and directed matters actively, while John Snaith figured out the thing and wrote the names of the stockholders on his checks.

Mr. Kenyon sat silent, slumped down, smoking, except that one time when he signed his name.

All we other men sat speechless, watching the proceeding as it went on. The butcher in particular, I saw once or twice, never moved, his prominent eyes fixed on that one fixed spot—of John Snaith signing checks. But the women's attention wavered now and then.

"Did you notice this table linen?" Charlie Seavers' mother asked Miss Moshier across me. I had seen her fingering it. "It's wonderful."

"It's all wonderful," said Miss Moshier, looking at the roses in the centerpiece. And once or twice she reached out and rearranged them with her quick dressmaker's fingers, delicately, as if they were frail living things.

It took quite a little time, but after a while we had our checks, each one of us. I shall never forget the first feeling of mine in my hand. After that awhile, I saw John Snaith looking down at me and knew he wanted me to meet him outside. The others still lingered at the table. As John Snaith got up and strolled out, Mr. Cressy was starting to say a little something about the first dividend of the Telair as an augury for the future.

I followed Mr. Snaith to the next room.

"By thunder!" he said, stopping just a minute by the door. "I believe he's giving George a vote of thanks." And his cigar stood still in the corner of his mouth as he watched them. A grim grin twitched at the upper corner of his gray whisker. "Come on," he said then. "Don't let's disturb them. Let them enjoy themselves as long as they can. They don't banquet every night."

We could hear Mr. Cressy's voice thanking Mr. Kenyon as we started down the elevator.

"I don't know, Mr. Snaith," I said awkwardly, "what to say."

"Never mind saying anything," he answered me.

As we came into the lobby he stopped and spoke to a man there. I looked for a minute before I saw who it was. It was a police officer I knew by sight, dressed in citizen's clothes. John Snaith spoke a few words to him, and he went on out of the hotel ahead of us. And after a little while we followed.

"I don't know," said John Snaith reflectively, "whether I did the right thing. I don't know but what I am compounding a felony."

"A felony!" I said after him.

"Yes," he answered me, "in that other thing—that Tulsa Oil business he had before this one."

"Oh," I said, understanding the presence of the police officer.

"But I figured finally," he said, "the best thing, after all, would be to get at what you knew was there—at what you could lay your hands on for you and your partners," said John Snaith, looking up at me, his sharp eyes twinkling, "in this Telair. What do you think?"

I started to say something, I don't know what. But John Snaith didn't pay much attention.

"Always the same," he went on again, "year after year. But I never do get used to them."

And I waited for him to go on.

"I always hate to see them—these devilish miracle peddlers round town, hunting boys and old maids."

I walked along with him—silent.

"What I got you out for," said John Snaith as his street car came along, "was to ask you to step round to the bank in the morning.

"Maybe," he added, "we can do something yet about that thing I was talking to you about—that agency for you."

And Mr. Snaith went out into the street for his car.

I stood there a minute after he was gone and looked up at the light of the window in the side of the hotel, where Mr. Kenyon and the little people, my fellow investors in Telair, were still lingering at their banquet. Then I put my hand in my vest pocket again and felt the rough edge of John Snaith's check; and I walked on home with it, whistling.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Turner. The third will appear in an early issue.

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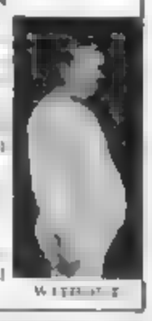
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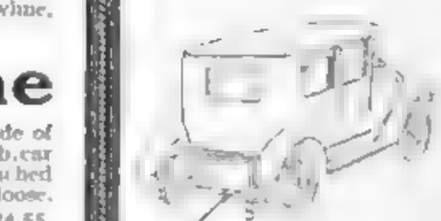
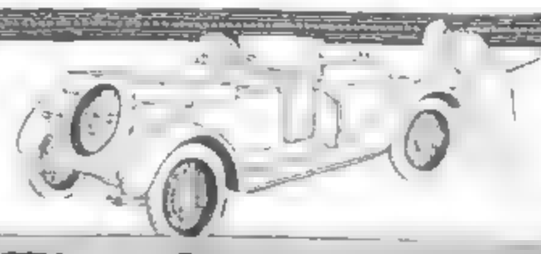
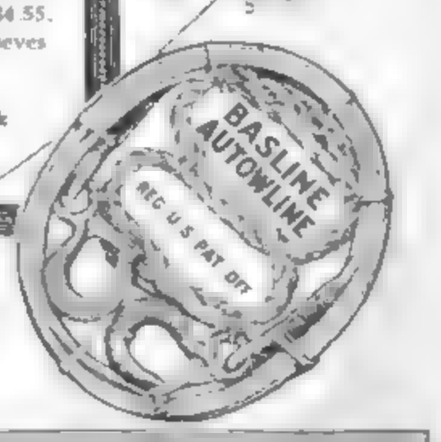

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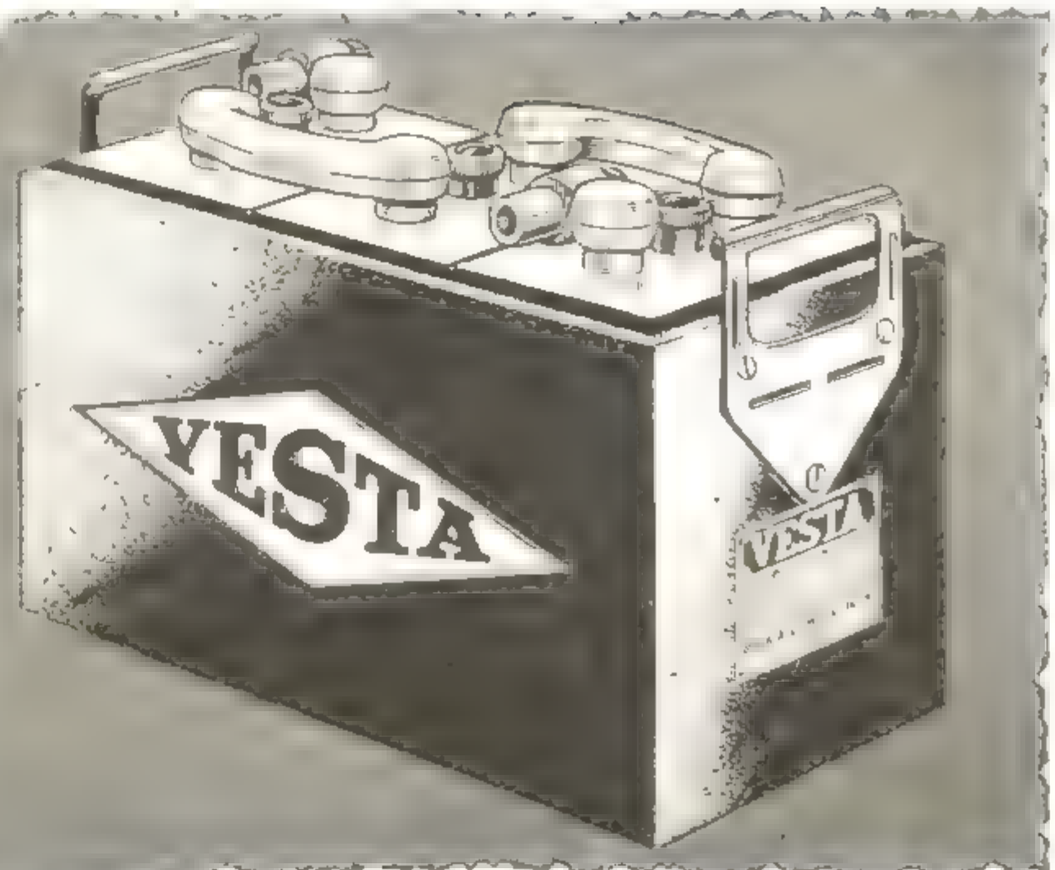
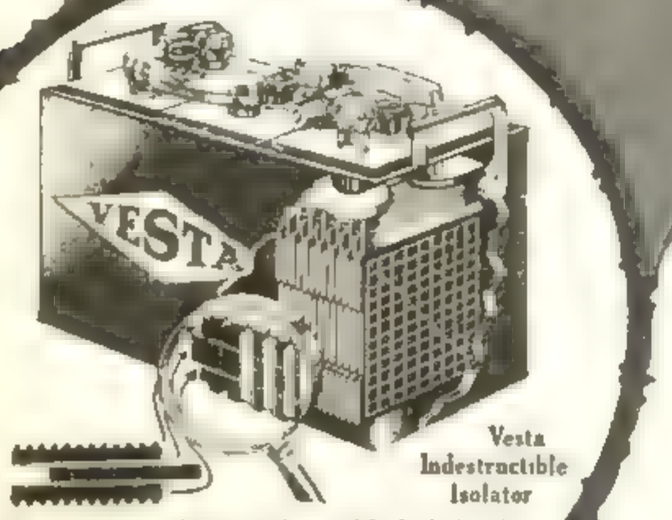
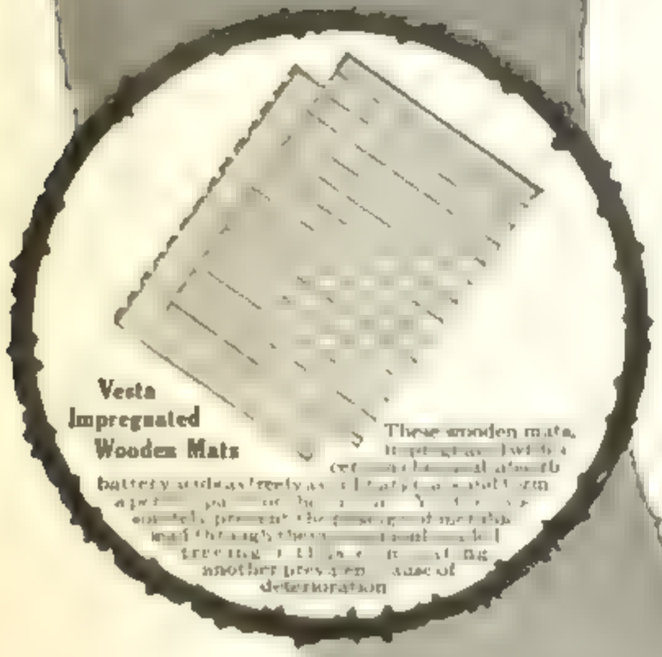




Vesta Indestructible Isolator

This apparently simple device positively locks the plates apart and prevents the short circuits caused by the plates touching each other, in ordinary batteries



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battery and

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Why VESTA is the Most Wonderful Battery in the World

Three great Vesta triumphs—the most important starting battery improvements in the last twenty years—make Vesta the most wonderful starting and lighting battery in the world.

These three exclusive, patented Vesta discoveries give the Vesta *double life*. They prevent the various forms of short circuits, the most common cause of battery troubles. They endow the Vesta with greater efficiency, service, economy and satisfaction. Thus is the Vesta different from all other batteries.

The Three Great Triumphs

Vesta scored the first great triumph with *Vesta Indestructible Isolator*, an ingenious device, which locks the plates apart and prevents short circuits.

Next Vesta announced a second remarkable feature—*Vesta Impregnated Wooden Mats*, which prevent "treeing" and its disastrous consequences.

Now comes Vesta's third great discovery—the use of *Titanium*, a rare mineral which greatly prolongs the life of the battery. *Titanium* enters into the lead plates, hardening them and giving them longer life. It also remains in the battery solution, precipitating minerals and impurities in solution and adding vastly to the efficiency of the battery.

No Other Battery Can Use Them

These three remarkable improvements are found only in the Vesta. They are all covered by U. S. Basic Patents belonging solely to the Vesta Accumulator Company, one of the oldest automobile battery concerns in the United States. Yet with all these improvements, which mean *double value and greater economy*, Vesta costs no more.

MOTORISTS: Before you buy a new battery or turn in your old one, write for our booklet explaining Vesta superiority.
SERVICE MEN: Write for our Service Station Plan.

VESTA ACCUMULATOR COMPANY, 2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago

REAL SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE

VESTA
DOUBLE LIFE
STORAGE BATTERY

THE TITHE THAT BINDS

(Continued from Page 4)

placed. Perhaps, though, this is as it should be. When a grown-up human being of white blood, native born, living under a democratic form of government in a country dedicated to the principle that all men are created free and equal, accepts without an argument the dictum which sets him apart as a member of the Lower Classes, it probably constitutes good and sufficient evidence that finally he has landed exactly where he belongs. By his acquiescence he has helped to make his own nest. He should be happy lying in it. And if he be satisfied it ill becomes any among the rest of us to seek to make him discontented with his humble lot; he might turn disrespectful toward his betters. Let us, therefore, pay no attention to the slight disturbances in yon cemeteries caused by Thomas Jefferson, Andy Jackson and Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, turning over in their respective graves.

Only here the other day appeared a squib in the papers touching on a new activity upon the part of sundry persons residing within the sacred and hallowed precincts of Upper Classdom. It came to light first in New York; mostly, such things are spawned close to the congenial Manhattan shore. It was deemed worthy of being given wider circulation by the press associations, and so in one shape or another was carried by the daily press generally. Publication of it did not start a riot; did not raise a guffaw; did not seem to warrant any general outburst of editorial comment. Apparently it was taken much as a matter of course, as a proper part of the day's news. In case you missed it, reader, it is reproduced in its form as a press dispatch. It was quite short. It was written seriously, without intent to be facetious. It was as follows:

"A society magazine, to be called the Chronicle, exclusively for society, with its contributions confined to society and its subscription list to society people, with a society woman as its managing editor, will make its first appearance. It will carry no advertisements and no illustrations. The intention is to make it a bit of a 'highbrow' publication. . . . The price will be $1 a copy."

Just take that home with you, Mr. Average Citizen, and try it on your concertina. But do not undertake to purchase a copy of the publication when it has been printed. That, for you, would be both improper and impious.

A Salon for Americanization

A little earlier in the year word was given forth to a palpitant planet that the wife of The Richest Young Man in America—if we capitalize these words when we speak them why shouldn't we do likewise when we write them?—had inaugurated a series of at-homes with the benign design of fostering "Americanization," whatever that may mean. One gathered that the scope of the plan included, among other things, the opening of a salon where the very wealthy from the palaces might meet with the very otherwise from the tenements, each group to gather helpful views from the other, meeting much as creatures from two far-distant planets might convene together, with intent on the part of either delegation to study the customs, the habits and the peculiarities of the dwellers in a separate and distinct world. One also gathered from the newspaper accounts of the experimental gathering that the attendance was confined almost exclusively to members of the so-called gentler sex. Certainly the husbands of the ladies from the tenement districts were not present in noticeable numbers. The salon to which they naturally would give their patronage on their afternoons off—as who could blame them!—would be a salon that was spelled with more than one *o*.

In these matters the principal point to be pondered by one who pauses occasionally to wonder whither we are drifting is not that the excessively wealthy should take themselves thus seriously, but that so many of the rest of us should be willing to take them with the same amount of seriousness. Heretofore the unduly rich had the ability to amuse everybody except themselves. They constituted our national free vaudeville, our outside ballyhoo. They were volunteer entertainers who worked for nothing and footed all the bills, never apparently getting very much joy out of the job for personal consumption, but providing unlimited entertainment to the multitude. We expected them to furnish us with what a dentist so often finds in a patient's set of teeth—plenty of shiny gold fillings in front, but behind an expanse of exposed nerve and a decayed spot here and there.

It is perhaps a sign of the times, as we get farther and farther away from the days of our earlier simplicity, that we should acquire more and constantly more of a respectfully worshipful regard for the human custodians of money in bulk. To some this may be a good sign, to others a bad one. One assumes that if one were a socialist one might draw a great lesson from the circumstance. Being no socialist, but merely an innocent bystander, one does not presume to make any deductions in the premises. But how can we blame wealth for being so arrogant when there is so much of reverence for it to feed itself fat upon?

The Sanest Idea of the Century

The chief fact offered in support of the claim that the older Americanism is passing into eclipse and that a newer one is coming forth into the sunshine of the current day is to be found in the instinct which expresses itself, in so many directions, for organization. It is an instinct which has a card index for its dam and a tabulating machine for its sire. It is starting at opposite extremes of life and working toward the center, starting from the bottom and working upward, starting from the top and working downward. At the bottom there is, for a conspicuous example, the Boy Scout movement. At the top there is the steadily widening movement to fix the adult's status by sumptuary statute and enactment, by legislative paternalism, by taxing him for the things he accomplishes and penalizing him for the things he fails to accomplish; by jamming the square peg into the round hole and making the peg to stay there, whether it wants to or not.

An overwhelming majority of us agree that a finer institution for the growing youth than the Boy Scout movement was never devised. How can anyone consider the proven results without indorsing that view? When I was a small boy most of the things which a small boy's constant craving for adventure and excitement led him to undertake were held to be wrong; anyway, most of them were forbidden him. He did them by stealth and by the practice of deceit, with the sure prospect of punishment ahead of him if he were caught—unless he could lie his way out of his predicament. His restlessness found a vent, therefore, in the doing of mischievous acts, and very frequently harmful and hurtful and cruel acts, because there is nothing in Nature quite so thoughtlessly and innocently cruel as the small boy in his natural uncurbed state.

The founders of the Boy Scout movement caught at the instinct of the boy to play at being something else than what he is, and at his aptitude for imitation of his elders, and at his love for pomp and show—caught all these threads up and wove them together in a fabric of sanity. They capitalized his yearning to wear a uniform and to march in ranks and, best of all, they showed him he could have a good time—a better time than his father at his age ever had—and yet could perform manly and decent and healthful deeds while having his fun. You can't beat a scheme like that one; it is doubtful whether you can greatly improve upon it. Personally, I am inclined to believe it to be the very finest and sanest idea that this century has to date produced.

Incidentally, Boy Scoutdom is implanting in the boy's mind, at the very seedtime of his life, the germs of discipline, the willingness to take orders and the ability to give them. It is educating him for authority and for an appreciation of the needs of organization; it is drilling into him an understanding of what duty means when it is systematized, and what responsibility means when it is focused, and what initiative means when it is controlled and directed toward a good end.

On top of this, at the next upward stage in the scale of juvenile age, it would appear that we are shortly to have compulsory military training for the youth who stands at the lower edge of manhood. And that—quoting the Colonel—is, in the opinion of a

(Continued on Page 50)

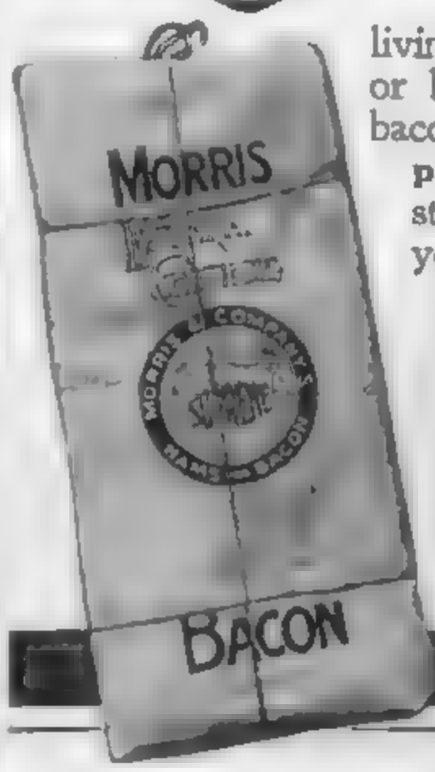
Supreme Ham for Easter Breakfast

EASTER MORNING! The scurrying pitpat of little feet. The search for "what the rabbit brought." The promising rattle of kitchen things—and then—*incense!* Upstairs comes a whiff that means more to hungry folks than Arabia's precious spices—the tantalizing aroma of *ham a-frying.*

Supreme Ham—the gods could ask no more! Dress double-quick and down to breakfast. There it splutters on the platter—thick, juicy slices—with Supreme Eggs all white and gold. They are sizzling, too. A sure-enough feast!

Keep the holidays—respect their customs. That's part of the romance of living. Easter morning means ham and eggs or bacon and eggs. And *best* ham and *best* bacon mean Morris Supreme Products. **They pass the Morris Supreme Test**—a real quality standard. Dealers who care most to serve you best sell Morris Tested Foods.

MORRIS TESTED FOODS



Write for your copy of the new Morris Cook Book—"The Supreme Test"—with scores of new and many time-tried recipes. Address:

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

Chicago, Ill. East St. Louis, Ill. St. Joseph, Mo.
Kansas City, Kan. Oklahoma City, Okla. Omaha, Neb.

LIGHT FOUR $665
BIG FOUR $850

Two minds with but a single thought –

Under the evening lamp, in the hour of quiet contemplation, when hopes and aspirations take possession of the mind, the uppermost thought in thousands upon thousands of homes is—the automobile.

As a convenience, as a means to health and recreation, nothing can compare with the family car.

Every indication points to a demand very much in excess of the possible supply of automobiles this year.

We are prepared.

This year we apply the economies of vast production for the first time to a *complete* line of automobiles—an end toward which we have been working for eight years.

Light Fours, Big Fours, Light Sixes and Willys Knights, including the marvelous Willys-Knight Eight, are built and sold with

one executive organization,
one factory management,
one purchasing department,
one sales force,
one group of dealers.

All general expense is now distributed over many models instead of a few.

Greater values than ever before are now possible in the low-priced field.

New values are thus established in the high-priced field—in fact, this Overland accomplishment brings *moderate prices* to the high-priced field.

There is now an Overland or Willys-Knight for every class of buyer.

Body types—all brand new—include

—roadsters, two and three-passenger,
—Country Club, a four-passenger sport model,
—touring cars, five and seven-passenger,
—coupés, three and four-passenger,
—Sedans, five and seven-passenger,
—and a luxurious limousine.

Every one of these beautiful cars is a better car—better in appearance, in performance and in riding comfort.

One of them is the car of your dream under the evening lamp.

See these cars now. Get a car yourself this spring.

In convenience, in health, in pleasure, no investment will repay you and all your family so richly.

Spring is at hand with all its wealth of outdoors. Drive your own car.

Go to the Willys-Overland dealer—pick it out—ride in it—drive it—now.

Every indication is that there will not be enough cars this spring.

Light Four		Big Four		Light Six		Willys-Knight	
Touring	$665	Touring	$850	Touring	$985	Four Touring	$1285
Roadster	$650	Roadster	$835	Roadster	$970	Four Coupé	$1605
Country Club	$750	Coupé	$1250	Coupé	$1385	Four Sedan	$1950
		Sedan	$1450	Sedan	$1585	Four Limousine	$1950
						Eight Touring	$1950

All prices f. o. b. Toledo and subject to change without notice

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

"Made in U. S. A."

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

In purchasing a high grade watch--

you would not attempt to pass judgment upon practicability of design and the intricate details of its mechanism; you would rely wholly upon the maker's name and reputation as your assurance of quality. Likewise, you will make no mistake in the selection of a power plant for truck or tractor when you place similar confidence in

Waukesha

Four-Cylinder Motors
for
Trucks and Tractors

The business policies, the ideals and the integrity of the makers are a guarantee that every detail of each motor is up to the Waukesha standard of quality and efficiency. For the protection of your truck or tractor investment—

"Demand a Waukesha Motor in the Truck or Tractor You Buy"

Who uses Waukesha Motors? "A Guide to Truck and Tractor Buying" will tell you. Write for it. Truck and Tractor Manufacturers write for catalog.

WAUKESHA MOTOR CO.
206 FACTORY STREET
WAUKESHA, WIS.

World's Largest Builders of Truck and Tractor Motors Exclusively

(Continued from Page 47)

large number of us, a perfectly bully and an absolutely corking idea—not alone because out of it may come the salvation and the preservation of the nation in time of actual warfare, by virtue of the creation of a potential army, millions strong, whose members should be better citizens for being soldiers and better soldiers for being citizens, but also because it should make for bodily and mental betterment, for the disciplining of the mass into a people having a knowledge of the value of laws, for schooling the individual to obey those laws, and finally, for molding all classes of men into a purer democracy by giving to them the feeling of companionship and the realization that individual intelligence and individual effort, rightfully directed, hold out promise of advancement to every man enrolled in the ranks, regardless of his wealth or his position.

Nevertheless, in both of these forces—in the Boy Scout movement and in the demand for universal military training—may be seen quite plainly the inevitable outcomes of the impulses for the focalizing of authority in a few hands, and the centralizing of moral and physical elements.

At the top of the economic ladder, and near the top, the trend toward organization at the moment mainly displays itself in the governmental effort to curb the money-getting impulse of the well-to-do individual by taxing him right out of his union suit. A few years back he squawked with poignant distress at the prospect of being required to pay over to his Uncle Sam one per cent of his income, above a certain figure, seeing that already he was being mulcted by precinct, by school district, by poll assessment, by town and county and by state; and in addition was contributing to the upkeep of the national institution through the medium of the indirect forms of taxation—import charges, and such like—disguised in various forms, but all of them taking nicks out of every dollar that he could sequestrate from the channels of trade into his own pocket.

Moreover, in those times he had not thoroughly accustomed himself to the high cost of living, which, as may have been noted, soars ever higher but never gets any lower. But he has learned his lesson: he has been chastened and subdued. On his last year's income, with scarcely a murmur of protest, he paid an income tax of two per cent above the specified sum, instead of one as theretofore, and on top of that paid also a supertax on his special profits, if haply he had collected any special profits from any traceable source. What burdens this year may bind upon his shoulders Providence and Congress alone know, and Congress is not sufficiently in the confidence of Providence to permit of an approximate forecast at this time.

Is Life Worth the H. C. of L.?

Having revised our plan of living, next we must needs revise some of our wise saws and some of our dependable proverbs, because it is quite apparent the axioms of yore do not express the situation: Take care of the pennies and Uncle Sam will take the dollars. Many a nickel makes a fat tax return. No taxation without confiscation. What goes up is bound to stay up. Is life worth the H. C. of L.? Ten mills make one cent, ten cents make one dime, ten dimes make one dollar—that was the old style of computation of our coinage. To follow that formula now would be in the nature of decimalpractice. Ten mills still make one cent and ten cents continue to make one dime, it is true, and once upon a time a dime was a handy coin. It would buy something and it was useful for tipping purposes. Now a dime is not even a tip: it's an insult. And a dollar looks like thirty cents—which may sound slangy, but is not so intended. The congregation will kindly rise and sing the new national hymn: Blest Be the Tithe That Binds!

All joking aside, isn't it likewise true that the new system of living makes the average American readier than he once was to intrust the correction of popular evils and privileged abuses to special commissions, to legislative investigators, to charitable societies, to reform propagandas, and most of all to specially ordained boards which are the offshoots of the central government and are, therefore, answerable to the parent body rather than to the citizens at large? Aren't we, more and more each day, losing the faculty to reason out as individuals the causes behind unpopular or unjust conditions, and along with that faculty losing also the instinct to seek out the remedy at popular meetings and to enforce it at the polls? One merely rises to a point of order and asks the questions, leaving it for wiser minds to answer them.

National prohibition, in some form or other, appears to be headed this way out of the South and the West. Universal suffrage for women, either by a sweeping national enactment or by separate but harmonious concert of all the states, is a reasonably certain outcome of the present country-wide agitation. The taking-over of all or nearly all the great public utilities by the Washington Government is not an impossible contingency for the future. It not only is not impossible, but it is reasonably probable. So the genius for centralization grows stronger and greedier for dominance day by day. Some visionaries even dream of the day when we may have a blanket divorce law to cover the entire land, instead of the present patchwork creation pieced up by the separate states; but, of course, before that comes to pass we may look for most spirited protest from the already large and rapidly increasing group who are advocates of the proposition that marriage is not a contract, but an option.

Nero's Favorite Indoor Sport

For some centuries past there has been an inclination in divers quarters to blame the late Emperor Nero for the procedures employed by him in solving his matrimonial problems. Considering the limitations which bound him, and taking into consideration our own views upon this subject, are we not just a trifle unfair to the memory of the deceased? Nero had his good points as well as his bad ones. He was the Original Tired Business Man; by all accounts he was the idol of the Old Line Republicans of Rome, and a steadfast conservative. Like many another married man before and since, he had certain relatives by marriage whom he could spare, and in this situation he showed that he had the courage of his convictions—he just naturally up and spared 'em. Sparing them was Nero's favorite indoor sport. His method was untidy, perhaps—indeed, it may have verged upon the mussy—but it was the only way he understood for restoring comparative peace to the fireside. He "done the best he knowed how." And we of this age, who by virtue of the most accommodating and elastic divorce laws imaginable have been enabled to trade in our marital misfits and our domestic cast-offs at the secondhand matrimonial parlor in Reno or at the official ladies' exchange in Sioux Falls—we blame Nero for adopting the expedient of the moment. I repeat, is this quite fair?

But one digresses. Let us get back to our subject, which was the state of the nation.

In the present condition some strange paradoxes are to be discerned. While woman battles for the right to vote and for a fuller power of expression generally, there has never been a time when custom, which is the mightiest of laws, granted her so much liberty in certain directions. And similarly, while men passively accept legal enactments plainly devised with a view to curbing the individual faculty for exercising the individual will, elsewhere—and notably in the social and the conversational and the sartorial realms—they are free to gambol with an abandon undreamed of by the generation behind them. A good many of the states, by local option laws or by prohibition—which is so called because it isn't—undertake to deny to their citizens indulgence in intoxicating and stimulating compounds; meanwhile in the larger cities, at least, respectable men and women may in public or in private drink alcoholic beverages and use tobacco without invoking any adverse criticism whatsoever. A few years ago we marveled sometimes that so many women seemed to take so naturally to the cigarette-smoking habit. We should have known better than to have marveled thus. A little thought upon the subject should have told us that the impulse was very possibly hereditary. There are a great horde of us whose grandmothers knew a lot about stoking a cob-pipe.

These days men and women may openly and without impropriety discuss subjects relating to sex and the sex ramifications which their immediate forbears hardly dared to think of privately. In almost any mixed assemblage one may hear things said which our fathers and mothers fifty years ago could not have heard without blushing clear down to their toenails; and yet one

dares to assert that as a race we are just as clean-minded and have just as much regard for chastity among women and honor among men as those of the preceding generation ever had.

In the garments worn by women more latitude is allowed than formerly, if less of longitude. If you doubt the truth of this, consult the official forecasts on next summer's styles. Man also is permitted to indulge his sartorial idiosyncrasies without antagonizing public opinion to any noticeable extent. Man, very often, is fearfully and wonderfully made up. Recently I happened upon the following gem in a department—devoted to masculine fashions—of a publication having a wide metropolitan circulation:

"Time was when all the grace of a D'Artagnan could not carry off the gawky, lubberly bathing suit of the period. One might as well have tried to look a hero in a nightshirt or preach temperance with a red nose.

"To-day a man may be as well turned out for the swim as for the street, and cut just as personable a figure from cap to sandals.

"To be sure, dandiacal overdressing has no place on the beach, and the gulf between fashion and foppery is very like that which sunders 'gourmet' from 'gourmand'—there's a difference in the end.

"The swimming cap, illustrated here, is navy-blue worsted or merino, with a winged foot, the familiar emblem of the N. Y. A. C., embroidered on the front in the red-and-white club colors.

"Knitted caps, unlike rubber, do not keep the hair from getting wet, but they do keep it out of the eyes and fend off sunburn from the thinly thatched poll.

"From the French-Italian Riviera comes a swimmer's rubber mask—with cut-outs for eyes and nose—which is supposed to guard the face from turning red as a brandied cherry or brown as a burned loaf. The idea is so fantastic that it sends one into gales of Gargantuan mirth."

Are we or are we not being permitted to go the limit, brethren, in the matter of the clothes we wear?

So then, while legally we are curbing ourselves and permitting ourselves to be curbed by our legislators—which comes to the same thing—socially we are broadening. But as the old, comfortable, disorderly, slack-ended system of living and governing and being governed fades away and on its site is erected the newer, stiffer, harder, highly taxed, highly specialized structure, those among us who love old ideals and would cling to them may be comforted by a certain fact, and that fact is this: Amid the swirl and swing of customs and of rules, one institution yet rears itself, immutable and unchangeable, like a granite peak above a restless sea. I started to say like a lighthouse on an uncharted shore, but upon second thought decided to withdraw the comparison as unsuitable, since the main function of a lighthouse, as I understand it, is to cast light from time to time.

The thing which refuses to change—the one bulwark of our civilization which declines to conform itself to modern needs and modern conditions and modern transformations—is the method of administering and interpreting the civil and the criminal laws. The surgeon who dared practice his profession by the ethics and the standards of a hundred years ago, or even of fifty years ago, would be prosecuted, most likely, for malpractice; the business man who endeavored to carry on his business as his grandfather before him carried it on would go briskly into bankruptcy; the editor who ran his newspaper the way they ran newspapers when Horace Greeley and George D. Prentice were alive wouldn't run it any longer than it took for the sheriff to catch up with him; but the lawyer hobbles along in his rusty shackles, clanking the leg-irons of ancient precedent, and violently opposing the introduction of labor-saving, time-conserving improvements into his trade, because such steps would distress Coke, and possibly give pain to Littleton, and mayhap cause Blackstone peevishly to toss about beneath his tombstone. Counsel for the other side still may browbeat the citizen on the witness stand as though the latter were a malefactor at the bar, doing it with the full approval of His Honor upon the bench, not because there is any fairness in it, but because such always has been the rule in courts of law. Because of a steadfast devotion, among the lawyers and the judges, to traditions and to texts and to precepts which in other callings would have been outgrown and cast aside years and years ago, litigation means vexation and justice stands blindfolded with procrastination on her one hand and delay on her other. A misplaced comma in the indictment invalidates the just conviction of the criminal and saves him from the punishment he merits. The mote is more important to be plucked away than the beam, and those august gentlemen in silken robes, sitting in the high places of the high temple, gag at the gnat and swallow the camel without visible strain. That bumpy, torpid appearance, so often observed, is the result of having swallowed many camels. Verily, as has been said before, we live in times of change, and no man knows what the morrow may bring forth; but of this much we may be sure: That, disdaining all the filtration devices of progress, the law will continue to be true to the moss-covered precedent, the iron-bound precedent, the old oak-headed precedent that hangs in the well.

Sense and Nonsense

Not Altogether Wasted

MARGARET ILLINGTON, the actress, was a protégée of Mark Twain during the latter years of his life, and when on the road used to correspond with him regularly. In one letter she told him she was not feeling well, and he wrote back promptly, advising her to try a new style of magnetic health belt that had just been placed on the market.

Miss Illington took the advice. After using the device for a few days she wrote him as follows:

"I bought one of those belts, but it did not help me a bit."

By wire back came this answer:

"It helped me. I own stock in the company.

"SAMUEL L. CLEMENS."

One of Those Fixed Feasts

WILL HOGG, of Texas, says that down in Houston, one Monday morning, a negro boy in his employ came to him with a request.

"Boss," said the darky, "I'd lak to git off nex' Friday fur the day."

"What for?" inquired Hogg.

"Got to go to a fun'el."

"Whose funeral is it?"

"My uncle's."

"When did your uncle die?"

"Lawd, boss, he ain't daid yit!"

"Then how do you know his funeral is going to take place on Friday?"

"'Ca'se dey's gwine hang him Thursday!"

Absolutely Unjustified

WILTON LACKAYE says that one day, while he was playing an engagement in Chicago, he took a stroll along South Clark Street and came to a district of secondhand-clothing shops. Every other show window was filled with garments bearing seductively worded legends purporting to represent that these offerings had been cast back upon the makers' hands through no fault of their own, but rather because of the captiousness of the original purchaser.

The words "Misfit," "Not Claimed," "Tailor's Sample," and so on, recurred time and time again.

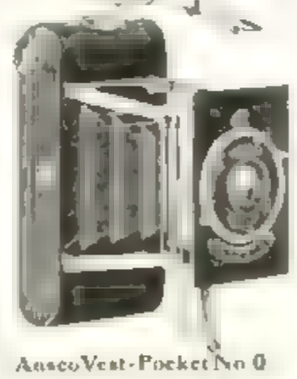
But in one window originality in the gentle art of advertising phraseology had scored a triumph. Behind the glass dangled a pair of trousers of a most startling cut and an even more startling pattern. The colors fairly leaped through the window to smite the passer-by in the eye. To the garment was affixed a card bearing this statement:

"These Pants Were Uncalled-For."

A Little Ahead of Time

EDITORS get many interesting manuscripts from amateurs; but the prize came the other day to Douglas Doty, of the Century. It was a one-act play, and the scene—the author wrote—

"Takes place on Christmas Eve, 500 B. C."



Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 0

Equipped with single achromatic lens, $7, with focusing device. Actus shutter and Modico Anastigmat lens, F 7.5, $15. Extrarapid Bionic shutter and Ansco Anastigmat Lens, F 6.3, $25

Press the buttons and the camera front springs out—ready to "snap."

Pictures that tell a story reward the user of the always-ready Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 0—the only camera that literally *jumps* into action when you press the buttons that open it.

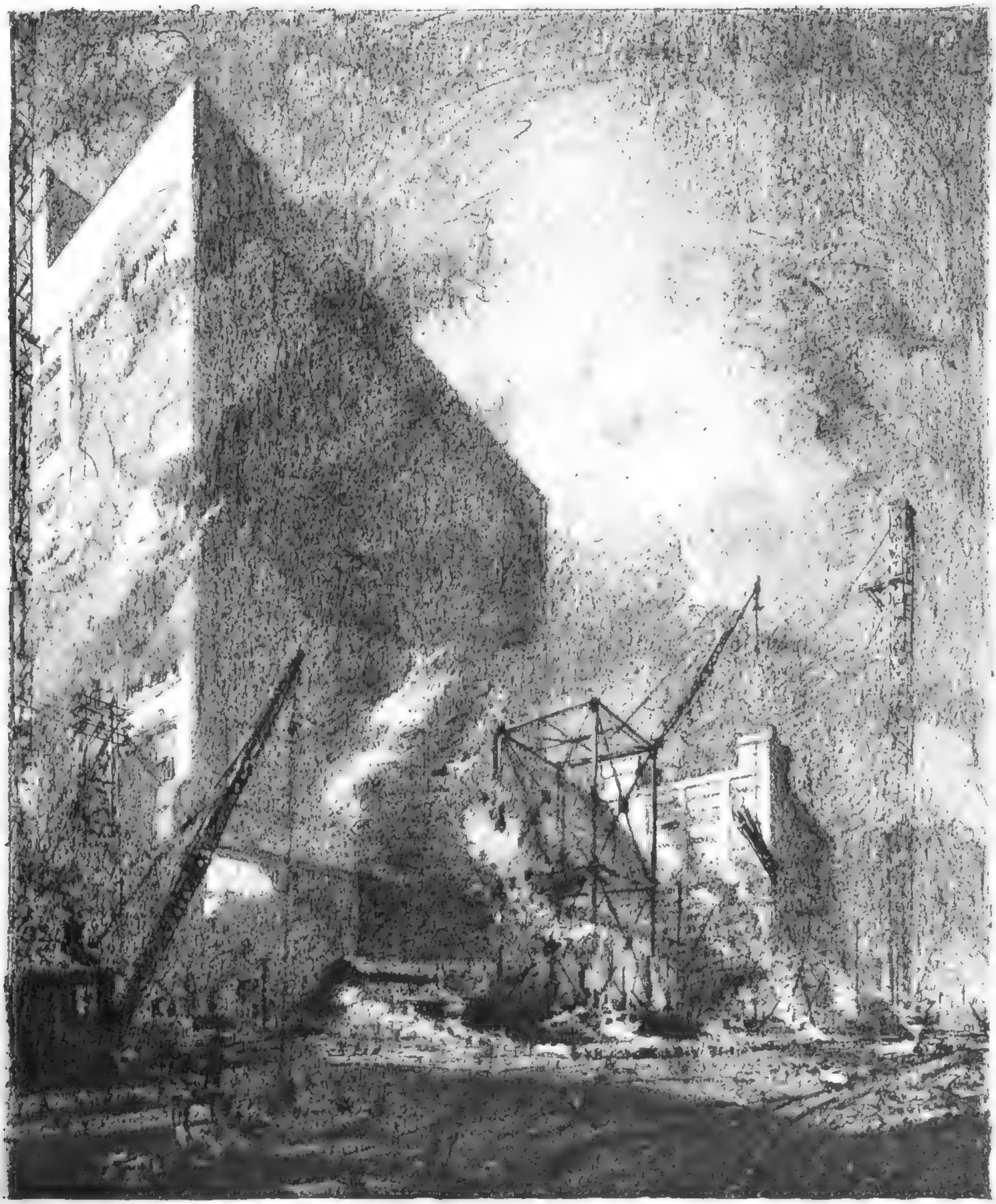
The anastigmat model, equipped with a focusing device, essential for high-speed pictures at short range, is the only camera of its kind in the world for taking 1⅝ x 2½-inch pictures. No anastigmat lens is worth its price unless it *is* used with a focusing device.

Other members of the Ansco Vest-Pocket family range in price from $7.50, for the fixed-focus V-P. No. 1, to $55.00 for the superb Ansco V-P. Speedex.

The pictures they take are so clear and sharp they can be enlarged to many times their size.

Fifty-eight styles of cameras—some at $2—are described in the Ansco catalog, free from the Ansco dealer or from us.

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK



"It Was Builded of Belief—This Home of Neōlin"

"It Was Builded of Belief — This Home of Neolin"

SHEER and stark it rises, the new home of Neōlin, a cathedral of industry, a body of brick and cement and steel if you will—and yet far more than this.

It was builded of Belief.

Without that no thousands would stir its power or turn its wheels. No millions could gain what it can give.

Without that today there could not be Neōlin.

So this is a text upon Belief, as it is the story of Neōlin.

We believe in Neōlin.

* * *

When today we look back upon our first conception of what was to be Neōlin, we sometimes smile a little to ourselves—and we wonder, too.

For Neōlin has been to us a Great Adventure and, like other great adventures, had in it more than a tinge of the audacious.

Think of the conception: A shoe-sole to supplant leather—leather which for centuries had been the measure of the world's sole-wear value!

Yet, was a better-than-leather sole substance quite impossible? Were wear and pliancy, waterproofness and tread-sureness things to be despaired of in a shoe-sole?

Belief called Science in. And Science, from her laboratory, answered by creating a new material which proved that leather *could* be surpassed. And that substance was Neōlin.

That invention, not unnaturally, meant much to us. And yet, what problems its coming raised! Here was what well might be the shoe-sole of the future.

Yet here, too, was that whose very possibilities necessitated a factory greatly planned, the production of literal armies of machines, the conscription of vast financial resources.

And these things were to be balanced against—what?

—Against acceptance by manufacturers to whom leather was at once a criterion and a custom.

—Against acceptance by a public slow to move but through the path of habit.

Yet, we believed in Neōlin Soles.

And Belief answered.

So became possible the investment of two millions of dollars in this great Neōlin structure and that which is housed within it.

So 400,000 feet of floor space spanned out into a jungled might of machinery—invented to fashion this new material.

So thousands of skilled operatives came, that Neōlin would be what we visioned: wear-hard, yet flexible; waterproof, yet grip-sure and modern looking.

So, in a quick, few months arose this new, industrial palace of Aladdin—the equal of the great Goodyear plant itself as it was three years ago. Capable of producing *now* 75,000 pairs of Neōlin Soles daily. And which, by July 1st, will make each day 100,000 pairs.

May we not admit a pardonable pride in Neōlin as we view in concrete what yesterday was but the "stuff of dreams"?

May we not view the stern perspectives of this building as a monument to our belief in an Idea?

May we not feel humanly gratified that the millions who wear Neōlin Soles are proving their virtues each walking day?

They believe in Neōlin.

You, too, will believe in Neōlin.

* * *

Neōlin Soles are modern, synthetic shoe-soles. Their wear is remarkable. While loyal and enduring in lasting qualities, they are distinctly modern looking.

They are flexible, and easy to the feet. They are waterproof. They are step-sure and grip-ground. They need no breaking in. They will not scratch floors or furniture. They are always the same on any price of shoe.

In black, white, tan. In grown-ups' and children's sizes.

To avoid imitations, *mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory—Neōlin

—the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

FIRST and LAST WORD in CHICAGO'S TAVERN SERVICE

An interesting glimpse of Chicago's history is afforded by these contrasting pictures.

Both famous inns embody hospitality. The one, all the quaint simplicity of an early day; the other, 20th century hospitality in its finest interpretation.

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

Service ideals have progressed until, in this great home for travelers, is found every comfort combined with elegance; all the extras of modern equipment with the "Golden Rule" in service.

Hotel La Salle is centrally located in a neighborhood famous in past tradition and present progress.

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO

Ernest J. Stevens, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr.*

The only hotel in Chicago maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on every floor

RATES

One person *Per day*
Room with detached bath . . $3 and $3.50
Room with private bath . . $3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons *Per day*
Room with detached bath . . $3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—
Double room . . $5 to $8
Single room with private bath . . $4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath
Two persons . . $5 to $8
Three persons . . $6 to $9
Four persons . . $7 to $12
Suite of parlor, bedroom and private bath . . $7 and upward

THE CONSTABLE OF COPPER SKY

(Continued from Page 11

And now the other faces went white.

"In the back room of Judge Navlett's office, Sim," admitted Dad Tolliver remorsefully. "We never once remembered that Kelley's pile was locked in the safe in the next room! We—we——"

"Why don't you go on and admit it all?" sneered the old trailer. "You were all drunk—that's what was the matter with you!"

Sim left the table and the company followed him into the street, leaving the boy and girl weeping together beneath the white bell that was to have hung above their wedding feast.

An excited crowd surged about Judge Navlett's office. Inside the building, interest centered upon the battered old safe, which stood open, with papers littering the floor all about it.

"We've just sent a man to the telegraph office," said Judge Navlett. "We're telegraphing all over the country, giving the description of the man; for undoubtedly it was he. I—I'm afraid Copper Sky was very lax yesterday; very lax indeed."

The old man caressed his aching head with a trembling hand.

Suddenly the messenger dashed back into the room.

"I didn't send the messages after all, Judge!" he panted. "They have caught our man already, and he's in the calaboose down at Cactus Center. There can't be any mistake—V-shaped scar on his chin; patch of white——"

"How about the money?" yelled a dozen voices at once. "Did he have the money with him?"

"No; they didn't get the money," said the messenger. "I asked 'em that; but the operator said he hadn't time to tell us more right now. Said we'd find it all in the Cactus Center Times when the train comes in to-day."

"Ain't it like Cactus Center?" sneered an indignant voice. "No time! It was a jab at Copper Sky; they wanted us to know they didn't consider our anxiety worth their notice."

About noon the train came in. And the county seat's newspaper, a crazy sheet that was the pride of Cactus Center and an object of jealous loathing on the part of Copper Sky, was torn open feverishly in Johnny Eisinger's place, where the crowd was now assembled. Dad Tolliver read from it, standing upon a chair so that all might benefit impartially.

"About midnight," he read, "a man got into a fight with the bartender in the Sandstorm Saloon.

"Our efficient constable, Red Ochiltree, promptly arrested the stranger and put him in jail, where he now awaits trial on the charges of disorderly conduct, drunkenness, assault with intent to kill, and resisting an officer.

"However, he is likely to face a more serious charge later on. Early this morning a wire came from Copper Sky stating that twelve thousand dollars in gold had been stolen from that little village; and the description it gave of the suspected thief tallied exactly with that of the stranger who was arrested in the Sandstorm.

"A heavy gun and a wicked knife were taken from the person of the suspect; but no money. However, the officials are confident that at the forthcoming trial they will be able to wring from the prisoner the whereabouts of the concealed treasure always supposing that Copper Sky really had that much and really lost it."

An excited buzz of conversation followed the reading of the article; but it hushed suddenly when Old Dad held up his hand.

"Listen!" said the old man. "Here's another article. It's headed: Copper Sky's Big Jag."

And then he read a facetious screed that turned Copper Sky's milk of human kindness to wormwood and gall, and planted a barbed arrow a foot deep in Old Sim Yaples' writhing soul.

"Yesterday," the article read, "Copper Sky held an election. It was a weird affair! When the citizens of that funny little bunch of shacks sobered up this morning they found that for constable they had elected the Village Drunk; and that somebody had stolen everything they owned, from the bartender's bungstarter to the key of the new calaboose——"

Sim Yaples did not wait to hear the end of the humorous screed. He stumbled from the saloon door and headed straight toward Cactus Center. An old Indian trailer again, all the emotions of the last two days had crystallized into a fierce thirst for blood. He passed the new calaboose and turned his face aside. Half loping, he slipped like a coyote into the brush that encircled the town, walking on his toes and crooning wickedly to himself:

"Bury me to-morrow where the lily blossoms spring
Underneath the willows, while the little robins sing.
You will yearn to see me—but ah, nevermore you shall—
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal."

IV

THE county seat's jail, unlike the proud structure in Copper Sky, stood down in the darkest portion of town and in an isolated spot a block from the main thoroughfare. A sort of pariah it seemed, from which all the other buildings drew in their skirts and held virtuously aloof. The human element apparently shared the sentiment; for no one moved in the vicinity of the squat, square building with the heavy barred door. A block away, sure of his prisoner, locked in that massive structure, Red Ochiltree, Constable of Cactus Center, slept noisily and with abandon. It was the uncertain hour halfway between midnight and the break of day.

Old Sim Yaples slid out of the shadows and stood contemplating the unhandsome front of the jail. For an hour he had been haunting the dark places about town; but, of course, everybody was asleep and he saw no one. Gradually the black vindictiveness cleared from his brain and it suddenly came to him that there remained to him

Continued on Page 56

From His Disadvantageous Position Upon the Floor the Old Trailer Cursed in Spanish and Piute and Plains English of the Days of Kit Carson

The Maxwell Cabriolet

$865

FOR professional men and salesmen; for social events as well as general business occasions, the Maxwell Cabriolet provides warm and comfortable transportation.

Especially in unpleasant weather, when protection is desired against cold, rain, snow and wind, this closed car is most useful.

And in favorable weather the glass windows can be dropped into the doors and the top folded back, resulting in a very attractive, open roadster body.

Thus the Maxwell Cabriolet possesses the advantage of two bodies—combined, of course, with the features of economy, comfort and endurance for which the Maxwell chassis has always stood.

Dealers are urged to provide themselves immediately with an adequate number of these cars in order to participate in the large and growing demand for them.

Roadster $620; Touring Car $635; Town Car $915; Sedan $985, completely equipped including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.
Canadian prices: Roadster $870; Touring Car $890, f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

Maxwell

Motor Company, Inc.-Detroit, Mich.

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

JUST a touch here and there—and bedrooms, halls, walls—all places are transformed. Acme Quality Paints are always dependable—always the best for the purpose for which they are recommended.

The "Acme Quality Painting Guide Book" and our smaller booklet, "Home Decorating," instruct you in the correct paints, colors and quantities to use for every painting purpose. Both books are *free* on request. If your dealer cannot supply them, write to us.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q Detroit, Michigan

Boston	St. Louis	Toledo	Fort Worth	Lincoln	Portland
Chicago	Pittsburg	Nashville	Dallas	Salt Lake City	San Francisco
Minneapolis	Cincinnati	Birmingham	Topeka	Spokane	Los Angeles

Have an Acme Quality Shelf

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

(Continued from Page 54)

a still pleasanter way to rip the skin off Cactus Center and spill its warm blood all over the place.

A long time the old man stood there motionless, uncanny as a yellow-faced ghost, listening and watching. Then he stole up to the jail door and inserted his key into the lock. He twisted it and grinned with satisfaction when the sullen click told that the lock had responded. He put his shoulder to the door and shoved it ajar. Then he melted back into the darkness.

At the first rasp of the key the prisoner had sprung to his feet, every nerve quivering. The effects of his spree, begun so inauspiciously in Copper Sky and winding up so disastrously in Cactus Center, were wearing off, and he was feeling shaken and nervous. All night he had been busy trying the walls, but without a ray of hope to reward his industry; then ——

A click of the lock! The iron door swung open. But no one appeared. At first the man thought he must have dreamed it; but no, across the desert he could see a thin crescent of a moon and the song of a Mexican whippoorwill came to him quite distinctly. A block or two away a freight engine snorted and steamed up and down, and occasionally cars bumped noisily together, sounding loud in the stillness of the night. A slow breeze came in and invited him out.

He advanced stealthily. The door was indeed open! But why? He had no friends here—no acquaintances, even. Had some Good Samaritan opened the door out of pity? His mind was blurred. No matter; the door was open and he yearned to get out.

But with the same instinct that leads a wild thing to fear a mystery the man approached the door, fearing a trap. Then he grinned to himself. A trap! Wasn't he already trapped as badly as he possibly could be? He slipped through the doorway and ran swiftly from the place. With the feeling of the sand beneath his feet, his incredulity vanished. He was free! But the mystery remained.

Like a part of the night itself, the man doubled in and out of the shadows and made for the brush at the outer edge of town. Here he turned and worked cautiously over to the railroad track. The freight train had finished its switching and was made up for the journey onward toward the north. As the man reached the edge of the right of way the engine clanked past him. Twenty or thirty box cars rattled after; and then came a series of jolts and the train came to a standstill, with the engine beside the water tank up the track.

The man waiting in the edge of the brush moved swiftly to a pile of old ties, and, stooping, lifted aside a couple of the timbers. From under them he pulled a heavy object. It was indeed heavy, for he grunted when he swung it up on his shoulder and moved nearer to an empty box car, whose dark open doorway yawned opposite him. After looking carefully up and down, he boosted his burden in through the open doorway. It met the floor with a rich, subdued chinking sound. Another stealthy look up and down and the man followed his burden into the dark interior.

From his own position out in the brush Old Sim Yaples made a short detour and crawled under the train a few car lengths to the rear. Stealing carefully forward on the other side, he noted with satisfaction that on that side the door of the ex-prisoner's car was locked hard and fast. He went on past the car and crawled back. As he did this there was a clang and a rattle of chains up at the tank, and a splash of escaped water as the dripping spout was flung back. A moment later the long train was again in motion, headed toward Copper Sky.

Old Sim gazed earnestly at the blackness of the open doorway as it passed him. Nothing moved. As the rear end of the car went by he caught the ladder and swung himself up between the two cars. It was a most uncomfortable position, but the old man clung.

The long train gathered momentum and went swaying and bumping across the wide desert, through the wilderness of greasewood and yucca palms, the disreputable bald head of Old Sim Yaples peering round the corner of the mysterious car, swaying and bumping with the train, but never for a moment losing sight of the blackness of the open doorway ahead.

Once inside the car, the outlaw had fallen immediately asleep. He had been subjected to a long nervous strain; and now that he felt reasonably safe, he relaxed. He woke when the train jolted to a standstill and wondered what station it was.

"Hey! Come out of there!"

A particularly disagreeable voice it was. Rage and disgust filled the soul of the tired man, hidden back in the darkness of the car. A brakeman, of course! He had heard them before. Moreover, they had thrown coal at him and cursed him, even as this voice was beginning to curse; and he wished the whole tribe of brakemen might be in the deepest part of the sea for all eternity.

"You can't fool me—I saw you go in there!" went on the cracked voice. "Are you coming—or will I have to crawl in there and beat you up into a sausage?"

Again the voice trailed off into weird profanity; and the man rose, with a heartfelt objurgation. He had no gun, of course; they had taken that from him at the jail.

"I'm coming!" he growled sullenly.

He heaved up his pack and set it in the car's doorway. Below him was a small figure, seen indistinctly in the darkness. His first impulse was to jump straight at the figure and bear it to the earth, trusting to his ability to bring things to a successful issue in a man-to-man affair.

In the same instant, however, he foresaw more serious trouble; for how did he know there wasn't another brakeman, or even two of them, upon the car directly above his head? He jumped down from the car; his hat fell off; a patch of white showed faintly in the uncertain light ——

Whump!

The heavy old revolver landed squarely and scientifically upon the patch of white hair. The man went to the ground like a sack of spuds. Old Sim snapped the cuffs upon his wrists and hurriedly dragged him back into the brush. The train was already in motion. The old man dashed after it and dragged the heavy buckskin bag from the car floor, exulting when he felt the weight of it. Then he took off his hat and mopped his bald head.

Far up the track the tail light of the caboose rocked away toward Tehachapi Pass. Over the town the first streaks of the new day were shooting upward from the east. Sim Yaples was back in Copper Sky—and no man had seen him go or come.

Copper Sky at first thought it was a lynching. Gunshots and bloodcurdling yells sounded from the direction of the Public Square. The first excited arrivals discovered Old Sim Yaples sitting upon a buckskin bag before the door of the new calaboose, a bottle in one hand and a barking gun in the other. Between yells he sang; and now it sounded like a pæan of victory:

"Plant a little stone above the little mound of sod;
Write: 'Here lies a lovin' and a busted heart, begod!
Nevermore you'll see him walkin' proudly with his gal—
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal.'"

Glaring through the grating above the little old villain's head was a rage-convulsed face, a V-shaped scar on its chin and a patch of white hair above the forehead, stained a new red.

Old Sim was too busy to explain. Nor would he allow anyone to touch the buckskin bag. With great difficulty he hoisted it to his shoulder and staggered away to the Palace Hotel dining room, where the smell of breakfast was in the air. Here he called loudly for Kelley Brines and Louie May. When the two young people came in he dropped the chinking buckskin bag heavily upon the table, under the white bell of wilting flowers.

"There she ish!" he announced with terrible dignity. "Present; complimentsh of Cons'able of Copper Sky! Gobblesh you, my chillern!"

Out of the swirl of excited memories which marked that day, Copper Sky never forgot that Louie May kissed Old Sim resoundingly. And Old Sim lifted up his voice and wept; for truly he was a disreputable old pagan, and he knew it. And, knowing this, he was touched and grateful when the gods brought him an unexpected gift from Paradise.

Such news travels swiftly. Within an hour the citizens of Cactus Center were in a turmoil. Following closely upon the shock of finding their jail forced, and their noted

prisoner gone, came an insulting wire from Copper Sky. It was a long message, addressed to the county seat through the Cactus Center Times; and it read:

"Early this morning Sim Yaples, once an old Indian trailer and now the highly efficient Constable of Copper Sky, brought in the robber who, night before last, broke open the safe of Judge Navlett and escaped with twelve thousand dollars in gold belonging to Mr. Kelley Briles, of this city. Constable Yaples not only captured the robber but secured every dollar of the missing gold as well.

"A laughable feature of the whole affair is the fact that our neighboring village of Cactus Center thought it had the robber! Such is the curse of rum!

"The robber will be tried before Judge Navlett, a jurist who is known all over California for his scrupulous honesty and judicial balance. Judge Navlett was elected Justice of the Peace at the recent election. Copper Sky feels proud of its Justice, and of its new constable, who has signalized his election by making such an important arrest."

When Cactus Center read this scandalous insult it had a fit. Then it had another one. Threatening recklessly, Red Ochiltree buckled on his revolver and ran for the northbound passenger train. Cactus Center watched him go and sent its prayers along. The honor of the county seat was in Red's hands.

When the northbound passenger train pulled into Copper Sky a howling mob saw Kelley Briles and his radiant bride aboard, to begin their wedding journey to San Francisco. The air was thick with rice and old shoes and the acrid smoke of many glad guns. In the express car the happy couple's fortune reposed safely under the key of the express company's strong box. In the excitement it was only after the train had disappeared into the greasewood that it was seen that Red Ochiltree had come on the smoker. He walked up to Old Sim Yaples, stuttering with rage.

"See here, Yaples!" he said. "The county seat sent me up here to find out something: What's this we hear about that Copper Sky robber?"

"Danged if I know!" said Old Sim, cutting off a chunk of tobacco and pinching it between his toothless gums. "What is it you hear, anyway?"

"Is—is it true that you've got him?"

"Of course!" Old Sim assured him readily. "Got all the money back too! Didn't you know that Copper Sky never fails to get what she goes after?"

Ochiltree did not speak for some moments. He was struggling for control of himself.

"Where did you get him?" he demanded finally.

Old Sim spat afar.

"That's the puzzle!" he agreed. "Where did we get him?"

Choking with fury, Ochiltree made a spasmodic movement toward the old trailer. His twitching hand dropped toward his revolver; then, caught by a hint of prudence, it twitched away again.

"Our jail was broken open!" he declared hoarsely. "Our prisoner was gone." His eyes dropped to Old Sim's feet. "And in the sand we found a moccasin track! It looks—it looks ——"

He hesitated. Old Sim ceased chewing and his red-rimmed lashless lids narrowed. His mummylike head was thrust slightly forward and his pale eyes regarded Ochiltree with the unwinking intentness of a waiting rattlesnake.

"Well," he suggested softly, "how does it look?"

Ochiltree came to himself and glanced about. An ominous silence had fallen upon the crowd of Copper Sky men.

"It—it looks—funny!" he concluded.

Old Sim chewed again and grinned like a tickled mummy.

"It sure does!" he again agreed cheerfully. "I'm laughin' myself sick over it."

Again Red Ochiltree looked about the circle of stern-faced Copper Sky warriors. The local freight, which had been sidetracked to allow the passage of the express, now pulled out on the main line and started bumping toward the south. Ochiltree turned and swung aboard the tail of the caboose. There really seemed nothing else for him to do. As he disappeared down the track he shook his fist in purple-faced fury at the grinning group of men.

"We'll remember this!" he yelled.

"You bet you will!" squalled Old Sim. "We won't ever let you forget it!"

And, adjusting his enormous badge of office cockily upon his chest, the old pagan padded away up the street, singing happily to himself:

"Sal, Sal,
My heart il broke to-day—
Broke in two forever when they laid you in the clay;
I would give creation to be walkin' with my gal—
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal."

Telling the Truth About Merchandise

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

I WAS a good reporter. Up and down State Street, which is newspaper row in D——, I was credited with a good news sense and a happy, human way of writing. For this and sundry other things that are of interest only to those who race with home editions, I was paid forty dollars a week by The Courier, with vague promises of a raise when things straightened out—a time that seemed to promise a very hazy, not to say indefinite, future. But all this was but preliminary to an early June morning when Sam Clark, city editor of the Courier and a very good friend, called me from out of the depths of a pile of morning clips to tell me that Jackson Snow wanted me in the Holy of Holies.

Twelve years before, Snow had purchased the Courier with a large mortgage and forty-five thousand dollars in cash, realized from the sale of his half interest in the Snow Tanneries to his brother Charles. He had brought up the circulation from a scant sixty-five thousand to well over the one hundred-thousand mark on a strict diet of facts.

Blunt, quick, he lived in an atmosphere of continual movement. Of his employees he had demanded but two things—the truth and enthusiasm. He was a power in D——, and I am going to be forever grateful for the opportunity he offered me that morning.

"Bought control of the Mammoth Store," he barked at me after I had seated myself in the tall straight-back chair that at all times stood in front of the walnut desk. "Start in Friday, as advertising manager—sixty-five dollars a week!"

"I never wrote a line of advertising in my life," I began.

"Just what I want. I don't want any advertising, I want ideas and truth and a lot of the Missouri attitude. You know, Mack, I have watched Cranston, Miller and half a dozen others grow wealthy on a capital of exaggeration and fraud. I picked out the Mammoth because it was no better and no worse than any of the rest. I am going to see if facts are as much appreciated in the mercantile business as in the newspaper world, and I pick you for the man to make the try. Look at the store as a story, muckrake it, laugh at it, fight it, but give us the truth."

Of course I took the job. But Friday, instead of finding me seated behind the wheel in the advertising office, found me parading the notion and glove aisles as Mr. McKenzie, the new floorwalker. I had decided on this method of making my initial appearance, because a preliminary scouting trip convinced me that, no matter how much I might yearn for truth and the higher realms of mercantile honor, if I didn't know the difference between percale and dress nets I was going to be nothing but a good deal of a Scotch ornament in my new office.

Notebook after notebook was crammed with interviews with clerks, porters, window

(Continued on Page 60)

Success Dresses the Part

Success isn't a matter of chance.

Heads of big businesses, bankers, physicians and lawyers who lead in their profession are men who worked hard while they were at the bottom—that's how they got to the top.

One of the earmarks of success—one of the things that always goes hand in hand with success is the careful way these successful men "*Dress the Part.*"

If you are one of the big successes you probably know and wear

ADLER-ROCHESTER Clothes

If you are on the way to success make the journey in clothes that will help you "*Dress the Part*"—ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES.

Send to-day to L. ADLER, BROS. & CO., *Rochester, N. Y., for a copy of the* ADLER-ROCHESTER STYLE BOOK *for Spring, 1917. It illustrates clothes that will be worn this year by successful men.*

VACUUM

How can Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Quality Tires be sold at prices of just ordinary tires?

Why are Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Quality Tires not found as standard equipment on new cars?

THE second question effectively answers the first. So keenly competitive has price making become in the automobile industry that every dollar counts.

The automobile manufacturer therefore cannot be expected to offer Vacuum Cup Tires as regular equipment because the Pennsylvania Rubber Company make no special large contract price inducements. To the contrary, their policy is to give *actual user buyers* the full benefit of all price concessions.

Vacuum Cup Tires are made to typify the ideals of their makers—to give users at all times the highest possible quality and the longest, safest, lowest-cost service.

For practically the same price you would pay for ordinary tires sold on a 3,500 mile basis, you can now buy Vacuum Cup Tires with a *guaranteed* service—per warranty tag attached to each casing—of

6,000 Miles

How the cups operate to prevent skidding with no resistance to forward speed.

CUP TIRES

A RECKLESS chauffeur, that, you say. *No.*

Ought to lose his license. *No.*

Just blind luck that his tires held the pavement. Just a foot and— *Nonsense!*

Careless driving just the same. Yes—*but only careless in the sense that the driver and those he pilots need have no care as to their safety.*

The massive cup-shaped projections on the tires of that car are *Vacuum Cups* and *cannot skid*—they're *guaranteed* on wet, slippery pavements. The cups *hold* the pavement with a *suction grip*.

Retards the speed? Not a bit. The forward rolling of the wheel automatically releases each cup by gently raising it edgewise and releasing the vacuum hold.

The non-skid efficacy of the Vacuum Cup Tread is absolutely complete. It reduces to actual practice through the heavy thick-lipped Vacuum Cups the suction principle of skid-prevention. If they do not convince you, they are returnable at full purchase price, after reasonable trial.

Moving Picture of Actual Vacuum Cup Non-skid Test

Pittsburgh, Nov. 20, 1916.

Pennsylvania Rubber Company,
Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen:

Our driver, J. W. Porter, reports that on November 20, 1916, rain had made the streets dangerous. With Vacuum Cup Tires on all wheels and three passengers in the limousine, Porter drove his car around a sharp corner made by two intersecting streets just back of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club at a speed of twenty five miles an hour. Porter and the occupants state there was not the least sign of skidding as the cups held the car as firmly to the wet pavement as if the street had been dry.

A moving picture of this test was taken and it conclusively demonstrates our statements even though they may seem somewhat unusual to those who do not know and appreciate Vacuum Cup Tires the way we do.

Yours very truly,

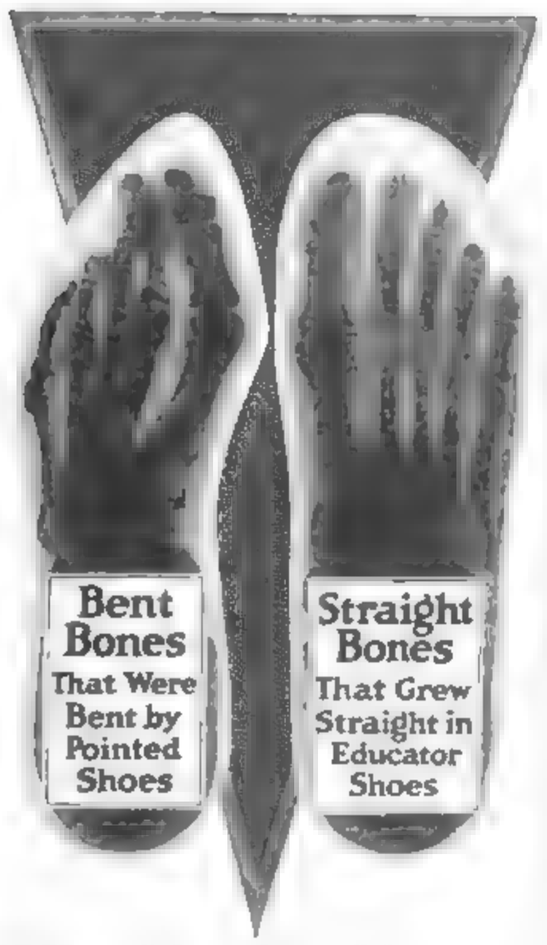
PITTSBURGH TAXICAB COMPANY
John W. Weibley, President

Direct reproduction of moving picture of Pittsburgh taxicab rounding wet, slippery corner at 25 miles an hour.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada



Why Not be *Honest* With Your Feet?

WHY expect them to serve you faithfully when you cramp them into narrow, pinching shoes which cause corns—bunions—flat-foot—ingrown nails—callouses, etc.?

Treat your feet *right*, and they'll treat you right. Put them into comfortable Educator Shoes, built by scientists to give the feet the comfort they need, and your foot-troubles will be relieved or abolished.

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get the *whole family* Educators—*today*. They all deserve a chance to have happy feet.

But to be *certain* you're getting *Educators*, you must be sure to look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. It guarantees the correct orthopaedic Educator shape that "lets the feet grow as they should."

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is an interesting booklet full of startling information about the feet. Vital facts by orthopaedic experts. Send for a copy today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
14 High Street Boston, Mass.
Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men; Mayfairs for Women

Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE

(Continued from Page 57)

trimmers, the educational director. Night after night went by while I probed the daily sales slips of the past year that Snow obtained for me. I compared them with each day's advertising. I talked with customers who stopped in my aisles, I chatted with salesmen who sold merchandise to the house—even an idle stenographer reading the daily record of marriage licenses furnished an idea that was later to increase the yearly sales by over ten thousand dollars.

At this time the Mammoth Store was doing a business of approximately five million dollars a year and was paying dividends of nine per cent. It was big business—a big story. I left the advertising department strictly alone and studied Mammoth advertising only incidentally, for I wasn't to write advertising, the Mammoth variety at any rate.

After I analyzed my notes I discovered many interesting facts. For instance, I found that merchandise offered at decided reductions did not sell nearly so well when advertised in the morning papers as when offered in the evening dailies. I learned that advertising in the evening newspapers, on the contrary, did not sell the new and more expensive merchandise, such as imported wraps, gowns, lingerie and period furniture, nearly so well as advertising in the morning papers.

It was also evident that men, in buying their own apparel and furnishings, select noisier and more conspicuous things for themselves than would their wives or sisters, and that they make sixty-five per cent of their purchases on Saturday.

When Two Quarts are Not Two

In the Mammoth Store the average woman will refuse to buy five-dollar hats at fifty cents, but she will buy the same hats in great numbers when marked at $3.89. Moreover, the lowliest clerk is the greatest single factor in a store's success. And it isn't cleverness or easy speech that makes a good salesman. Faith and belief in the merchandise offered sell more merchandise than any amount of blarney.

The day after I handed in my resignation as floor walker, accompanied by two carpenters I advanced on my new position to find the entire staff assembled to greet me—Miss M——, who wrote the women's wear copy; Hawkins, who cared for men's clothing and furnishings as well as the furniture department; Miss W——, a prim young woman who handled proofs; and Milton, an office boy who might have stepped out of a comic supplement. All were of the old régime and viewed with frosty skepticism the advent of the literary floorwalker.

Polite greetings turned to protests, however, when both carpenters promptly started to rip out the partitions that gave each a little private office in which to sit and woo the muse. Protests turned to open revolt when a big horseshoe city desk went into the center of the room. I placed my chair in the center and asked the rest to bring their chairs and group about the outer side. The advertising office of the Mammoth Store had given way to the editorial rooms of the Mammoth Store News.

Heretofore all advertising copy had been written from yellow slips supplied by the different buyers and, as the majority of buyers were gifted with a purchasing rather than a literary sense, it was often hard to dig beneath the tons of adjectives, the mildest of which were "wonderful" and "great." When a member of the advertising department wanted an ad, he or she formerly reached for the nearest telephone and called for it, much after the fashion of ringing for ice water in a hotel. But who ever heard of a newspaper ordering news? The yellow slips were promptly discarded and we started out to hunt and search for the kind of advertising we wanted.

An assignment card came into existence. Miss M——, instead of sitting quietly at her desk all day, found that promptly upon her arrival in the morning she was to see Mr. Morse, the cloak buyer, and get a good story about the new fall suits; Hawkins was assigned to cover the men's suit sale and to bring in a top head yarn, and so on down the list. With the first day's assignments out of the way, the head of the receiving room was called in to help me put in force my first beat.

Now, on every well-regulated newspaper there are a half dozen men who cover news beats—places such as police stations, courts, Federal offices, hotels and other places where news is regular and liable to break at any time. I gave the receiving chief the beat in his department.

"Every time a shipment of new goods reaches the house I want you to fill out a small slip and tell me just what it is and what buyer ordered it," I told him.

I figured this would make it possible for me to know the new things that were arriving daily, without waiting five or six days for some buyer to remember that he might just as well advertise them. I wasn't going to let any other store scoop the Mammoth news by advertising some desirable new article first. Before I had sent the staff out for their first stories that morning I had fixed half past twelve as home-edition time, when all copy must be in for the day.

Hawkins arrived first with a story of men's twenty-five-dollar suits to be sold at $18.75.

"Of course there is no doubt that these suits are really twenty-five-dollar values?" I queried.

"Well, I'll tell you," confided Hawkins: "Goldman bought them as a factory close-out—mostly all small sizes. Sure! They would sell at twenty-five dollars if all the sizes and models were represented."

"How about the other sizes?" I asked.

"Oh, he filled those out with suits from his regular twenty-dollar line."

"Then rewrite your story and say so!"

A few days later a letter from a down-state mail-order customer gave me a chance to introduce my old friend Truth to the housewares section. In the letter the woman, who was an old and desirable customer, complained that a two-quart saucepan which she had purchased at a recent sale was short measure and that as a consequence a new recipe which she was trying failed very miserably.

Without a word to the buyer, a sample of every household utensil offered in that sale was quietly brought to the advertising office and the entire staff spent a busy hour testing the various pieces with certified measures. It was discovered that twelve out of nineteen pieces held nearly three-quarters of a cup less than the advertised two quarts.

Then a little call was made on the buyer, who cheerfully acknowledged that the measures did run a trifle short, but the manufacturer had sold them at a special price as a consequence. He didn't think there was anything wrong in calling them two-quart measures. "They looked it, didn't they?" Later a quiet talk in the executive office changed his views.

However, all these little things that were gradually changing the advertising policy of the store left their sting. Buyer after buyer went to the executive office and demanded that the old order be returned. They declared that the business would never stand the strain against the free-and-easy statements and advertising of competing stores. With the exception of perhaps a dozen of the eighty-seven buyers, all were convinced that the store was undergoing a moral dose of sulphur and molasses that was going to leave the patient weaker than ever.

Opposition finally crystallized at one of the weekly buyers' meetings about one month after the inauguration of the new policies. The word had been passed about that Filkens, the shoe buyer, was going to make it interesting. And he did.

The Fate of Filkens' Ultimatum

There was a hush of anticipation as Filkens stood up after the routine of the meeting had been disposed of and asked permission of Mr. Critchfield to say a few words. Filkens came loaded for bear. In one hand he had a copy of a recent advertisement in which the advertising department had deleted the comparative prices four and five dollars and merely had said that the shoes were good value at $2 89.

He produced letters from several large shoe manufacturers, who apparently had been asked to tell what the shoes would cost the manufacturer on to-day's soaring leather market. All agreed that the shoes could not be manufactured for less than from $3.50 to $3.85, making the retail value from five dollars to six dollars.

Everyone present felt that at last the literary floorwalker had come a very large and annoying cropper. Filkens then called upon the advertising department to run the advertisement the next day with the comparative prices he had first quoted. It amounted to an ultimatum.

I was totally unprepared, but I remembered why the first figures had been deleted. It was not because the values were high but because the styles were several years old and we felt certain that any woman who wanted a pair of shoes and had five dollars in cash to spend would never purchase the shoes in question, even if the leather was worth twice ten dollars. I stood up.

"Men," I said, "I won't argue with Filkens, but if he will send for a pair of the shoes to be advertised and a pair that he carries in stock and sells regularly at five dollars, I will give you a little demonstration of just why those prices were deleted."

Mr. Filkens would send and did.

With the shoes placed on a table, with the buyers grouped about, a clerk from a nearby department was called in.

"Here are two pairs of shoes," I told her. "Now if you had five dollars and needed a pair of shoes, which pair of shoes would you select if both pairs were priced at five dollars?"

It took but a few moments for the girl to select the pair that sold regularly for five dollars. Four successive clerks likewise preferred the regular five-dollar shoes.

Truth Better Than Fiction

I had never made a speech in my life, but the time had come, so I stood up again.

"The advertising department is under fire," I began. "The truth of our advertising has been questioned. It has been charged with bearing inflated claims and with misrepresenting merchandise. How much truth there has been in the charge doesn't concern us now. 'Let the dead Past bury its dead.' We will not underwrite the honesty of the whole store, but if the judgment of the department manager is so warped by his enthusiasm and desire for sales that he cannot tell the truth about his merchandise, it is beyond the province of the advertising department to change him. That was the duty of his parents and his Sunday-school teacher, and if they have been remiss it is an oversight that we do not quite feel it our duty to correct."

I was well under way and my Scotch blood sent a flood of words to my tongue.

"The reason this point is made is that the advertising department has, in the past, depended in the main for its information upon the statements made by department managers and, although in the majority of cases it has received authentic information, in some instances it has received downright lies. I say 'lies' with a thorough understanding of the meaning of the word. You can't gild a misstatement of facts by calling it advertising enthusiasm. When a woman, whose confidence in the Mammoth Store has been carefully nurtured through years of honest dealing, is misled into buying merchandise that is not up to the Mammoth standard, she does not hesitate to state in plain terms that our advertising lies and that the store lies.

"We will not underwrite the honesty of this store, but we will underwrite the honesty of all advertising that goes out under the signature of the Mammoth Store. Regardless of whether the advertising has pep, originality or pulling power, it will have the truth. And here is the way we are going to guarantee the truth of the advertising: The burden of proof as to comparative values will lie with the department manager, and no comparative values will be used unless definite proof is made to the advertising department that the comparative prices are genuine.

"Hereafter the advertising department will promptly sever diplomatic relations with the department that tries by any means to put through a fraudulent value. And the severance of diplomatic relations means that the department so cut off must establish beyond question its honesty of purpose before it can again be carried in the advertising columns of the Mammoth Store.

"In a nutshell, from now on we are going to look at this store as the customer looks at it and not as we want the customer to look at it. I want your coöperation. I know you are doubtful of my method, because you feel that it gives competition an unfair advantage.

"Coöperate all you can, give our brand of advertising a chance for six months, and if in that time business has not shown a substantial increase you may have my resignation. What do you say?"

Corbin, the linen buyer, and one of the few men who really believed in the new order of things, started the ball with a

(Concluded on Page 62)

GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized Series LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use

"Let's scrap our belting specification," said the Master Mechanic

The Purchasing Agent was startled. "Why?" he asked.

"It doesn't protect us," replied the M. M. "We buy lots of belting for First Quality that proves to be mixed with seconds and shoulder. We can't test every roll—and you know mighty well there's nobody in this shop wise enough to detect skillfully mixed belting."

"What'll we do?" inquired the P. A.

"I'd advise that we adopt the Graton & Knight Standardized Series as our own belting standards. They're the largest belt makers in the world—been 66 years developing and classifying their Series of Brands, until it covers every possible belt need. And the individual Brands run absolutely uniform—I've used enough to know that."

"How does it work?"—the Purchasing Agent was interested.

"You simply get a set of the Graton & Knight Standardized Belts as recommended for our needs, with the official description of each. Then when you need a belt, you select the brand that's right for the job—get bids on that or equal. Thus you make *actual service* the basis for comparison—not just a written specification."

"I'll go you, Joe," cried the P. A. "If there's one thing I've always wanted to standardize, it is our belting—but I haven't known how to go about it. I'll have the Graton & Knight salesman come and tell us how to do it. Be sure you're there, Joe."

* * *

Are YOU buying belts on discount—or on performance?

Do you KNOW when your specification is met—or do you take a chance?

The only way to be sure of belting is to have a simple, safe and trustworthy set of real belting standards to go by. Graton & Knight Standardized Series furnishes this.

Write today for the Graton & Knight Belting Book—or have the nearest Graton & Knight representative call on you.

The Graton & Knight Mfg. Company

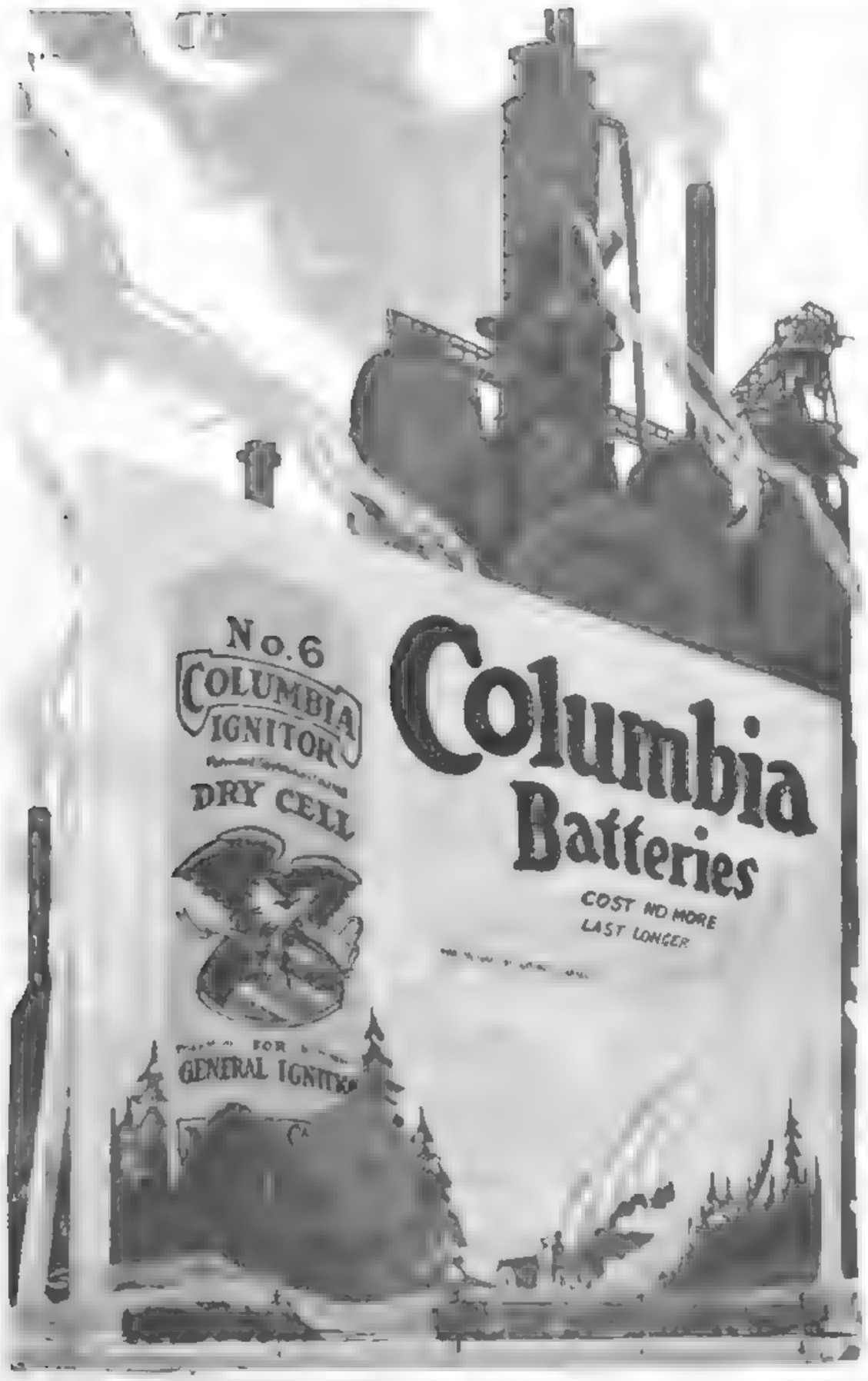
Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting, Leather Packing, Leather Sundries and Specialties, Counters and Soles

Worcester, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

GRATON & KNIGHT

The illustration shows a 16-inch Graton & Knight Nigger Head Drive Bird & Son, East Walpole, Mass.



What you want from your dry cells is *uniformity* of service—alike today, tomorrow, always! Buy Columbias *by name* and you'll get the same fresh, lively battery *every time*.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada: Columbia Batteries are made and sold by National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no extra charge

Columbia
Batteries

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mighty "Yes," and the majority of the others followed suit in a straggling chorus.

The next step meant another change that would have aroused fresh antagonism if the hands-off policy, with its attendant watchful waiting, had not been inaugurated. During the first weeks of the Mammoth Store News no attempt had been made to change the form of advertising, beyond the elimination of all exaggeration. Now the little green notebook came out to help. No longer were new pieces of Chippendale advertised in the sensational evening paper, no longer did news of fifteen-cent percales at nine cents a yard go into the staid, conservative morning paper. And the furniture and wash-goods sections both felt the results immediately.

Miss M——, instead of writing "Women's Coats at $27.50" as a heading for a coat advertisement, wrote "Your New Coat Must Be Trimmed With Fur!" Instead of the humdrum description of models and colors her introduction was a breezy story that told of the increasing tendency of the great designers, Lanvrin, Jenny and the rest, to use fur in every possible way. Then followed a short, easily assimilated description of several models, and in many cases the price was the last thing mentioned. It was news.

The women of D—— liked to know the new ideas that were being applied to the things they wore. They liked to have them told in a human-interest way. It was advertising, but advertising that carried information every woman wanted, regardless of whether or not she needed a suit or a new coat at the particular time. Of course in season-end and special sales the price reductions and choice values to be obtained were featured.

Hawkins carried the men's-wear section and wrote short, snappy paragraphs about the scarcity of woolen dyes, the necessity of being sure of the clothes that were bought, with the entire idea tied up to the dependability of Mammoth clothes.

Big figures were eliminated, black type was taboo, the pictures carried an interest of their own, aside from their value as an illustration of the article they were advertising. The Mammoth Store advertising became a quiet, easy page that was interesting and readable. It stood out, like a pink shirt at a minister's conference, against the shouting pages of competing houses.

One day the general manager, passing through the store, overheard a customer ask a clerk for the veilings advertised at forty-nine cents a yard.

"Just a moment until I ask the head of stock," said the girl.

The woman got the veiling, but it brought home to the general manager the necessity of bringing the advertising closer to the people who sold the merchandise over the counter. For if this clerk did not know what was being offered in her own department, she certainly would not be able to tell a customer anything about the merchandise that was being offered in other departments. If she had read the advertisement that appeared that day she would have been able not only to supply the veiling immediately, but to suggest that the millinery section on the third floor was offering some new hats, at special prices for that particular day, that would match the veiling very nicely.

Errors and Rewards

The problem was solved after this fashion: Several days later notices were posted in the employees' locker and rest rooms that, beginning the next day, the Mammoth Store would offer one dollar reward to any employee of the store who found any exaggeration or mistake of any kind in the daily advertising—mistakes not only as to prices and spelling but as to typographical errors as well. If taffeta silk was advertised as being thirty-five inches wide, and the clerk knew it to be but thirty-four inches, she had but to fill out a slip and hand a claim to the advertising department for verification, in order to collect her dollar. Red tape was eliminated as much as possible and the reward was paid the same day if possible.

If the error was one of English or typography the advertising department was charged with the dollar. If the mistake was not caught by the buyer when reading proofs, his department was charged with the loss. During the first year five hundred and seventy-six dollars was paid in rewards, but it brought one-thousand-per-cent returns in better-informed salespeople—no longer did clerks inquire about specials in their departments. Mary Jones knew not only what veilings were being advertised but all about the sale of blue-enameled kitchen utensils on the seventh floor. Buyers were more careful in correcting proofs. Mistakes in daily advertising for the first month alone dropped from sixty-seven to thirty-four

The next step added a new division to the advertising department as the result of the episode of the stenographer and the marriage licenses. The credit department of the Mammoth Store, though highly efficient, was inclined to be very conservative, with the result that it showed a very gratifying absence of losses, and also a very slow growth of new accounts. During the past year eight hundred new accounts had been added to the sixteen thousand active accounts on the books.

Under the new methods a stenographer, instead of idly reading over the marriage licenses each morning, now clips the list from the paper and has the credit department quietly investigate each particular case. If the investigation shows the people to be reliable, the groom to be receives a letter from the Mammoth Store informing him that an account has been opened in his name in the Mammoth Store and inviting him to make use of it at all times.

Later the idea was enlarged to cover such new arrivals in D—— as were noted from time to time in the columns of the newspapers. About three out of four of the persons in whose names accounts had been opened made use of them. During the first eighteen months they purchased merchandise to the extent of eleven thousand dollars. This device made the credit department the best booster in the business.

It Pays to Tell the Truth

Though Friday had always been considered a good day by the retailers of D—— no effort had ever been made to encourage local women to associate Friday with bargains as they associated Monday with washing. Why Friday, rather than any other day of the week, should be considered a day for bargains we couldn't discover, but a survey made in representative sections of D—— disclosed the fact that ninety out of one hundred and seventy women picked Friday, forty of them chose Saturday, nineteen selected Monday, while the rest of them were scattered in their choice among the other days of the week.

"Why not cultivate this inclination?" I asked the buyers at the next weekly meeting.

Out of the discussion that arose Friday bargains were born. Each buyer must contribute two items of merchandise priced close to cost. Only seasonable, dependable merchandise was to be offered for sale. The advertising department described each item tersely and in vigorous word pictures. The articles were set about a large cut that ran through the advertisement. Cuts and headlines were all timely. The presidential election, the arrival of the Deutschland, Thanksgiving, and other timely bits of news furnished ideas that were coupled up with Friday specials.

The first Friday bargain day totaled nineteen thousand dollars as against eleven thousand dollars made on the same Friday of the preceding year. The next week totaled twenty-three thousand dollars Since then there have been several weeks in which sales exceeded thirty-five thousand dollars, but none ran under twenty thousand dollars. Other merchants, quick to realize the value of capitalizing this quirk of feminine psychology, after it had been pointed out to them, came into the fold with Friday items, Friday specials and many other such inviting headlines. The Friday papers took on an aspect totally foreign to their usual appearance.

As the six months drew to a close other ideas were inaugurated. The Mammoth Store News had become a real news page in every sense of the word. The yearly meeting was held shortly before the expiration of the six months. Jackson Snow handed out miniature balance sheets, showing an increase of one million, one hundred thousand dollars for the year, seven hundred thousand dollars of which were obtained during the last six months of the year. Jackson Snow was right—it pays to tell the truth.

KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES

ON THE LINEAGE *of a suit* OF CLOTHES

The production of Kirschbaum Clothes involves a process of sifting and gleaning, going straight back to their genesis in raw wool.

And in all the story from *title page* to *finis* not a blot—not a hidden chapter—not a page that is not illumined with a record of prowess and abiding care by spinner, weaver, designer or tailor!

The fabrics are woven of selected stock—and never once does the nimble shuttle shoot a strand of cotton across the warp of the cloth—nothing but *pure wool*, a-tingle with life and color.

The tailoring is done in our famous modern, sun-flooded clothing shops at the Sign of the Cherry Tree.

—where competence and painstaking direct every pair of shears, every flashing needle

—where, from the time the designer's chalk first touches the cloth until the silken label is attached, a wealth of clothes-making artistry is lavished upon each single and individual garment.

Here you have the authentic lineage of Kirschbaum Clothes now being shown for Spring and Summer 1917 by a merchant—usually the one in the ascendant—in almost every American city and town of retail importance.

A copy of our new book illustrating the authentic styles for Spring and Summer, and containing suggestions on the choice of clothes by "The Spectator," will be mailed you upon a postal request.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

Black Cat
Reinforced Hosiery

For Correct Attire

SUBSTANTIAL citizens of OUR TOWN believe in wearing the best. That is why you see so many with Black Cat Hose; distinguishable by even, well-woven surface; snug, elastic fit; clear, permanent dyes.

Black Cat provides for both sexes of all ages. It protects the infant's toddling steps—sees boys and girls through the play period, and for grown-ups comes in sheer, pure silk, fine of weave, comfortable and correct.

Back of the style and beauty of Black Cat Hosiery is always the watchword *DURABILITY*—the reinforcements of heel, sole, toe and top that give long life and lasting satisfaction.

Dealers who buy and sell on a basis of *VALUE* carry a full line of Black Cat Hosiery for men, women and children.

BLACK CAT TEXTILES COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

Cooper Reinforced Seam, Nearly Invisible Mend
Fully Made and Marked by Black Cat Textiles Company

MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 7)

He laid the manuscript gently down. . . . Pauline! . . . Pauline! . . . How he had worked with her! Heart and brain, how he had fought for her! . . . He couldn't help it; damn it, the tears would come. . . . Once he had inspired her—once he had taught her; that was all over. For a while his education and his man's experience had led her; but her technique had soon caught up with her creative talent. Yes; she had caught up with him, too, and passed him on the road. And now apparently she needed him no longer.

Well, even if he had lost her, or was apparently fast losing her, didn't that word "husband" mean at least that he had won her once? Lost! Why lost? Hadn't he lost cases before, in the lower courts, only to win them at last doggedly on appeal? Why, then, shouldn't he demand a retrial in this case, the greatest case of his life, and try to win her back again? But how? His mind began to seek back and forth furiously on the scent, as it often did downtown when he seemed to be beaten. How? How? Was a second romance ever possible between married lovers? Was it? Was it? It seemed absurd; yet the thought stimulated him.

How? How the devil—how? Gazing at the rows and rows of books that lined the walls, wandering, wondering, through "If only" and "There must be some way!" his fancy quested until—he had no idea how long he had been sitting there, scowling, chewing his cigar—he came briskly to himself, apostrophizing the shadowy Winged Victory with the savage exclamation: "Why not?"

Others had done it; why not he? Didn't they still come continually, come by dozens sometimes, those confounded letters, those friendly letters, foolish letters, fulsome, flattering, from unknown correspondents? How interestedly they had both read them at first, discussing the writers, analyzing the characters they revealed! How proud she still was of them too! He smiled. . . . Pauline at her desk, opening her letters complacently, sucking the last drop of praise from every one! . . .

Yes; and she would read his too. Perhaps, though, she might not answer it. A frown. But why not compel her to answer it? A smile of pride. He had invention—many had called him clever; couldn't he play on her curiosity, her passion for romance? After all, Pauline was still a woman, and he was still a man. What were men's wits for, anyway, but to conquer women? And his wits were supposed to be trained in practical psychology; why not prove them? And at least one sharp weapon was left to him; its name was Mystery.

By the Winged Victory of Samothrace, he'd do it! At that moment any woman would say and most men think that Lester Hope was handsome. There was a new strength in the gesture with which he tossed back his black hair. Had Pauline come in upon him at that moment —— But she did not come in.

Of course the letter would have to be typewritten to conceal his identity. A mere detail—that, of course, could be done next day at the office. Let's see: he would give for his address a new post-office box; and he would sign it—what? Long he studied before he chose—"John Irons." Long, long he reflected, more absorbed than ever he had been in a criminal case, smoking on, smoking on, before he had, lawyerwise, decided, with a new smile, upon Pauline's vulnerable point and where the line of least resistance to his flattery lay.

And so, crossing to the bookshelves to turn the pages of her novel thoughtfully, back to his desk with it, lost in his plan, scribbling furiously—walking the floor—sitting down finally to copy all carefully, deliberately, Lester Hope did not realize, until at midnight he heard the front door opening, that for two whole hours he had forgotten he was Mrs. Hope's Husband.

III

IT IS a fact, though some unmarried women may not know it, that trimming a mustache is one of the few small vanities a self-respecting man permits himself to practice before the mirror consciously, seriously and unashamed. Lester Hope, with puckered brow, was trimming his mustache. A knock—a knock at his wife's door. Eight-thirty-five. Ah, her breakfast—and her mail! Smiling, but a little excited, he laid down his scissors. The new trial had begun. Anxiously he awaited Pauline's opening for the defense.

It was not long, however, before her gay soprano—"Lester! Oh, Lester!" brought him strolling into her room, to find her ambushed in laces and ribbons in her four-poster, propped up luxuriously among the pillows. She was drinking her chocolate. Smiling consciously, he waited. Many, many were the witnesses he had cross-examined, and well he knew their carefully careless look. But this time that look was on his own face.

"Say, Lester," she began; "remember what fun we had about all the people who congratulated us on our engagement? Remember Quivin, Les?"

"Why, yes. Heard from Quivin?"

"No. But just think of his saying to you, that time: 'Well, I hope you'll get along well with her!' But that showed that Quivin didn't get along any too well with *his* wife, didn't it? And that snippy Nell Tremlett too!"

"Oh—heard from Nell?"

She shook her head with impatience.

"Don't you know, though, Nell said: 'Well, you'll find it very different, Pauline, after you're married!'—and that told her story. Why, your cousin Ned—no, I haven't heard from Ned, Lester; don't be so nervous!—he was the only one who was apparently happily married. 'Good for you, Les; it's the only way to live!' he said—remember?"

Watching her sharply, he nodded.

"Yes, of course; what of it?"

"Why, only this: each one of them was unconsciously expressing his subconscious mind," said Pauline decidedly. "According to modern psychology one's dominant traits must inevitably come out in one's talk or one's writing. A penurious person—isn't he always talking about money? And a vain person, of people's looks?"

"Yes, my dear." Lester smiled at his cigarette. "Also, the earth is round and slightly flattened at ——"

But his eyes were suddenly attracted by the yellow sheet with which she was now gesticulating. That squarish yellow sheet he had chosen purposely that he might recognize it at a glance.

"See here," she said; "I'd like your opinion of this. I think it's rather clever, myself. It's from one of my latest admirers." Bridling, she turned it over and looked at the signature. "'John Irons'—whoever he is. Listen to this, though: Tiny, small, delicate, wee, darling, diminutive, little—and so on. Look at that long list of words, will you? All taken, if you please, from one chapter of my novel. See? Friend Irons infers, from the tendency shown in that unconscious way, that I am fond of little things—toys, carvings and miniatures, and bibelots. Well—that's true enough. Why, he's deduced my whole character, in fact, from my vocabulary!"

Now, as she reread the letter, he wondered for a moment whether he had made any mistake that might have betrayed him. She was chuckling.

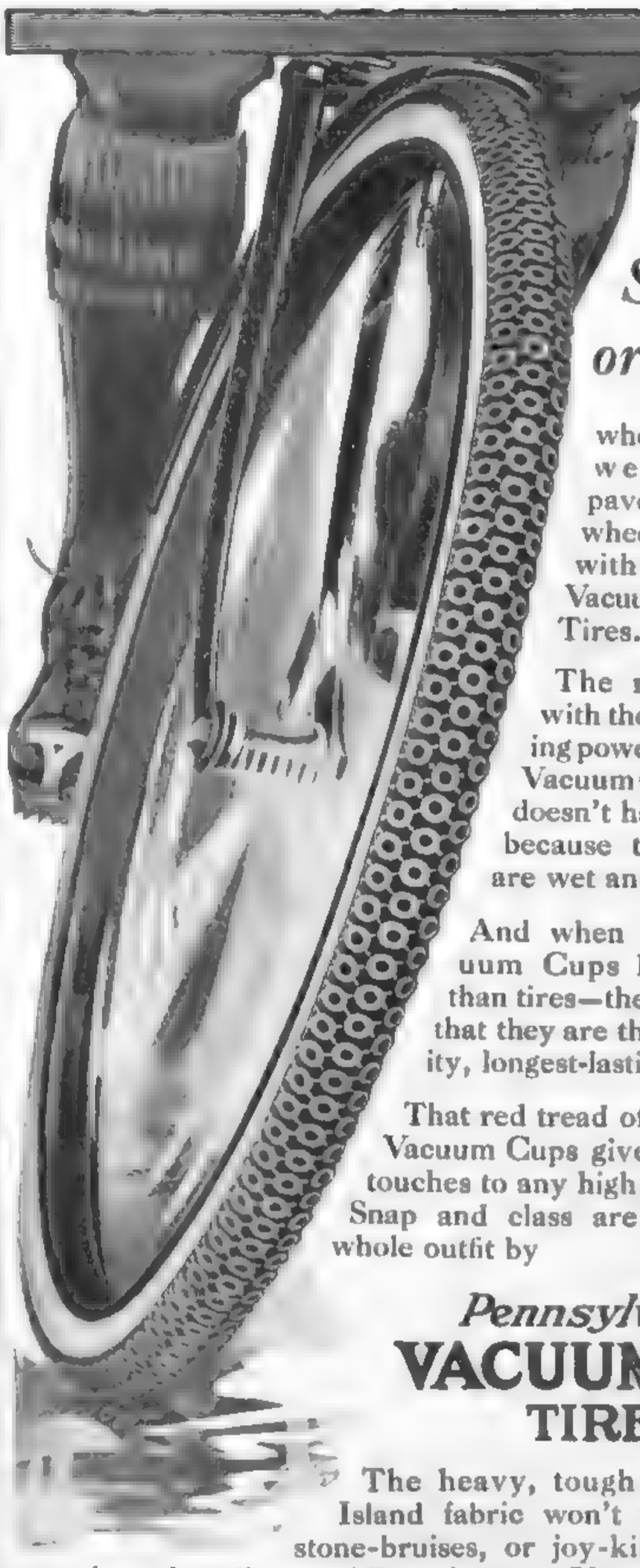
"'Dusky gold!'" she laughed. "Dusky gold! Yes, I remember I was rather pleased at that. 'Opalescent, sheen, velvety-bloom, smoky-red, virginal, gossamer, floaty, filmy, diaphanous'—look!—a whole procession of decorative words like that, marching right down the page. See? And here's what John says in conclusion. Are you listening, Lester? 'An almost pathetic love of beauty; you must have been deprived of pretty things when you were young.' That's right, too; I was, wasn't I? 'Disliking discords in life and art.' H'm! 'Fond of admiration.' Well, who isn't!"

Lester walked to the window to hide his face from her. "What an ass!"

"Oh, I don't know, Les." Her tone now was thoughtful. "'Loyal; though seeming to forget.' I don't see where he got that! But isn't it remarkable?"

"Sounds like the Baconian cipher, to me—picking out words to fit, like that. Why, you could prove almost anything that way!"

"But he happens to prove just exactly the things that are true! Why, he might have known me for years! Of course he's rather complimentary too. He says—where is that?—oh: 'You must be the most charming woman in the world!' You needn't shrug your shoulders, Lester; perhaps I am! But wait a minute." And she



No Fear of Skidding or Spilling

when riding over wet, slippery pavements if your wheel is equipped with Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Bicycle Tires.

The rider familiar with the skid-preventing power of the famous Vacuum Cups knows he doesn't have to slow up because the pavements are wet and treacherous.

And when he buys Vacuum Cups he gets more than tires—they are our *bond* that they are the highest quality, longest-lasting tires made.

That red tread of three rows of Vacuum Cups gives the finishing touches to any high grade bicycle. Snap and class are added to the whole outfit by

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP TIRES

The heavy, tough 15½ oz. Sea Island fabric won't let punctures, stone-bruises, or joy-killers like that come in and spoil your riding pleasure. You just spin along for an entire season without the least bit of trouble.

That's why Vacuum Cup Tires are the *only* tires with thousands of bicycle riders who have given 'em a whirl on their wheels.

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Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

Also Makers and Guarantors of
★THREE★STAR★ MOTORCYCLE TIRES
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BICYCLE TIRES

USE Carnation Milk

IT blends so thoroughly that it adds a rich, golden color and smooth flavor. Any cup of coffee is improved by its richness.

Carnation Milk is just pure, rich, cows' milk with part of the water removed by evaporation and sterilized to preserve its wholesomeness.

Simply add pure water to reduce the richness as desired. Use it also for your cooking, baking, seasoning vegetables, making desserts, ice cream, candies—for every milk purpose.

Order a few cans today from your grocer. Let your family enjoy its *purity, convenience* and economy. Know that the milk in your home is *safe.*

Write us for "The Story of Carnation Milk," our illustrated booklet, telling the tale of Carnation Milk purity—also contains 100 choice, tested recipes for cooking and making desserts. Address Carnation Milk Products Co., 332 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A.

Remember—Your Grocer Has It.

Carnation Milk

The answer to the Pure Milk Question

continued more slowly: "Hopes he 'may develop the acquaintance by some more direct means.'" Her embarrassed laugh did not conceal a serious interest. "What d'you suppose he intends by that? Meet him round the corner—or what? Would you answer him, Les?"

Lester yawned artistically. "Oh, if you feel like it. Lord! I don't know!"

"I don't know—either." As she spoke, abstractedly she kept folding and unfolding the yellow sheet. "I think sometimes you can really tell more about a person from a letter than—why, Lester, if I wanted to get a line on you, d'you know what I'd do? I'd just go away—visit mother or something—and make you write to me. I really believe I'd find out more about you than by living with you for six months!"

And though she drifted off into a description of last night's reception, her husband suspected—beneath her gossip of Mrs. Poppity's latest blunder, and how Smithers wished to dedicate his book of poems "To P. H."—a strong undercurrent of John Irons in her mind, which she seemed to be taking some pains to conceal. That forenoon Lester Hope walked downtown to his office not a little elated.

For three afternoons, each day a little less elated, he walked downtown, only to be disappointed. But on the fourth day when he stopped at the post office, and looked in as usual through the little glass door, behold—a pale-blue envelope! It was addressed to "John Irons, Esq., P. O. Box 1711"—in Pauline's handwriting.

Gingerly he took it out, feeling somewhat as if he were robbing the mail, and tore open the blue envelope. The sensation was, he thought, a bit too like eavesdropping on Pauline to be comfortable. Of course it was for him—that letter; but, at the same time, it wasn't exactly for her husband, was it?

Well, never mind; at a shelf-desk by the big, dirty window, hustled by the crowd, he found himself reading:

"*My dear Mr. John Irons:* I'm so glad to have found at least one careful student of my book. Really, you quite remind one of those patient, laborious old prisoners in medieval dungeons who spent their days counting the number of 'the's' and 'and's' in the Bible. It was almost a pity, though, for you to have wasted so much time on my novel that might have been spent—mightn't it?—at a dollar a palm, with the gypsies."

Pauline went on, in an almost gleeful strain, to fear that she wasn't half so nice as John Irons had made out; and that, really, if she were honest—which, of course, she wasn't—she ought to insert a lot of brittle, magenta, sharp-pointed words into her next novel, just to make his pet theories consistent. In conclusion the note was short—she wondered Who he was.

There was altogether a dancing note of cordiality and frankness in it that rather surprised him; and a little something about it, also, that he—didn't—quite—like. Just why, he found it hard to decide. What, then, had he anticipated? Wasn't it in just this way, inditing just this charmingly amenable mood, that he had expected to re-win her love? All he knew was that some Imp of the Perverse had touched him with a faint regret that he had succeeded so well. Didn't she, he thought, come almost too easily? The sudden revelation of her as she appeared secretly with a stranger was almost uncomfortable, even though that stranger was himself.

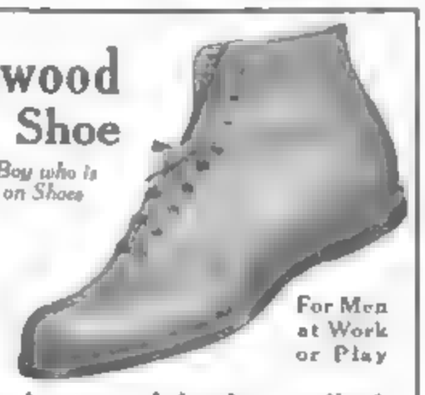
At the office he found, after some search, the last letter he had received from his wife when, two months before, she had gone to visit her mother. It told of the weather; it told of the theaters; it told of the state of her health. Quite a contrast, it seemed to him, her letter to Mrs. Hope's Husband and that flirtatious note to John Irons; but he shook off the thought. After all, since he was John Irons, why not rejoice with John? This was the only way he knew to win her; and win her he must. On with the masquerade! Jumping again into his new mental costume, he sat down to write his reply:

"So you wonder who I am? You will never, never suspect me." He stopped and gazed at his typewriter. Then the keys snapped savagely: "I am far too unimportant, and I am too proud to confess my name. I am not in your set, nor even in the brilliant circle of your acquaintance. We have met, it is true; but I have every reason to believe that you have forgotten me. But, my dear Mrs. Hope, though I have

(Continued on Page 69)

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Men at Work or Play

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined.* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak-tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy [illegible] phable. Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for golf, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become [illegible] Cleans easily wit[illegible]

Youths' Sizes	8 to 1½	$3.50
Boys' Sizes	1 to 2	$4.50
Men's Sizes	no heels	$5 to 13
Men's Shoes	with heels	$6
Men's Golf Shoes	Hob Nails or Rubber Sole	$7
Women's Sizes	2 to 7 with Flat Broad Heel	$4.00
For Golf, Rubber Sole and Heel		$5.50

Prices [illegible] Spring [illegible]

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 203 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoemaking

THE REEL WITHOUT A RIVAL

the CASTER'S IDEAL

A reel that is really reliable—Faultless in construction Sturdy in strength The GUY-RA-TORY

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Guy Ra Tory Reel Co. Dept 175 22 Fifth St Racine, Wis

Steinfeld GARDEN TOOL 50c Agents Wanted

5 TROWEL WEEDER DIBBER 1 HOE FORK

PAID For weed- [illegible] ried, serviceable—C [illegible] dutiably to tool wanted —Weighs less than a [illegible]

celebrated Steinfeld" Food [illegible] Coffee Mill Telescope Cut [illegible]

STEINFELDBROS 118 W[illegible]ST N Y

Lost

Yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

HORACE MANN

How many golden hours of spare time are you losing each day? Two? One? Even half of one?

We will buy them—every hour—and pay you cash.

Whatever your present occupation, you can surely find some time each day to ask your friends and acquaintances for their new or renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman.* Your monthly profits on the orders you can easily get should be at least

$25.00

Doesn't the proposition look good? It will cost you only a cent for a postal card to investigate! Send us an inquiry, without assuming any obligation whatever, in tonight's mail. Address the

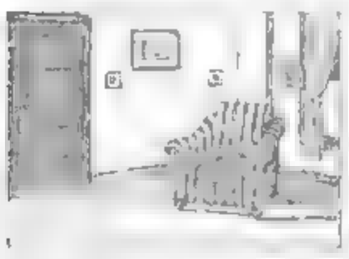
Agency Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
275 Independence Square, Philadelphia

DEVOE PAINT

takes fewer gallons and wears longer

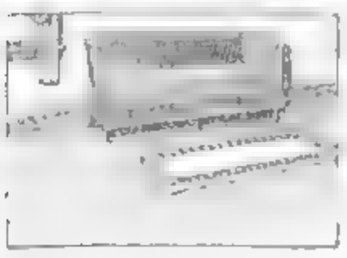
Lead and Zinc Paint

Guaranteed 100% pure paint. Therefore it resists time and weather—wears longer. It goes further than ordinary paints—costs less.



Velour Finish

A washable flat paint for walls, ceilings and all interior woodwork. Dries with a soft, velvety finish. Easy to apply. 18 attractive tints.



Marble Floor Finish Varnish

Preserves the natural beauty of wood floors; waterproofs and restores linoleum. Will not show heel marks and resists the wear and tear of [illegible]. Not affected by [illegible] radiators.

Read the DEVOE Guarantee Formula on the can. It will tell you why you have fewer gallons to *buy* and fewer gallons to *spread*—when you PAINT DEVOE PAINT.

Pure White Lead, Pure White Zinc and Pure Linseed Oil go further and wear longer than barytes, whiting, silica, china clay or any other so-called "extenders." That's why the DEVOE dealer in your town makes you this offer:

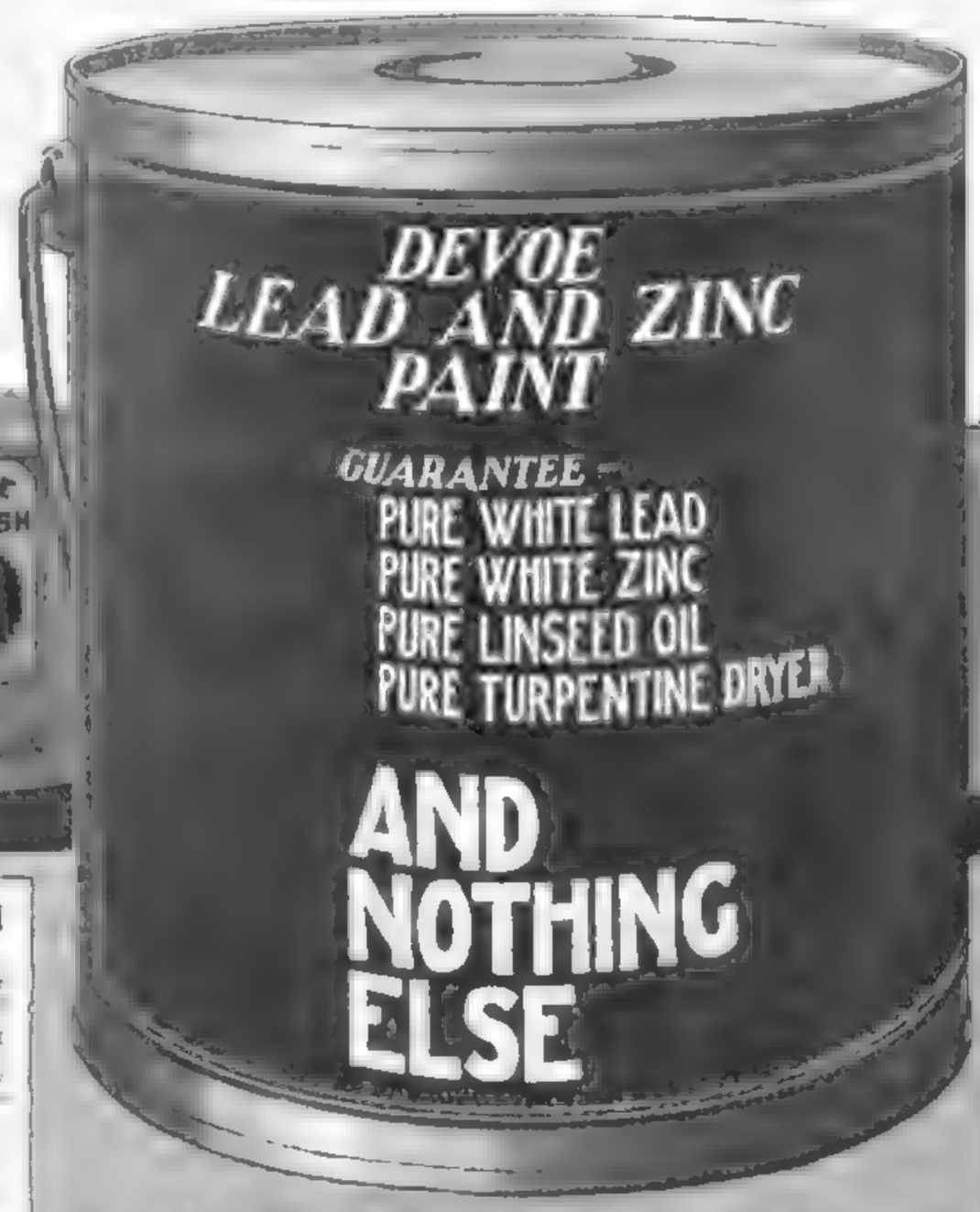
> "Paint half your house DEVOE; paint the other half whatever you like. If DEVOE does not wear a year or two years or three years longer—longer and better—we will give you enough to paint again."

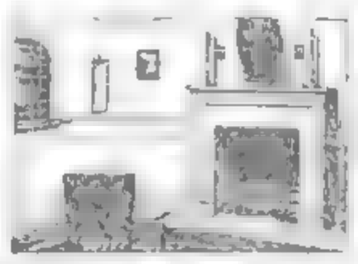
DEVOE

The oldest manufacturing concern in the United States. Founded in New York in 1754.

F. W. DEVOE & C. T. RAYNOLDS CO.
New York

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO.
Chicago



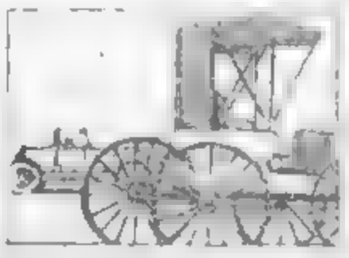


Holland Enamel

For all interior and exterior surfaces where a white porcelain-like finish is desired; not affected by sun or rain. Will not chip or crack. *Stays* white. Can be scrubbed with soap and hot water.

***Vernosite*—The Long-Life Spar Varnish**

Will not blister or turn white. Will protect all exposed work—yachts, front doors, [illegible].



Gloss Carriage Paint

For carriages, automobiles, porch furniture, go-carts, etc. Gives a durable, high-gloss surface that withstands hard usage. In 10 colors.

A 25c bottle of DEVOE POLISH for this coupon and 10c

[illegible]

Name

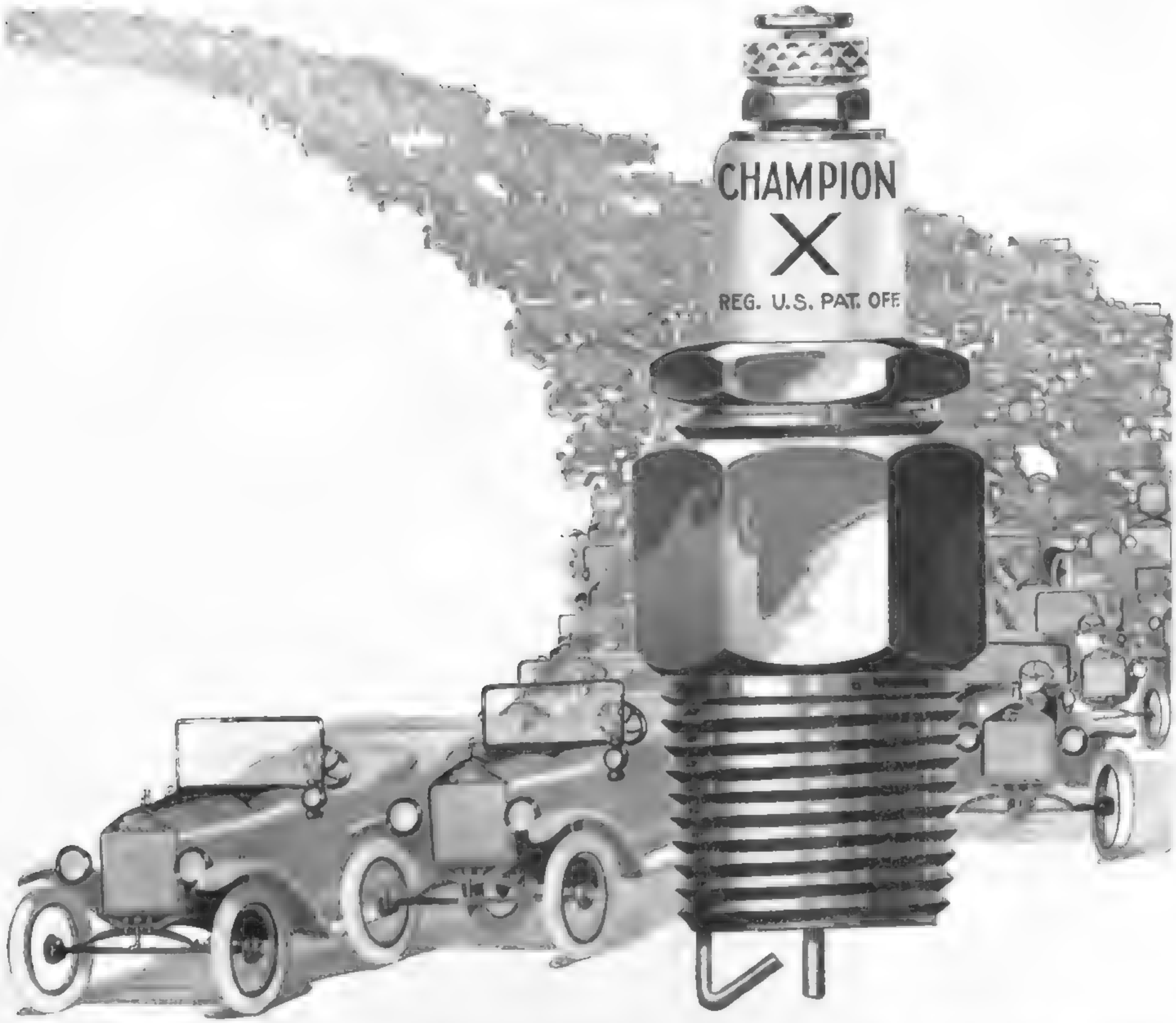
Address

Name of [illegible]

We can help you decorate—it's part of our business

Tell us your problems, and our Home Decoration Bureau will give you personal advice as to finishes and colors. And besides, it will send you several helpful books on interior and exterior decoration. This service, of course, is free. Address Dept. S2

PAINT DEVOE PAINT



Champion
Toledo

Dependable Spark Plugs

The gigantic Ford production is factory equipped with Champion X—they have been standard equipment *since 1911* on over one million three hundred thousand Ford cars.

Champion X plays an important part in the efficient performance of the famous Ford motor.

Champions are scientifically built—and elaborately tested.

They show it by their sterling performance.

Dealers *everywhere* sell Champions—not only for Fords but for *any type of motor*.

There is a Champion specially designed and built for *your* car. Ask for it, and beware of substitutes. Be *sure* the name "Champion" is *on the porcelain*, not merely on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

(Continued from Page 66)

only just summoned courage to write to you, I have long, long admired you. And yet, bright star as I see you, don't think me dazzled or afraid. I know your faults as well as your virtues. You have no greater friend or severer critic—and remember that I am watching you all the time, in the dark!"

He continued in as spirited and daring a vein as he thought he might without frightening her away. Experience had taught him that when a woman is to be won she must be won quickly, while the game is new and exciting.

That night they had pork chops for dinner. Pauline asked whether the coal had been ordered and the milk bill paid. She spent most of the evening in deciding which photograph, from a set of proofs, would be most effective in advertising a holiday edition of her novel.

Her next letter, because of two sly little words, amused him:

"Aren't you forcing this a little?" came her mild protest. "As a reader of character I admit you are rather good, though, I fear, superficial. I have an idea, however, that I might perhaps do as well myself; but I haven't enough data, as yet, in your vocabulary to be able to deduce your character and decide whether or not I care to continue the correspondence."

"As yet!" Business forgotten, the telephone unanswered, in his office he thoughtfully rubbed his chin and smiled at those two words; then frowned. "I haven't enough data—as yet!" Why, couched though it was, woman-fashion, in the guise of a rebuke, wasn't it virtually an invitation to continue? Yes; she was distinctly encouraging. The battle was on.

And daily, as it raged—for they now wrote daily—there was at home apparently never anything more between them than a dinner table or the upstairs hall! Friends, partners, mates, roast beef and the Evening Tribune—plus invisible clandestine romance!

With every surreptitious glance he stole at her as she read or wrote or sang, he wondered what name to give to the domestic drama—Comedy or Tragedy?

Never before, possibly, had his office typewriting machine transcribed such jaunty messages as during these weeks when, evening after evening, he lighted the electric lamp and sat down alone to write to Pauline. Those stiff old wires and springs, habituated to "Yours of the eighteenth at hand" and "The party of the first part," must have felt an unaccustomed thrill as they jumped and rattled to the elastic words: "If I could be near you, and see you and hear you, I'd probably fear you too much to confess what now I'm implying—at least I am trying, and also relying on you, too, to guess!"

So, shrewdly he eschewed the sentimental note. At lovers' fond perjuries, they say, Jove laughs; but Minerva—yes, and all Olympus—will abet a courtship where grace and humor woo.

Hard work enough it was, too, with his wife drifting, drifting away, to force himself to the blithe pristine note of his early sweethearting; but he succeeded. He was sure of that when she responded a little more promptly than before, and quite in his own vein. How long, oh, how long it had been since his wife had written verses to him!

So nibble, nibble, nibble and his fish was almost on the hook. His romantic bait had been just the thing for her fancy. At home Pauline had casually mentioned the John Irons letters occasionally, as they came, with a touch of amusement.

"Want to see it, Lester?" she would say carelessly as she skirmished through the magazines for a February number containing her picture.

He displayed only the lukewarm interest of a sleepy spouse:

"Oh, I guess not now—thanks; I'd like to finish this article I'm reading."

Show him her letters, would she? It was a harmless Platonic game, then—a family affair! He had no idea of carrying on a mere practical joke; his object was serious—to re-win her love, no less. So now if he were to land her, so to speak, it was time for a quick jerk on the line. He decided to try to write her so warm, so private a letter that, though she might accept it from an unknown admirer, she would not quite care, or even dare, to show it to her husband.

For this, a new touch of romance. And if there are still those who think a typewritten letter cannot breathe romance, they should have watched Pauline Hope—as, through her half-opened door, Lester himself one morning shamelessly watched her—studying his ardent lines.

"Always I shall think of you as once I saw you—in golden silk and pearls," he had written. "You were surrounded by admirers, and I could not, would not force myself on your notice; though I watched you all the evening! But to-day I saw you almost more radiant on the street—with your husband. Yes; and I was, for a moment, very near you—I might have touched your hand! And I knew, then, that I loved you! You wore no flowers, I am sure; and yet when you passed I swear I smelt violets!"

Ah! Love unadorned is common enough; but robed in mystery—mystery and mischief! Little wonder the situation caught her novelist's fancy. Yet, tapping away at the prosaic keys of his typewriter, it never occurred to Lester Hope to wonder which, after all, was the more romantic figure—his picturesque John Irons of fiction, following her dramatically in secret, or Mrs. Hope's Husband of fact, in blue worsted, in shirtsleeves and green eyeshade, alone in his office after his clerks had gone, only the one desk lamp lighted, trying mercilessly to divide himself in twain and pit one against the other in the fight for Pauline.

It was the pile of unopened letters that lay on her flowery-fragrant breakfast table next morning that gave him his real result; among them he spied no square yellow envelope. Yet a square yellow envelope certainly had been on the tray when the mail was brought up to her—he had assured himself of that when the maid passed him on the stairs.

Pauline rose, and Pauline dressed. Down the curly staircase, clad all in white, she came a-singing. A joyous kiss she threw—at Willyer's portrait of herself in the library. She scolded the dog, petted the cat, ordered veal cutlets for luncheon, talking gayly all the time.

The creaming and sugaring of her oatmeal, however, seemed to require more concentration.

In silence she took a few dainty spoonfuls. Then, thoughtfully:

"Lester, d'you recall when I wore that yellow silk evening gown of mine last? At the Woodlings', wasn't it? You were there that night, at that first reception she gave for me, weren't you?"

"Why, yes," he said. "What about it?"

"Oh, nothing!" She looked up, caught his eye, suddenly looked down again. "I was just wondering if—if I'd dare to wear it there again—that's all." A pause. "Say, Lester; d'you remember who was there that night? Now, don't be sarcastic—I mean, was there anyone there—well, that we knew, but hadn't seen for a long time, for instance? Nobody of any importance, of course. Almost a stranger, you might say."

He appeared not to notice any hidden motive in her query; and, with the stupidity of a doting, unsuspicious husband, he answered only:

"No. Why?"

"Oh, I was only trying to think of—of whom to invite to ——"

Pauline dwindled off, and for a time there were no sounds but the delicate click of her spoon against the plate and the rustling of his newspaper.

"Say, Les; you know when we were walking downtown yesterday morning? You don't recall seeing anyone particular, do you? Anyone you knew?"

"Nobody but the postman."

"That's funny!" Pauline murmured.

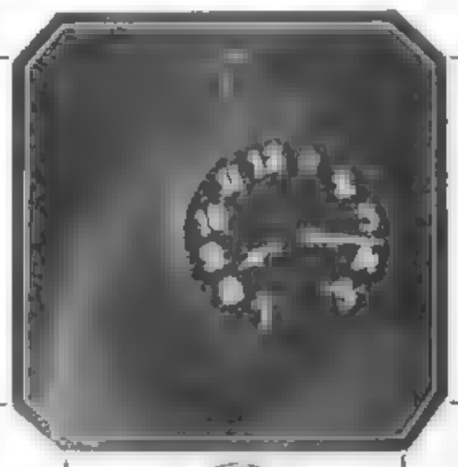
Yes; it was rather funny, thought Lester; but he didn't say so.

Over the top of his newspaper he watched guardedly as she tasted her porridge, waiting for her to mention John Irons. Never a word more did Pauline say.

But, when it came to it, why should she? Happy as their married life had been, it was not established upon the theory of a private ownership of one by the other. They were both tacitly free to give or withhold their confidence. But one significant thing he did notice—that Pauline's farewell kiss was just a bit more clinging than usual. Wasn't her conscience troubling her a little? he wondered.

And by just that extra amount of fervor in the demonstration, he suspected, Lester Hope had fallen and John Irons had risen in the scales of her affection.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



How Radium is used in Ingersolls

YOU see at the top of this advertisement a photograph of the Ingersoll "Radiolite" watch as it looks in the dark. Its hands and figures glow brightly, the figures being made of a new self-luminous substance and the hands layered with the same substance.

What does "self-luminous" mean?

"Self-luminous" means that the light comes from *within*. Merely phosphorescent substances borrow their luminosity from outside light, i. e., they glow for a few hours (at most) after exposure to outside light. But "Radiolite" supplies its own illumination. There's *radium* in it.

Millions of little batteries

Every particle of radium is like a little battery, in that it sends out energy in every direction. This radium—in infinitesimal quantities—is imprisoned within the crystals of another substance, made of twelve different minerals. And the radium makes this other substance glow, just as electricity makes the filament of an electric light glow.

This crystalline substance is the most responsive of all substances to the action of radium. So this microscopic amount of radium keeps it glowing with a brilliancy that remains undimmed for at least ten years—probably much longer.

Ingersoll

RADIOLITE WATCHES

There are five models of Ingersoll "Radiolite" watches. There is one for every person and for every purpose. In the country or city, motoring or walking at night; boating or camping; in the darkened theatre; or in the bedroom at home, people find them useful. Nearly one-third of the Ingersolls now sold are "Radiolites."

All these Ingersolls also come with plain dial; and there are other plain dial models, from $1.50 to $6.00. At all dealers; or if the dealer has not the model you want, it will be sent on receipt of price by any one of our three branches named below.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

New York Chicago San Francisco

"White House Model"
Price $495

—easy to play

Gulbransen-Dickinson Co.
Player Pianos

Nationally Priced

Throughout the United States, Gulbransen-Dickinson Co. Player Pianos are priced uniformly, as follows:

"White House" Model . .	$495
"Country Seat" Model . .	445
"Town House" Model . .	395
"Suburban" Model . .	375
"Duolectra" (Electro-manual Reproducing Piano) .	700

These are *the known values* in Player Pianos. They form a reliable *price standard*.

Most Players are *locally* priced. In six towns they often sell at six different prices.

You may judge locally priced Players by the Gulbransen-Dickinson Co. price standard. Ask yourself, "Is the So-and-So Player worth more than the Gulbransen-Dickinson Co. Player?" Or, "Is it worth as much?"

Therefore, get acquainted with Gulbransen-Dickinson Co.'s nationally priced Players *first*. They probably are on sale in your town.

See them—hear them—play them yourself—before examining locally priced Players. Then you will be able to judge.

Send us your name and address (a letter isn't necessary) and we will mail you without charge our Art Catalog, name of nearest Distributor, and—if your card is received before our limited supply is gone—a copy of Charles Klauber's work on "How to Judge a Player Piano."

Gulbransen-Dickinson Co.
3234-60 W. Chicago Ave., CHICAGO

NOTE—We are perhaps the largest makers of complete Player Pianos in the world. G.-D. Co. Players are built under the famous Gulbransen patents; *also* under the active direction of A. G. Gulbransen himself (pronounced Gul-bran-sen).

—REMINDER—
Please tear this out now as a reminder to write your name and address (on the margin below if you wish) and mail it to GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO., 3234-60 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, for Art Catalog, etc.

THE FORTUNE MAKER

(Continued from Page 23)

without respect for Smiley, either, as one may show respect for suffering that he cannot alleviate by passing it, rather than by staring at it.

But that afternoon, being in the president's room, he spoke of it at the first opportunity.

"Smiley Carter's out there in the shop, grinding crankshafts," he said.

"Smiley Carter! The devil!" John exclaimed, surprised in his turn. He pondered a moment, with a faint amusement. "Wonder where he's been! Guess I'll look him up sometime."

Of course to him, too, Smiley was remote; in fact, he forgot him for three days. Then, going through the shops, he, too, came on his old companion. Instantly he stepped up and held out his hand, saying:

"Why, hello, Smiley! How are you?"

Smiley took the extended hand, looking into his employer's handsome, smiling face with a dumb kind of questioning.

"My name's Waggoner here," he said.

IV

ONE day, late in November of 1907, three men sat in the office of the president of the Sarum Motor Company. This was the old office that the wagon company had used, on the top floor of the frame building which afterward burned. It was by no means so spacious or handsome as John Turner's later quarters; still, it was of good size, with windows on two sides. John sat behind the big desk, which commanded the room.

He was only thirty-two then, not quite so heavy as he became later, but a powerful figure, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a round, full column of a neck. Latterly his clothes had been made by the most expensive tailor he could find in Chicago; and to one with an eye for such things they looked it—quiet and rich, with never a sag or pull or wrinkle in them where a wrinkle should not have been; fitting perfectly, with just enough unusualness to tell an expert what sort of shop they came from. He was always a dandy—just to the point of being perfectly right without throwing it in the beholder's face.

Success had ripened his ever-sturdy self-confidence. Nowadays he spoke usually in a low, even voice, and hardly ever made a motion that was not necessary. A gesture of any sort was rare with him. Once in a while, especially if he was getting a bit bored, he would thrust his thumbs into his vest pockets or twist his watch chain round his forefinger or pick up a blotter and softly tap the desk with the edge of it. When he rubbed the side of his nose with his finger it was a sign of nervous disturbance.

By that time those who came much in contact with him had learned all the signs. John rather liked to have the signs known. It pleased him when a man cut his talk short because the president rubbed his nose. Just now he sat squarely upright in his chair, with his two hands resting on the edge of the desk, perfectly still, his rather heavy-lidded eyes never moving.

Walter Hayes sat over in a big chair by the window, humped forward, his elbows on the arms of the chair, his hands in front of his chin—one of them balled into a fist, the other clasping it. He had grown a little mustache, reddish like his hair and trimmed close, showing the red, bent line of his lips under it. The lips were slightly apart now and his blue eyes were fixed on the third man.

The third man wore a mechanic's blouse and overalls, stained and patched. His thin face had no color; the skin was ashen and dead-looking. He sat on the edge of the chair as though embarrassed, his hands on his knees. His brows were puckered and one side of his mouth twitched slightly as he peered at John Turner—pathetically like a wistful dog that half expects a kick. He spoke with a slight hoarseness, now and then coughing slightly behind his hand or moistening his lips with his tongue.

"When they arrested me back there in Planters' Grove I didn't think it was anything serious," he was saying. "When I found out you and the girl had left I supposed, of course, you'd ditched me. I was stuck on that girl, you know. I didn't care much what happened to me. I wouldn't tell 'em where I'd come from or anything else. I told 'em to go to hell!"

He moistened his lips and moved his feet a trifle.

"They appointed an old stiff named Eckert to defend me. He didn't do anything for me at all—just threw the hook into me. You remember, maybe, a man had been shot by a burglar a grocer there. The town was raw over that. They all wanted to soak somebody and I was the goat. This stiff, Eckert, was a friend of the grocer. He wanted to soak me too."

He glanced round the office, so obviously the seat of power, and at Walter Hayes, so obviously prosperous. When his eyes came back to the figure behind the desk he grinned faintly.

"Hardly looks now as though we three had been gay little partners taking potluck together only a dozen years ago! Probably you fellows have had more variety and excitement in your lives since then; so it's sort of faded out of your recollection. They fixed it up for me so recollecting was the best thing I had to do.

"I didn't realize what I was up against back there until it was too late to do anything. I was nutty about the girl. I thought you and she had ditched me. Naturally it jolted me. I just crawled back in my shell; wouldn't open my head except to stick to my story about finding the pocketbook, which was true. It's beautiful to have the truth on your side, and the police and the court and everybody else against you. That's simply lovely! Try it sometime if you want a sensation. I thought the most they could do to me was to prove that I'd found a pocketbook with some money in it, and kept it. That didn't look very serious. I was too sore to care much—until it was too late to do anything.

"You remember that farmer was stewed to the gills. He could just keep on his pins when he dropped the pocketbook and went out the back door into the yard behind the hotel. His horses were hitched in a shed out there and he was going to get 'em. Of course I followed him out the back door to pick up the pocketbook. Well, he staggered out to the shed there and must have bumped his head against a plank or something. It cut a gash over his eye and sort of stunned him.

"By and by a hostler found him reeling round there with his face all bloody, and the drunken fool said somebody had hit him. Well, then they found his pocketbook was gone. Of course the bartender had seen me follow him out after he'd flourished his wallet round. So they said I'd hit him and taken the pocketbook away from him. This old stiff, Eckert, who pretended to defend me, didn't really do anything at all. Of course he thought I was guilty and was sore over the grocer being croaked."

Smiley glanced over at Walter and back at John, wetting his lips, a bitter gleam in his gray-green eyes; but he continued quietly enough:

"So the charge against me was highway robbery. Ten years in the stir—that's the little prize package they handed Smiley Carter at twenty-one years of age! The kind judge observed that only my youth prevented him from soaking me harder. I've always thought that was nice of him, considering I was innocent."

Walter Hayes looked round at John.

"But why didn't you let us know?" John asked, forgetting the circumstances.

"You neglected to leave an address," Smiley replied dryly. "I thought you'd ditched me—with the girl, anyway. I just turned into a dumb brute. I had so much hate and despair on my hands that I couldn't attend to anything else. For quite a spell the only nice, soothing thing I could think of was to get out somehow and lay hands on Eckert and that judge, and take 'em apart without undue haste. If I could have taken all the things apart that I wanted to those days I suppose there wouldn't have been much left of the world but a sort of muddy puddle. I admit there's nothing to be gained by feeling that way."

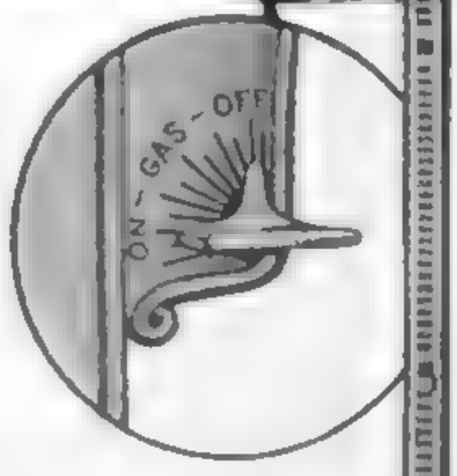
He paused a moment, sighed and coughed slightly.

"Well, I might have got out in about six years with good time off. A penitentiary is a great little place to jolly a man along with something good coming in about six years and all hands giving him the boot meanwhile. Probably you've read enough about it without my going into details. There was a plot to escape. Anything looked good enough to me by that time. I went into it. A guard had his head smashed.

Continued on Page 73

Women Need This Great Cooking Convenience

You women have long needed the remarkable Cooking conveniences afforded by this great 3-fuel Universal Combination Range. Just think of it! This range burns *gas* for speed and convenience—and *coal* for incomparable baking results—and is so arranged that *both* gas and coal (or wood) can be used together or separately! Yet it is so simple and so safe that a child can operate it!



Automatic Fuel Control. A Twist of the Wrist Changes from Gas to Coal and Vice Versa.

Universal Combination Range

"A Twist of the Wrist" Changes From Coal to Gas

No cumbersome parts to shift—no oven racks to move—no makeshift folding contraptions to manipulate.

To use gas for the oven just turn the key (see illustration) and the oven is ready *for gas*. A reverse turn and it is again ready for coal. And absolutely

No Parts to Change

Really gives you two stoves in one at one price. Saves kitchen space, worry, time and inconvenience.

Keeps Your Kitchen Cool in Summer and Warm in Winter

Eliminates extra work—saves fuel—helps make good cooks better—has every needed facility and convenience.

Compact—complete—trouble-proof—fully patented. The crowning achievement of 50 years of leadership, yet moderately priced.

Has four coal lids and four gas burners all on top; a full size 18-inch oven fitted with gas burner; a spring-balanced oven door and oven thermometer, sanitary features, etc.

Handsomely trimmed in rust-proof silver nickel. Finished in baked-in, sanitary blue or black porcelain enamel, if desired. No blackening—easy to clean with soap and water.

Sold for cash or on easy payments by leading merchants everywhere. Guaranteed by them and by us. See it demonstrated!

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—fully illustrating and fully describing this range. A book of remarkable interest—one that every woman eager to lessen her kitchen labors and cooking expense should READ. It's *FREE*. With book goes name of your Cribben & Sexton dealer who'll give demonstration. Write TODAY.

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DEALERS— If we are not already represented in your territory, write at once for agency and full details of the liveliest selling proposition ever offered! Don't wait until somebody beats you to it. Phone, write or wire us TODAY! Our offer is exceptional.

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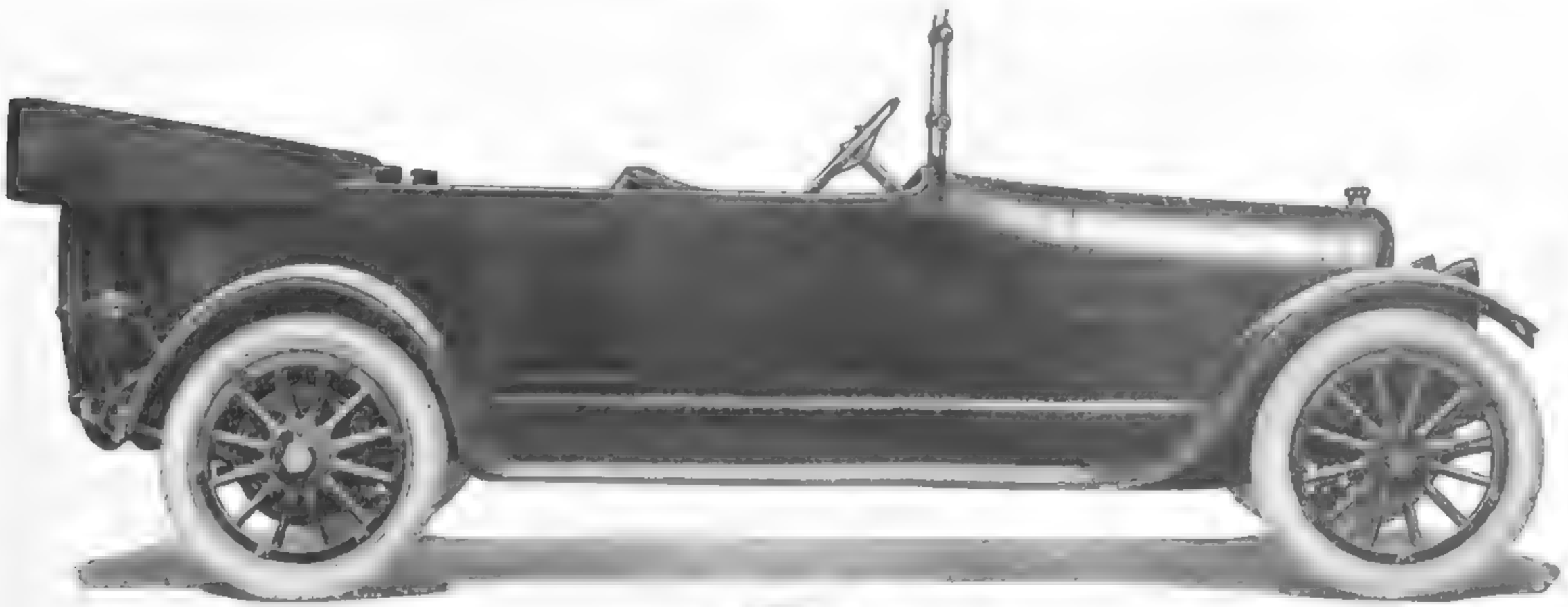
STOVES · RANGES · FURNACES

The Quality Line

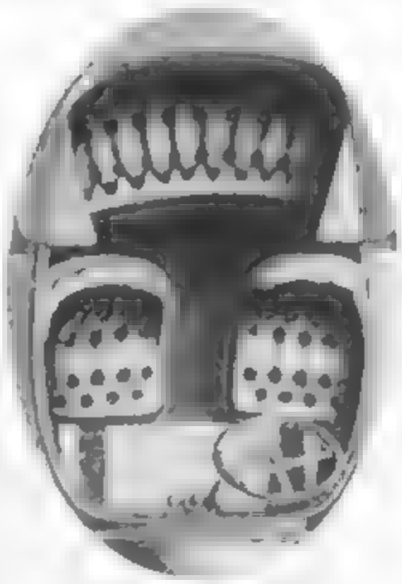
The thing that folks call power

PERFORMANCE

is a dominant characteristic of this Apperson Eight. Giant hills are its daily bread. Agile as a cat on the getaway, it rises to sixty an hour or better with the ease and grace of an aëroplane. Strolling along in traffic, at 1½ to 2 miles an hour on high, gear-shifting becomes almost a forgotten art. Friend alike to smooth thoroughfare and rough-hewn highway, *find* the car that will outperform this Apperson Roadaplane.



To *do* things a car must *have* things. The V-type motor, the perfectly poised crankshaft, the accurate balancing of pistons and connecting rods, the light weight (3000 pounds), the long, hammock-swung rear springs—these all contribute to the amazing performance of the Apperson, and to its remarkable riding comfort, comparable only with the aëroplane. A big, beautiful car—130-inch wheelbase; seven, five and four passenger (Chummy Roadster) bodies, $2000. The Apperson Six, $1690 to $1750.



We Originated the "Chummy" Roadster Body

Dealers: Performance is the first thing your customer wants to know about. The Apperson *has* and *does* the things he wants to buy. There is an additional advantage in handling the Apperson in the fact that you can furnish him with either an Eight or a Six to meet his personal preference. Write for the details of our dealer agreement.

APPERSON BROTHERS AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND., U. S. A.

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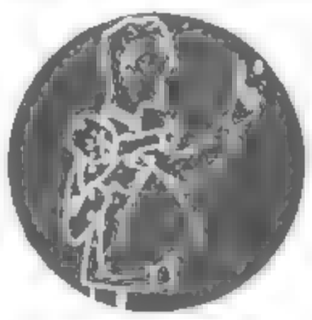

Radium! Has a new job!

Now it's to serve as a *light*—a *pilot* light!

Not a light for illuminating, but a soft, mellow glow to enable you to locate objects in the dark—your keyhole, button on your door-bell, electric switch buttons in your hall, bedroom, bathroom, nursery or library; suspended lights you now "paw the air" to find; medicine bottles, night drinking glass or carafe; push button of your flashlight—even the time on your alarm clock!

MARVELITE
is made with real Radium

[illegible] zinc sulphide and other Ingredients. The glow is gentle, inconspicuous, entirely unannoying to the eyes of a sleeper, yet distinct enough to be plainly visible in blackest darkness, doing away with "fumbling around." The Schlesinger Radium Company, owning and operating the largest Radium-ore mines in America, with the most extensive research laboratories, have worked two years and made over three hundred experiments to perfect a *genuinely* "radio-luminous" material in a form and at a cost practical for *general* use. The final successful result is

MARVELITE
pressed into small buttons.

[illegible] absolutely proof

MARVELITE
buttons mailed anywhere

in the United States at the prices below. Be sure to order by set number.

No. 1. COMPLETE UTILITY SET including three large-size buttons, with special new attachment for switch plates, five medium-size general purpose buttons suitable for any surface; one extra brilliant button for outside keyholes; one set of eleven very small dots and pair of hand-bars for alarm clocks. Adhesive Complete, $5.

[illegible] SPECIAL SWITCH-PLATE SET [illegible] switch-plates permanently [illegible] $1

No. 3. SPECIAL UTILITY SET of three medium-size buttons suitable for any purpose and any surface, with tube of adhesive. $1.

No. 4. SPECIAL ALARM CLOCK SET of eleven very small buttons and two hand-bars; applicable to any ordinary alarm clock and rendering its time readable in the blackest darkness. $1.

No. 5. KEYHOLE BUTTON, extra brilliant, with tube of adhesive. $1.

Every button absolutely guaranteed to contain real Radium as the sole source of its luminosity; radiograph tests invited.

Order today. Be the first in your neighborhood to have this wonderful new convenience.

(MANUFACTURERS' Inquiries Invited We supply discs, stars, pointers, figures, letters, any size, with suggestions for attaching. Taylor barometers, Ainsworth surveying instruments, U. S. Navy and Signal Corps already among regular users of MARVELITE. Send your catalog for suggestions.)

COLD LIGHT MFG. CO.

Sole Commercial Subsidiary of

THE SCHLESINGER RADIUM CO.

Chamber of Commerce
DENVER, COLORADO

Registered Trade Mark

(Continued from Page 70)

One of the men got shot. I got an iron bar over my kneecap that's made me lame ever since. And I served my full ten years. I got out two years ago." He hesitated a moment and added with a faint grin: "Well, you can see where I am now."

"Anything against you in the two years, Smiley?" John Turner asked plumply.

"Sure!" Smiley replied promptly. "Why wouldn't there? They'll always have something against you if you're down. An old duffer was robbed in New Orleans. It's no more true I did it than it's true I slugged the farmer. But I'm not banking very much on the truth myself. I tramped it up here. They'd taught me something of a trade in the penitentiary. I heard this shop was grabbing men from anywhere it could get 'em; so I landed a job here. Of course I heard the name John Turner as president of the concern, but I had no idea it was you."

He peered hard at John a moment, the side of his face twitching; then he said quite simply:

"I'd be obliged for an easier job. The one I've got is all right enough," he added, coughing—"only the work's too heavy for me. They've got my goat right enough."

John Turner put his thumbs in his vest pockets.

"Hard luck, old man!" he said. "Got any money?"

"No," said Smiley. "I've only been paid once and had to go to a doctor."

From one vest pocket John extracted a roll of bills. He glanced at them to see about how much there was; then held them out.

"Get yourself a good suit of clothes and come here at half past ten to-morrow morning. I will give you an easier job," he said.

That is how the man known as Waggoner came to be in John's anteroom—at first only as a sort of more or less superfluous doortender, messenger and valet.

It wasn't very long—in that more genial atmosphere—before he began, so to speak, to thaw and get the paralyzing chill out of his blood. He soon got used to good clothes, good fare, a comfortable lodging—more than all, to a sense of security and of some importance in the world. His looks improved and he took on some flesh. Gradually he recovered his knack of mimicry and a good deal of his droll humor. He could tell a story that was sure to bring a laugh.

Gradually, too, he moved closer to John personally. John had a kind of sentimental proprietorship in him; found him a relief from business; at length had him to dinner now and then, or took him on the trips that grew more frequent as the business expanded and John's weight in the world increased. He came to be looked upon as a kind of unofficial representative of the president in various personal ways, which naturally brought him considerable deference. Though he never had any official or formally recognized position in the organization, he had, in fact, decidedly more influence with the president than John was aware of, for it was always exerted indirectly. Smiley became an adept in the art of flattery.

Soon after Smiley's discovery another person began to play a more important part in John's life than John was really aware of. That was Callahan. When the Sarum Motor Company was formed Callahan had just been made foreman of one of the shops—a burly man in the middle thirties, with a great, broad, red, snub-nosed face. His ears were so tight to his head that they seemed embedded in the flesh round them, and there was a bold twinkle in his blue eyes. His hands and feet were huge. He had pushed his way up from the most unpromising beginnings; never learned to speak grammatically or quite lost a touch of brogue.

A workman sued the company for damages, alleging he had been assaulted and nearly killed by Foreman Callahan. The case looked rather bad. The man had broken the rules against smoking on the premises, it being his second offense; whereupon the foreman had taken him in hand with such vigor that he was in the hospital several days.

John frowned when Superintendent McGregor reported the facts to him.

"We can't have a bruiser like that round here," he said. "I guess we'd better fire him."

"He's a first-rate foreman—Callahan is," Sandy replied, being loath to lose a first-rate foreman. "None better in the plant. I hate to let him go."

WORN BEARINGS

What do they mean?

THE repair man says: "That knock? Worn bearings." Tightening will temporarily remedy the trouble. Refitting or renewing is the only permanent remedy. But it is more important to know what will help prevent this expensive operation.

To the eye, the surface of a bearing is smooth. But under the microscope it has a very different appearance. You see a succession of little hills and valleys.

Now, imagine the engine in motion.

What happens?

Surfaces are in motion. Unless protected by a correct film of lubricating oil, the microscopic hills of metal meet and rub. The engine-power overcomes this resistance, but tiny particles of metal grind off.

By degrees the snug fit becomes a loose fit. Noise follows. To correct this condition now, the bearings must be refitted or renewed

The only protection against undue wear of bearings is the thin film of oil.

This thin film of oil must be highly elastic. It must fill-in the valleys. It must cushion the peaks and withstand pressure. It must stand up under the heat of service. These requirements call for oil of the very highest quality and of the correct body and character.

Gargoyle Mobiloils meet these requirements with scientific exactness. Used as specified in the Chart of Recommendations they effectively cushion the bearing surfaces, and meet the most severe demands of service and heat.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, kindly write our nearest branch, giving dealer's name and address.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
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Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

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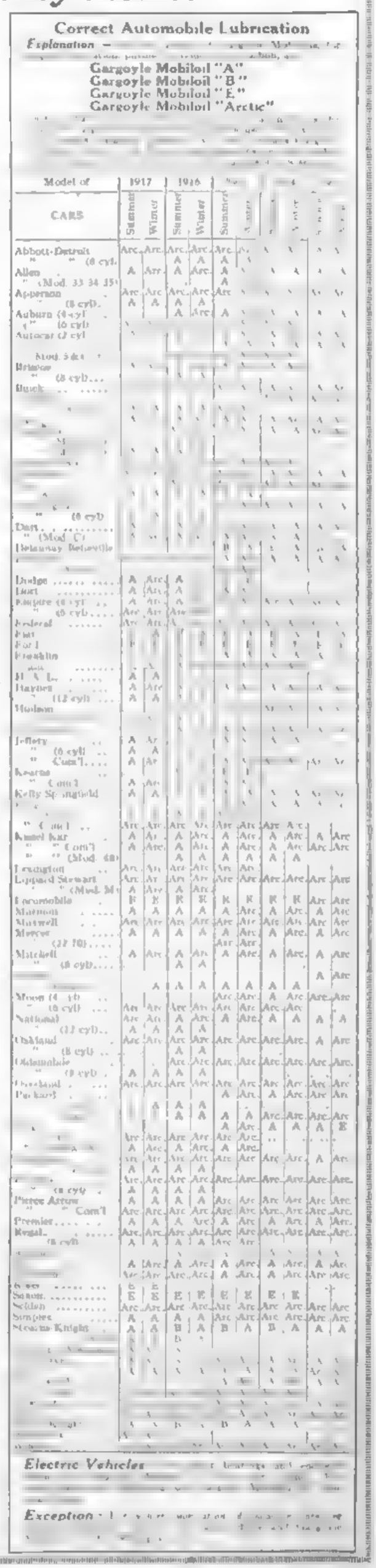
Detroit, Boston, New York, Kansas City, Kan., Chicago, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Des Moines



HOW do you know the breeze is off the sea?

"Your Nose Knows"

By the bracing fragrance in the air. How it quickens you! Puts zip into your step! Makes you want to do things! Fragrance is Nature's most intimate appeal. You follow it without question. Follow your unerring sense of *pure fragrance* in the choice of your tobacco and smoking will delight and satisfy you wholly. "Your Nose Knows."

Pure fragrance will always lead you to

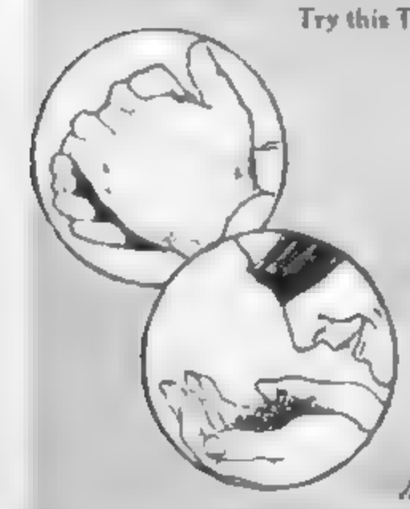
Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

Made as it is from the sunshine tips of the best tobacco leaf grown in the Blue Grass Region of Old Kentucky, ripened, mellowed and carefully blended, Tuxedo has a *pure fragrance* all its own. "Your Nose Knows."

Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment

"Your Nose Knows"



5cem BAGS—10cem TINS
HALF and FULL POUND GLASS HUMIDORS

The Weyman-Bruton Co.

So John had the culprit up before him.

"What did you beat that man up for?" he demanded, frowning at the big red face.

"Lord, Mr. Turner, I never beat him up at all!" Callahan replied with injured innocence. "I'd warned him about smoking before; so when I caught him at it again I just give him a bit of a shove with me hand and a mite of a push with me foot."

He said it so candidly and unabashed that John, looking at the huge hands and feet, laughed in spite of himself. That was the beginning of his particularly noticing Callahan.

The foreman was not reticent with his big hands and feet. He believed in the simplest, most direct methods. If a workman broke the rules he couldn't see the sense in resorting to official red tape in the form of complaints, reprimands, fines, and so on, when it was much easier and more effective to give the man a cuff. In fact, rules were almost never broken in his whereabouts. Later on he chased a couple of state factory inspectors out of his shop for interfering with the work.

"Lord, Mr. Turner," he said, when called to account, "I'm taking orders from you about what's to be done in the shop—not from them guys!" Which also tickled John.

Partially civilizing Callahan was something of a task, but worth while; for he was tremendously effective. On the whole, he got on with the men well, and wherever he touched the job it speeded up. He never understood scruples of any kind further than to have a hearty contempt for them. He thought John Turner a great man and knew how to show it. There was a kind of implication that if John wanted him to blow up the plant, or go out and knock somebody's head off, he would do it instantly; and that secretly pleased John. He liked having that great chunk of raw force devoted to him—maybe something the way Indian potentates like elephants in their train. It fed the Cæsar in John's disposition.

So Callahan had a brand of flattery that was acceptable and he profited by it. Presently the office of general manager was created for him, and there was a feeling about the place that in actual power he was beginning to outweigh Sandy McGregor.

His salary as general manager was twenty thousand a year at first—finally fifty thousand. John helped him to get some of the common stock and made him a director of the company. He bought good clothes and built a good house for his family, but worked as remorselessly as ever and was not a great deal changed, except by the tailor.

When he had become a millionaire the recreation he enjoyed most consisted of taking his seven-passenger limousine—the finest product of the plant—gathering up a load of his old, unprosperous cronies and driving them round to the best saloons, buying them all the liquor they could hold, drinking himself moderately, though liquor never noticeably affected him. He seemed impervious to it and was just as competent after an evening in the barrooms as at any other time. Usually, however, he drank little or not at all.

Such was great, raw, red-faced Callahan, one of those who had so much to do with the fatal day. Mrs. Martindale came in a year, or thereabouts, after Smiley and Callahan.

The Sarum Motor Company was making a net profit of fifty thousand dollars a month then and growing magically. Every quarter the records of three months before were outstripped. John was beginning to get a deep sense of the power of his money. No doubt it would have been different with him if his lines had been cast in New York or Chicago—or even in Detroit, where automobile millionaires soon lost their novelty; but in Sarum he cast an enormous shadow, visible to everybody, and it reacted upon him.

The town—of fifty thousand or so when he went there—had factories and fortunes before he arrived; but by the end of the third year he projected so far above them there was no comparison at all, and from that it went on increasingly. He grew in a geometric ratio, while the other fortunes advanced only by plain arithmetic. His ever-expanding automobile plant, with its incessant demand for new hands, was drawing in population by the hundreds and thousands. Real-estate booms, cottage-building booms and retail-trade booms naturally followed from that, as new dwellings, stores, moving-picture palaces, and what not, sprang up to supply the workmen and their families. In one way or another pretty nearly everybody in town got his dipperful of the flood; quite a little flock of lucky beneficiaries were added to the town's Who's Who. This went on increasingly as the motor company grew.

There were all sorts of less direct benefits. The motor company's prodigal advertising made Sarum a word as familiar as salt or potatoes from coast to coast. Other factories came in—notably the Arcum concern, which made electric lights and starters for automobiles, and in which John Turner, Walter Hayes and Sandy McGregor took interests, though it remained separate from the motor company. This became the biggest of the manufactories that followed in John's wake; but there were half a dozen others, any of which would have caused Sarum to swell up with pride in the old days.

Naturally the motor company, or more especially John Turner, was looked upon as the creator of this amazing prosperity. In a general way, whatever he or the company wanted was given as a matter of course. As the plant spread over the neighborhood it spilled across public streets and alleys. A mere note from John or from the company's attorney, addressed to the mayor and asking for a section of street or alley, was all that was necessary. In several cases even this polite formality was forgotten. The company—and John—honestly thought the city should give it whatever it wanted: for wasn't it visibly making the city's fortunes? John, with reason, considered himself a far better agency for the city's good than the collection of mediocre gentlemen down at the City Hall who constituted the formal government.

As to money, John Turner was at the opposite pole from the miser. He wished it to spend on the grand scale. Like some others in his class, there was a strain of the blood of the Cæsars in him. Dominion appealed to him powerfully.

For one instance, he delighted in building as the most visible sign of his power. He wanted his plant to be the very best. Of building in other ways, the Sarum Inn was the first exploit—set back from Superior Street, with a little plaza in front of it that was a mere waste of money from the commercial point of view, yet which gave the inn a distinction that was worth more than the money to John. It was a handsome building, decidedly larger and finer than the city could then support, and it was run in corresponding style. Presently it became a brilliant focal point in the city's social life, with dinners large and small, dances, and the five-o'clock tea, which soon became a kind of social obligation.

At that time John wasn't at all a man for what is called society—rather flouted it, on the contrary. He was genial; always wanted a friendly company about him and was always having it. But some of his associations were not of a kind that a society editor with instincts proper for the job would have approved. Whenever the feminine gender was employed in connection with his name it was for the purpose of stories—which gentlemen repeated with a laugh and ladies with elevated eyebrows of the sort not deemed suitable for young ears.

Much of this story-telling was mere gossip, though John wouldn't in the least have minded furnishing authentic bases for it, and it is not to be denied that authentic bases were discoverable. However, there was never any open scandal about him, or any gossip that most men and a good many women would have deemed particularly dishonorable in a young and rich bachelor.

There was quite a flutter when he bought the Dinsmore house, one of the best residences on Maple Street, in which neighborhood most of the best ones stood. It was a broad-fronted, two-story dwelling, rough brick for the first story and shingled above in a more or less Queen Anne style. It seemed roomier than a bachelor could need and there was a stir of excited speculation. But, in fact, John bought it without the least matrimonial intention, and Sarum society presently accepted that fact—with some disappointment, maybe, but with a renewal of hopes too. Of course—gossip as anybody might—it couldn't close its eyes to the matrimonial possibilities involved in a handsome bachelor, well on the sunny side of forty, with an income of three or four hundred thousand dollars a year, which was growing every minute.

In plain fact John was king in Sarum, in so far as he cared to be. The town pretty much stood with its hat off to him. His luck, his amazing success, his open hand, his

(Continued on Page 77)

KisselKar

KISSEL LEADERSHIP

THE story of *Kissel* and the *KisselKar* teems with facts of alert foresight, prompt initiative, brilliant progress and dominant leadership. Either pacing competition or abreast of it in each vital advance of engineering and design, Kissel has occupied for eleven years a limelight prominence in the motor car industry.

The ALL-YEAR Car—an idea that admittedly towers above every other accomplishment in the history of automobile body building—is but the climax of a series of notable Kissel achievements.

Kissel ***introduced*** three-quarter elliptic springs—bringing to the motor car a new standard of riding comfort.

Kissel ***introduced*** the salon body with a corridor between the front seats.

Kissel ***introduced*** double external brakes—doing away with the danger, noise, wear and tear of internal brake mechanism.

Kissel ***introduced*** concealed lights to illuminate the instrument board at night.

Kissel ***introduced*** the arched frame over the front axle—permitting for the first time a low hanging body without sacrificing ample road clearance.

Kissel ***introduced*** the now generally adopted and efficient system of both foot and emergency brakes on the rear wheels.

Kissel ***introduced*** the merger of all electric wires on one central control board—making possible the instant location of trouble.

Kissel ***introduced*** two and three door touring bodies.

The one man top—a European patent—was brought to America by Kissel and appeared on KisselKars a year in advance of its appearance on any other domestic car.

Kissel was *first* to offer in a *medium-priced car* the full floating rear axle, electric self-starting and lighting, and the substitution of oil lubrication for grease cups.

It was at the Kissel factory—on a KisselKar—that the now universally employed vacuum gasoline feed system was developed and perfected by the inventor, Webb Jay.

Kissel was among the first builders of six cylinder engines and the first to market Sixes at a popular price.

The ALL-YEAR Car

The ALL-YEAR Car—a beautiful and complete closed coach that can be readily converted into a wide-open *roofless* touring car—has lifted Kissel from eminence to PRE-EMINENCE by actually changing the motoring habits of a nation.

Thus Kissel has been *first* in those things that figure most prominently in the safety, simplicity, appearance and comfort of the modern motor car.

Couple these facts with the further fact that the Kissel Motor Car Company has enjoyed a clean record of unbroken success since its inception—and you have every reason to let your next car be a KisselKar.

For the ALL-YEAR Car booklet and late literature write

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., HARTFORD, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

Don't Live with Germs

Nearly all sickness is caused by them. They lurk in dark places. They breed in close rooms. When spring comes, the first step toward a clean home is complete fumigation. It is easy and quick and certain.

Fumigate Now

After the shut-in months of winter, fumigate every room. Leave the rugs in, the bedding, the furnishings—everything except the plants. Let this germicidal gas penetrate every crevice and reach every refuge for germs.

Don't be content with mere scrubbing. The danger is not the dirt. A room isn't clean, and it isn't safe, until freed of invisible germs.

After Sickness

After any contagious sickness, fumigate!

You would not think of omitting this after scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria or tuberculosis. But remember that colds, influenza and grippe are contagious, too. And you never know what they will lead to.

The wise way is to fumigate any room that has sheltered any disease which infects.

Before You Move

Don't occupy a home which others have lived in before it is fumigated. You don't know what disease germs are lurking there.

Ask the landlord if the rooms have been fumigated. If not, insist that it be done. Fumigation is easy and quick and cheap.

It is folly to risk any sort of contagion that's so easily prevented.

Wherever You Go

Wherever you go urge this fumigation. Urge it in theatres, in churches, in street cars. Pullman sleepers are fumigated regularly. Every enclosed gathering place calls for like precautions.

The time is coming when public opinion will force frequent fumigation. Help that time along. Urge and advocate it for your own protection. Patronize the fumigated places.

BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc., **Chicago and New York**

Get B&B Fumigators

Ask your druggist for B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators. They accord with U. S. Government recommendations, which means twice the usual strength. Do not risk half-measures.

B&B Fumigators are convenient. Simply touch a match. They come in several sizes—fifty cents will thoroughly fumigate the average room. They harm nothing but plants. Do not be content with any inferior kind. Write for our interesting treatise on proper fumigation—free on request.

Other B&B Products

This concern has a world-wide fame for the B&B Double-Sure products. These include

B&B Absorbent Cotton
B&B Bandages and Gauze
B&B Adhesive Plaster
B&B First Aid Outfits

All made under ideal conditions. All put up in protective packages. For safety's sake, in all these lines, ask for B&B.

(Continued from Page 74)

attractive appearance, his genial manner, his air of command—dropped down in conservative old Sarum—made him a kind of embodied fairy story. He looked his part of Fortune's favorite. That local society should regret his regal negligence was most natural. It stood visibly ready to smile upon him. But it was Mrs. Martindale who brought him in

He had known her, in a way, from the beginning. It was impossible to cut any sort of figure in Sarum without knowing Mrs. Martindale. She saw to that. Her father was Colonel Prouty, who had spent most of his life since the Civil War holding various state and Federal offices, and who still survived, in vigorous though rheumatic old age, on his reminiscences and his war pension. His daughter had married Percy Martindale, son of a Universalist minister who had really counted for much in the intellectual and spiritual life of the town for many years and had managed by economy and a judicious investment in real estate to accumulate a modest little competence, which Percy inherited.

Those in Sarum who knew would tell you there was nothing the matter with Percy Martindale, except that he was lazy, without ambition. He had served three terms in Congress. The knowing ones would tell you, too, that his wife got him the nomination, wrote his speeches, carried on his official correspondence, trotted round to the departments on errands for his constituents, and saw that governmental garden seeds were properly franked to the voters back home; in fact, did pretty much everything except sit at his desk in the House.

The inert load, however, proved too heavy even for her tireless hands and brains. He was defeated after the third term and settled down to his law office in Sarum, where the only dependable source of income consisted of his fees as a master in chancery, the appointment having been procured by his wife. But the minister's real estate was developing rather greater rental values and the pair just managed to live presentably.

Percy Martindale was now thirty-eight—quite fat and getting fatter; a bit wheezy too; with soft, light-brown hair, wearing very thin on the crown of his head and neatly parted in the middle. He was smooth-shaven, florid, sleepy-looking, inclined to doze over his paper after dinner. Yet he was always a perfect gentleman—thoroughly dependable for filling in at a dinner table, dancing puffily with homely girls and neglected matrons, handing a teacup, fetching an ice, and doing numberless other small chores of that character. He would have been a very good husband, in short, for one who could have afforded such a luxury, which Elmira hardly could.

Mrs. Martindale was forty, tall, angular, sallow-skinned, with a long thin nose that jutted out from her face as though minded to part company with it. She was not in the least handsome, though her dark eyes were fine if one could overlook their environment. She dressed badly and was so awkward that sensitive people held their breaths when she attempted to dance, the general impression being that she might fall apart at any moment. But her energy was inexhaustible and she possessed a wonderfully efficient mind. She worked three years for Percy's first nomination to Congress—from the day their engagement was announced, having, in fact, had Washington in view at that time.

Probably hardly one of all those who were its objects knew how clever and comprehensive and tireless the campaign had been. If Percy could, so to speak, have just kept awake and stepped in tune to the music, she would very likely have marched him to the Senate. But she was too intelligent not to perceive in time what Percy's fatal limitations were. It wasn't that he was a dead weight. One might push that. But he had no real consistency. Rushing him was a good deal like pushing atmosphere.

When Percy relapsed to law she was more or less an engine running wild. She went into many things; was on scores of committees, first and last, for scores of objects; belonged to no end of clubs, societies, associations for improving purposes. One could not be long in her neighborhood and have one's head at all above the average height without touching at some point or other the complicated web of her activities.

What Mrs. Martindale first particularly wanted of John Turner was a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm in the neighborhood of Sarum, to which boys from city tenements could be sent to learn farming. It seemed to involve only a matter of twenty-five thousand dollars. She got it. Then, without his knowing anything about that part of it, she got news of the benefaction on the front pages of the newspapers, which were well pleased over an impeccable opportunity to say something nice about so lavish an advertiser. Her own name nowhere appeared, or any suggestion that it wasn't entirely John's own scheme. He pretended to be annoyed; but wasn't really. Of course this heralded and applauded Turner Farm could be no starveling affair; so he put in another twenty-five thousand to assure its proper support.

"A mighty clever woman that! She stung me right!" John Turner commented, laughing

He repeated this judgment in about the same terms to Mrs. Martindale, and she candidly joined in the laugh.

She knew how to take him Like Smiley, she was a relief and a diversion for him. With her restless passion for managing things, John Turner was a fascinating subject. Presently Mr. Turner's name began to appear occasionally among society happenings. There would be a distinguished little dinner at his house, or something more pretentious at the Inn—but only now and then, with sufficient rarity to be quite an event when it did occur. Presently he took the Country Club in hand, contributing nearly all the money for the spacious new building and the better golf course. It was really her doing—brought about by astute, flattering insinuation, until when the thing was done John rather thought he had originated it.

So with the Hillsdale project—a residence district for workmen, with model cottages, some flower beds, and a library that got extensive complimentary notices in the metropolitan press. It was rather understood among the wise and observant that Mrs. Martindale possessed the password to these social and philanthropic favors, and anyone who wanted to get in had better be nice to her, but she was much too clever to let this idea obtrude on John.

He was still too busy for very extensive indulgences in society or philanthropy, being mostly absorbed in the motor company; and the business was growing by tens of millions. Time came when a thirty-minute conference between John Turner, Walter Hayes and Sandy McGregor—or, more and more, Callahan instead of Sandy—determined an expenditure of a million dollars. Or when a wire or a long-distance telephone message from John was all the warrant necessary for laying out a couple of hundred thousand.

Two persons who were so much in John's orbit as Smiley Carter and Mrs. Martindale would naturally meet. Affinity drew them together. Both, so to speak, had a capital stake in John Turner. Both were clever enough, though the woman's mind was much the abler. Both were constrained by ill luck to mere behind-the-scenes rôles. The hearts of both were lemon yellow with disappointment. They drew together. Presently Smiley was dropping in at Mrs. Martindale's with a frequency that might perhaps have inspired gossip if gossip concerning two homely, middle-aged persons—the one angular, the other with a stiff leg—hadn't seemed obviously absurd.

"You and I ought to send him to the Senate," said Mrs. Martindale one day, her dark eyes gravely studying Smiley's lean face.

"He wouldn't care for it," Smiley replied.

"But he can be made to care," she answered. "I know him! Just making automobiles will cease to amuse him after a while. He ought to have something else to do."

They had fallen into a way of discussing John between themselves with that candor—as a kind of joint property.

This was the beginning of the famous Turner Fund. The main idea was that a certain proportion of the profits of the motor company should go into a trust fund, in the management of which representatives of the workmen should have a share—carefully restricted to a minority, however. From this fund pensions were to be paid to hands who reached a certain age after having been in the company's employ a given number of years, and to those who might be disabled and the dependents of those killed through accident.

The more novel feature was that, after a given term of service, a workman could draw out his share of the fund, based on the wages he had received. There were

the real facts about pipe are brought out

MOST pipe looks alike when new. To most people it is either "black pipe" or "galvanized pipe." But in the laboratories of Father Time, there are two kinds of pipe, the kind that lasts and the kind that doesn't.

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED

has found favor with Father Time, for he has seen thousands of tons of modern metals crumble into dust while the old-fashioned, hand-made wrought iron, from which Byers pipe is manufactured, has survived for centuries.

Byers, by years of unremitting effort, has made this rust and stress-defying pipe available, at a moderate cost, to the home builder, the business man, investor, manufacturer, engineer, railroad man, and all who buy pipe for durability.

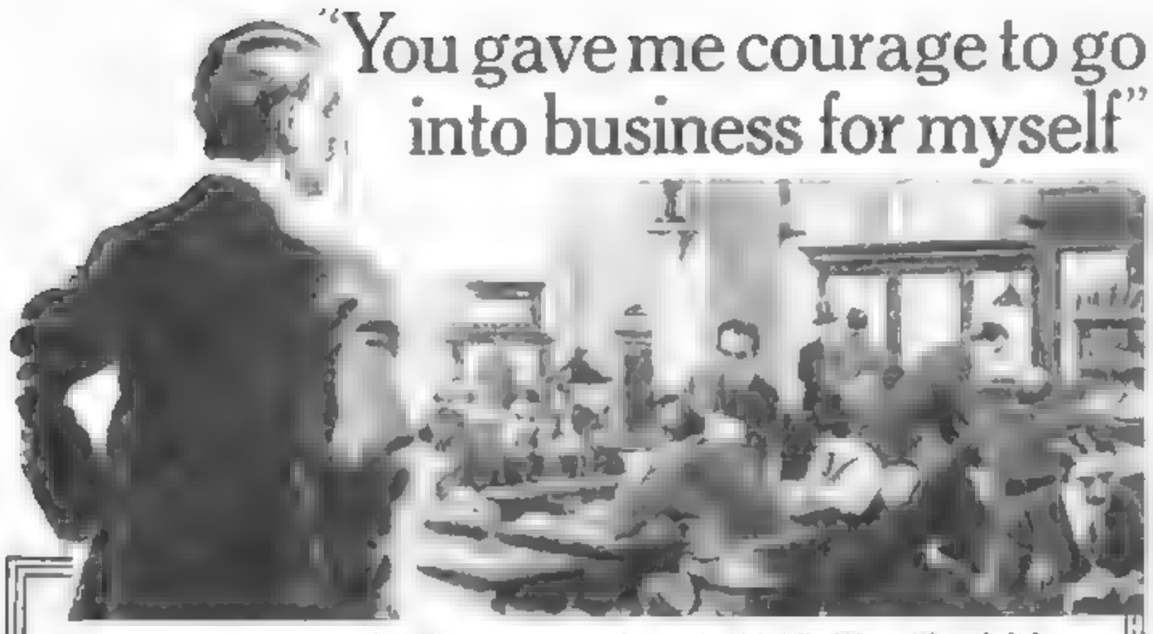
Byers is the only pipe which has the Name and Year of Manufacture rolled into the metal for easy identification and as a check on its life. It is the most lasting pipe for plumbing, heating, gas, steam and fluids of any kind.

Write for booklet "The Selection of Pipe" and other information about Byers Pipe.

A·M·BYERS COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA·
ESTABLISHED 1864

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO LOS ANGELES HOUSTON
Distributors in All Jobbing Centers (Names on Request)

Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length



"You gave me courage to go into business for myself"

"For years I had wanted to," writes a man from the Middle West, "but I did not dare. The first three lessons gave me the courage." That is what he got from the

Course in Personal Efficiency

Taught by Mail, Prepared by Harrington Emerson

So deep in our lives are the foundations of this new Efficiency idea applied to the individual, that each man gets what he needs most from it. One man gets courage, one gets health, one gets time, one gets wealth. For Efficiency means the shortest, quickest, easiest way to reach *your* goal. And Harrington Emerson, who has taught Efficiency to so many corporations, has adapted it to you in 24 powerful, complete, condensed lessons.

The corporation has capital, plant, men; you have brains, time, energy. Through these lessons you will learn to make the most of your brains, time, and energy with the least effort.

These principles are not casual ideas of Mr. Emerson's. They are the scientific principles he has developed in forty years of study. He has applied them in over 200 factories, railroads and other organizations. They are studied by other Efficiency Engineers in America, England, France, Germany and other countries who have learned them from Emerson. His big organization in New York—(he has 40 assistants) has taught Efficiency to steel mills and railroads, factories and publishers. Hundreds and hundreds of the biggest people have endorsed this course, have studied it and applied it to their daily affairs. We have a book of over 300 reproductions of letters which we will gladly send to you, if you wish it.

20,000 Students Enrolled

Efficiency for the individual has swept through the world. 20,000 students have already rushed to enroll for this course. From California comes one who is saving thousands on a government job—from Iowa one whom the course has put on the right path to success—from New York an editor who got back his health—a writer who does twice as much work in less time—the Secretary and Treasurer of the biggest bond house in the Northwest saved an hour and a half a day from the first lesson.

First Lesson FREE

Send only two 2-cent stamps for postage

If you want to do less work and get more for it—send this coupon and learn to be efficient. If you are trying to get ahead and the way seems closed, send this coupon and open a new way. If you need more money and see no way to get it—send the coupon. If you are overworked and tired, send this coupon and learn through Efficiency to throw off the burden of useless drudgery. Whoever, whatever, wherever you are you need Efficiency.

Because this thing is too big to explain in any advertisement, we will, until the public is familiar with the idea, give the first lesson absolutely free of charge.

Send the coupon today for the whole story and the first lesson free.

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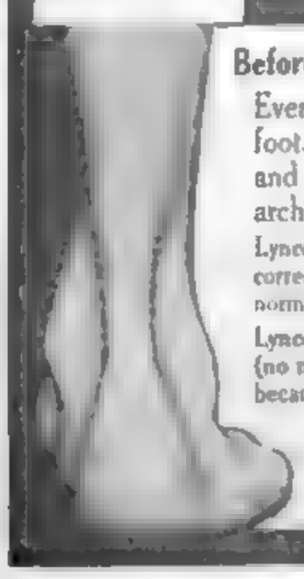


Before the Arches Fall, Heed the Demands of Tired, Tortured Feet

Every step you take, the entire weight of the body bears on one foot. If your arch is weak, the strain will, in time, break the arch down and you will be "flat-footed." Any one who has suffered from fallen arches knows the agony, similar to toothache, and less easily relieved.

Lynco Arch supports relieve the strain and pain, preventing flat-foot and also correct the trouble after the arch has fallen, gradually building it up to its normal position.

Lynco Supports are scientifically moulded, sponge-rubber cushions, leather-covered (no metal), light in weight and self-conforming. Eminent surgeons endorse them because they perform the functions which the fallen arch cannot.

Sold by shoe dealers in most cities, or mailed prepaid on receipt of $3.00 a pair. Give size of shoe and state whether for man, woman or child, or enclose diagram made by standing on paper and pencil-marking around stockinged foot.

LYNN RUBBER MFG. CO., 584 Washington Street, Lynn, Mass.

calculations showing that pretty much everybody would finally have a little fortune. One argument was that it avoided the temptations to extravagance which attended higher wages. It was shown by statistics that the cost of living rose as wages rose, but by this arrangement workmen would be able to circumvent that tendency.

It took many months to bring it about—months of clever, laughing suggestions by Mrs. Martindale, all adroitly flattering; of humorous words dropped in here and there by Smiley. The plate was set before John and then, without the least obtrusiveness, without any show of persistence, with never a chance of boring, the two directed his attention to it—just a smile and a nod in that direction, and then talking about something else.

Mrs. Martindale would mention an instance of poverty among workmen. Smiley would happen to recall a magazine article he had read on the subject of workmen's pensions. What should a man who was deriving great wealth from the labor of many hands really do? It was an interesting subject, wasn't it? Perhaps it might be one of the greatest subjects in our democracy, with demagogues ranting and socialists stirring up discontent. If a man could devise a plan which would prevent strikes now—what did Mr. Turner think about that subject?

When it was finally done John Turner hardly knew that it wasn't quite his own scheme, big and forceful and able as he was.

Mrs. Martindale had learned a great deal about the art of publicity during her active political experience. The Turner Fund was projected on a large scale, with enough millions of dollars in the calculations to make it good newspaper material in any case. Nothing of the opportunity was wasted. The whole nation had Turner Fund at its breakfast next morning—with a prolonged infantry fire of editorial comment and magazine treatment following the grand broadside.

This celebrated fund might be called a turning point in John's life—or, better said, a milestone; for though he went far and came to places much different from those he had originally intended, there was really no sharp deflection—just an ever-bending road.

Before this fund was announced he would have been called a young, eminently successful, plain American citizen. Very likely he would have described himself that way. But success had been pouring down on him. For several years every circumstance of his life had fed his naturally vigorous self-confidence, stimulated his pride, hardened his inclination to command. Mrs. Martindale had always managed to let him know—with a laugh and a jest, in such ways that a modest person need not feel bound to deny it—that she considered him a man apart, a genius.

John had paid millions of dollars for advertising by that time and thought he knew something about affecting the public mind by printed words. He rather supposed everybody who could read already knew there was such a concern as the Sarum Motor Company and that a man named [illegible] Turner was its president. Yet the results of Mrs. Martindale's ingenious publicity campaign for the Turner Fund really astonished him. It seemed that he had been discovered only now. He had an odd feeling that the whole United States suddenly stood up and looked at him.

Immediately his mail grew ponderous with all sorts of begging letters. Invitations to speak at all manner of banquets in all parts of the country rained down on him. His portrait began to sprout magically on newspaper and magazine pages. Soon the President invited him to Washington to consult about some labor legislation.

For a very little while John affected to treat all this with humorous derogation—mere newspaper buncombe, which he pretended to wave aside with a smile or with some slight annoyance. But this modest attitude didn't last long. Of course everybody praised his fund. An impression that [illegible] standing up and applauding must have its reaction upon almost any mind. Flattery on [illegible] is not lightly resisted, and John was naturally susceptible to flattery.

It wasn't long before he accepted the fact of being a national figure with due seriousness. Little touches showed it.

For example, if bluff Sandy McGregor flatly contradicted him—as not infrequently happened—close observers who knew the lay of the land might easily surmise an impatient presumption in John's mind that Sandy was a blockhead. Small jests at his expense—current enough in the free and easy give-and-take of American talk—which would formerly have brought an appreciative or indulgent laugh, were now sometimes received with distinct coldness, or even with a slight frown. He liked to have his opinions treated with respect, whether he knew anything about the subject or not. If some young men about the place took off their hats in addressing him, that was not displeasing.

Meantime Mrs. Martindale had that satisfaction which comes from successfully employing the creative faculty. The national figure was pretty much her handiwork, assisted by Smiley Carter. It might seem that the homely woman, with her long, angular and rather leathery face, denied by Fate the principal rôle to which her brains entitled her and relegated to working mostly out of sight of the gallery, got little enough out of it. That would overlook her passion for managing—her restless will to direct. For a woman of her turn of mind, there was nothing else in that part of the country so well worth managing as John Turner. It meant holding the switch on the big dynamo.

Then another large factor emerged and threatened to overcome her. The Turner Fund was announced in September, 1912. In the next month John met Mary Ward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IBERIA

(Continued from Page 25)

Benham's blood froze. Surely there was a mistake! Nickel couldn't go off three-quarters of a point between sales! He stiffened to ask the question and felt a hand on his arm.

"Brother," said Mr. Skeel softly. "This is a hi-sterical market. Let's say two points more!"

"But—you said ——"

"Too active—too active! Too much excitement. Let's say two points more!"

The tout intoned monotonously: "Paper seven-eighths . . . . Reading a half . . . three hundred at five-eighths . . . . Steel an eighth . . . . Cuba Cane a half . . . . Ray right . . . . Nickel an eighth."

"You picked a cripple, brother," said Mr. Skeel humorously. "Let's say ——"

"Wait—wait a minute!"

"Speak up then—and put up."

"Listen!"

"I'm deaf to-day, brother. Suppose you slip me fifty more!"

"Listen, I [illegible]"

"Are you coming across with that?"

"Hold on, just a minute! I [illegible]"

"Are you?"

"No, but if you'll wait [illegible]"

Mr. Skeel's voice swelled authoritatively: "Sell twenty-five Nickel at the market, Sam!"

"Nickel—twenty-five at the market!" echoed the clerk, far back in the cage.

And shortly, while Benham was sitting dazed, the proprietor dropped to the chair beside him and affected equal woe.

"We got out at forty-five and three-quarters," he mourned contentedly. "Six and a quarter commission, that leaves you six and a quarter. It's such chicken feed—mind taking it in cash?"

The recurrence of a familiar word beating against his eardrums sent Benham's attention to the board, and what he saw there drove him frantic.

"L-look!" he choked, plucking at Skeel's arm. "Look at that! I knew! I t-tell you, I knew! It was coming back—it had to come back! It's the big bull market! If you'd waited—if you'd just waited ——"

"Steel a hundred and nine," shrilled the tout excitedly. "A thousand at a quarter . . . a half . . . five-eighths . . . Ida a half. . . . Nickel forty-six . . . a half . . . forty-seven . . . five hundred at an eighth."

"You robber!" howled Benham, wide-eyed, leaping to his feet. "You crook! You [illegible]"

Mr. Skeel got to his feet and pointed to the door.

(Continued on Page 81)

What Women Say About Shoes

WITH Easter at hand and Spring almost here, women everywhere are thinking about shoes.

They are asking each other questions:

Are prices going still higher?

Is the rising cost, the shortage of leather, actual and necessary—or is some one taking advantage of conditions?

What is the practical, sensible thing for a woman to do?

Right along, in these pages, The Regal Company has been giving the inside facts about leather and shoes.

So far as we can learn no other manufacturer has thought it worth while to take the public into his confidence.

We do so because we see Regal as an institution, responsible to the public and to more than two million loyal customers

This business started 24 years ago, in a small way—but with a big idea. It now has three great factories, fifty of its own stores in the metropolitan centers and a thousand dealers (special Regal representatives) in other towns and cities.

Why shouldn't we tell the *truth* about shoes?

Now this is the way we see it.

Kid-skins can't come in from India, nor calf-skins from Russia. There are not enough ships. The United States practically has no ships.

Leather is getting scarce. It will be higher before it is lower. Shoe prices had to go up.

But—

There can be no question or doubt that advantage has been taken of the scarcity. There were instances the past season where prices were boosted sky-high!

Regal Shoes wherever you found them were uniformly good value.

Then why didn't women go to the Regal Stores? They *did*, by the *thousands*. Some women didn't—because they had never been in a Regal Store

The tendency of women to stick to habit or routine in buying is what gives the price-booster his opportunity!

The sensible, practical woman wakes up and looks around.

She will find the best values in a National, Standard shoe like Regal where the *Maker* is responsible to *her* and the price is a known quantity.

This is our advice for Spring:

Find a good, stylish, reliable, *known* Make of shoe at a moderate price, say $5 to $8.

Then buy *two* pairs.

And get Regal Shoes if you can.

You want style and good looks, you want honest leather and fine workmanship; you want a "glovey" shoe that will *wear* and keep its shape (not less than $5, or more than $10)—that's the Regal range.

If you can't get Regal Shoes in your town write for our Style Book and foot-measuring chart. We can serve you by mail.

REGAL SHOES

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

The Newest Wonder of Motordom—the

Multi-Powered Car

Won National Approval in 30 Days

Since last month's announcement of "A Power Miracle" the demand for this new wonder car has grown in an astounding way. East, West, North and South all wanted it at once. Notwithstanding, our enlarged factories are making immediate deliveries. The Multi-Powered Car is hailed as a revolution in light car performance. By new motor construction its power is *multiplied*.

In 30 days the Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car has become the king of light automobiles. Its success has been immediate.

This is exclusively Crow-Elkhart motor design—no other motor embodies the same engineering ideals.

A new kind of power is created by a new kind of construction.

Motoring is transformed into travel smooth as silk.

Without the slightest evidence of vibration, without speed-effect, if you wish, you sweep along at 50 miles an hour. Acceleration is spontaneous—from a standing start to 40 miles an hour in 20 seconds. The liquid power-flow seems the same at all speeds—just expands at your gentle foot press. In traffic you lull down to 3 miles an hour on high gear.

The wonderful wide range of power and flexibility is as great as your need will ever be—greater than ordinary driving requires. This is the miraculous effect of multiplied power in the Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car. It gives the brute energy of a far heavier motor with a supreme refinement of power—silken smoothness that seems the same at 20 to 30, 30 to 40, 40 to 50 and 50 to 60 miles an hour.

Such dominant smoothness enables the utmost economy—20 to 26 miles on a gallon of gasoline. It reduces all car strain. It brings new multiplied power advantages in a moderate priced car—creates a new standard at $795.

Engineer Martin E. Crow has crowned the success of his 9-Year Chassis and its many up-to-the-instant advancements. No other established car under $1000 in price has a similar improvement.

Write for Complete Description

Get a full account of the wonderful performance of the Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car. Read the secret of its miraculous power! Know its dominant features. Then see the beautiful coach work and custom service—Ten Color Options and Three Upholstery Options—which top this amazing value. You'll realize *how* this Multi-Powered Car won national approval in 30 days.

Only Two More Weeks at $795

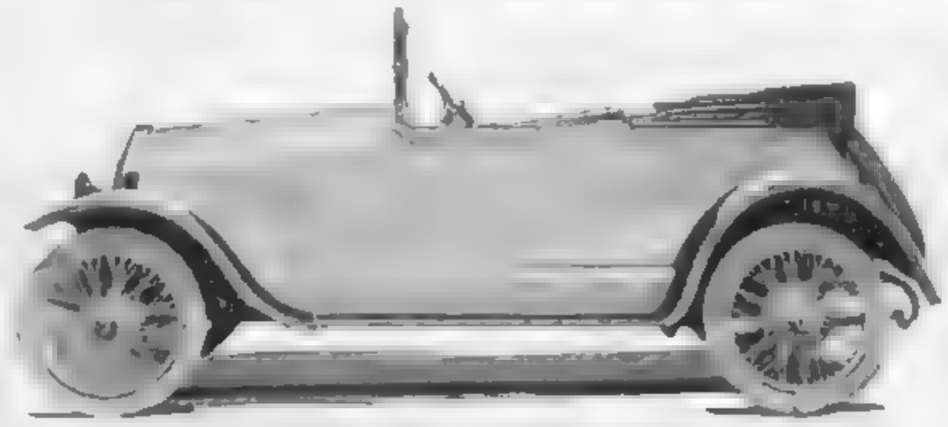
At midnight, April 14th, the Crow-Elkhart Multi Powered Car (Touring and Roadster) advances in price to $845, wire wheels $50 extra. You save a goodly amount by placing your order at once. Here is the ultimate in motor car construction—still within your grasp at a price so low it cannot be continued.

CROW-ELKHART MOTOR CO., Dept. 19, ELKHART, INDIANA

Canadian Crow Motor Company, Limited, Mt. Brydges, Ont.

Dealers: Still a few open opportunities. You should wire. No equal chance in next two years.

Features: The Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car is the largest car in America at the price—with extra tonneau space and wide 49-inch rear seat; 114-inch wheelbase; light weight, 2040 pounds (touring); chrome nickel steel gears in rear axle; full floating rear axle; underslung three-quarter elliptic rear springs; heavy steel dome fenders.



Four-Passenger Cloverleaf Roadster, $825; with Wire Wheels, $845

Touring Model, $795

Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car $795

(Continued from Page 78.

"Out!" he threatened. "Get out before I have you put out! Get! And stay out! Hear me? Don't you come in here again! See?"

Benham's blood boiled over; he raised his hand and then, all at once, he slumped. He laughed coldly and took an uncertain step forward. His collar strangled him and he eased it with a jerk.

"I w-will, my Christian friend," he said, in an ungovernable fit of palsy. "I will and—th-thank you for your d-damned kind advice. I'm through!" And as he stumbled through the doorway he heard the joyous monotone of the gaudy turfman at the ticker: "Paper a half. . . . Steel a hundred and ten. . . . Nickel forty-nine . . . they're off!"

To Benham, descending from the mid-afternoon local at Iberia, the hideous stone station, the damaged hacks at the edge of the platform, the cobbled street, the frayed and dusty park with its fencing of painted gas pipe, the opposite row of false-fronted shops—all these familiar sights appeared as blots upon an ugly landscape, but how they thrilled him! For Iberia might be humble and it might be garish, it was certainly funny and provincial—but it was home!

He was unable now, as he had been unable before, to explain how the homing instinct had seized and mastered him. Suddenly, as he had paced the streets of the greater city, struggling to steady himself against the forces that threatened to destroy his mental adjustment, a vision of Iberia had risen clearly out of the blackness of his thoughts—Iberia, placid and unassuming, restful and mercifully ugly and unashamed. He had recalled that a scant half mile from the town hall there were open fields, and trees uncatalogued, and flowers growing wild, and spontaneously his eyes had ached to behold such scenes, and his lungs had ached for uncontaminated air. He had recollected schoolmates; impulsive, joyous companions whom he had loved—one of them was a girl—and he had craved to substitute them for the picaresque associates of his recent travail. He had halted incontinently and proved a sum in simple mathematics. New York had thrown him solidly, and Benham, as he at length continued his slow march uptown, had inwardly cried "Down!" and set his whim in resolute concrete. He would go home!

Hence, with the residue of his personal belongings in one suit case—diplomatically new—with two hundred precious dollars—O wily pawnbroker!—in his pocket and a natty suit on his back, with his bridges burned and a remarkable letter to Miss Merrihew in the mail, he descended at Iberia, not in the downcast mood of a defeated prodigal, but in the consciousness that here, where rumor had vastly overrated him, he could find temporary solace and refreshment. He could relax and ventilate the halls of his too highly carboned fancy. He could build up a new perspective, fix a new horizon, and undertake a new crusade against the fates. And he had really come—without arraigning Helen Merrihew as his accessory.

For a moment, as he withstood the clamorous solicitation of the hackmen, his reversion to the environment was so complete that a former address trembled on his lips; but his grin of self-enjoyment perished at the realization that Iberia was indeed his home—but only geographically. His relatives had, during the interval of years, vanished forever. Benham sighed and from compassion chose the least immaculate of the drivers.

"Mansion House," he said. "No trunk—only this."

Behind the desk at the hotel there was an alert young man, who exclaimed with pleasure and fairly bounded over the desk to greet him. It was an old high-school chum, and Benham could have fallen on his neck with ecstasy. Iberia remembered! The clerk, jealous of his prerogative as a friend of the native son who had tamed New York, appointed himself immediate and personal escort; the room was straightway freshened; the Courier-News was notified instanter. When Benham went in to dinner he encountered a pair of his quondam cronies dining together; and from their delicately respectful heartiness he perceived that Iberia had been classifying the absentee as a second Morgan. It was generally understood that he had resigned his recent post in order to engage in capitalistic ventures; it was commonly said that he had cleaned up a hundred thousand in munition stocks. Benham didn't know who had fathered these rumors, but he was grateful for them.

Later, as he strolled down Main Street, he found himself hailed by a score of local dignitaries as a general of finance, a boy of whom the city had just cause to boast. Was he remembered? Was he? Iberia was proud of him. Iberia understood that he was making money hand over fist—little hints had said so. Iberia had expected it of him. Iberia had told Iberia so! When he went to bed, Benham's tear ducts were troubling him, and in the darkness he said fiercely to himself that Iberia must never know the doleful truth. If necessary, he would squander his entire resources in a day and disappear permanently, but Iberia must never know the truth! Yesterday he had been morally depressed and spiritually exhausted; to-night he was exultant and on guard. They thought he had made good, did they? Well, he wouldn't disappoint them.

"Watch me!" whispered Benham, luxuriating in undeserved praise. "I'll show 'em! A millionaire for a day! Watch me!" And, for the first time since the break in Reichsmarks, fell contentedly asleep.

"In two years," bragged Horatio Dunning, youngest but most astute of realty experts, "we'll have a city government, Ernest. We'll have the finest ball team in any town of its size in the United States. We'll have a per-capita wealth that'll beat Detroit a mile and make Brookline, Mass., look feeble. We've signed contracts to donate free manufacturing sites to eleven new factories employing a total of two thousand hands. I tell you, they can't stop us! And all we need is to have the coming generation stay with us, and not hustle off East the way you did."

"But don't forget," said Benham, "that when I was in school the outlook wasn't so bright."

"It's so bright right this minute," proclaimed Dunning, "that I'll make a blind bet that out of our class in high there are five men in this town to-day who make more money than you do!"

"That's not much of a bet," granted Benham, "when a steel plant can pay for itself in a year. But what astonishes me most is that with all this prosperity you've still got such rotten little banks."

"What?"

Benham nodded.

"Look at 'em! Here's a town of twenty-odd-thousand population, dizzy with war orders, and there's the First National, and the Farmers' Loan and Trust, and the State Street Trust and Deposit, and the Iberia Savings, and the McClellan County Loan and Savings, and Smith and Harper's—six of 'em, and not one with decent capital or half enough deposits or a modern directorate. Of course I'm especially interested in banking, but ——"

"What's the matter with the directors?" asked Dunning, who helped to guide the destinies of the First National. He was smiling quizzically.

"Why, the only reason for letting a bank director live," said Benham, "is because he keeps on bringing in new depositors. Out this way you're still working along the old lines—you hand out directors' jobs as social favors. Take the State Street; from the gossip I've heard, they'd actually rather have depositors who keep hundred-dollar balances and come round in touring-cars than tradespeople who don't always wear clean collars but have a couple of thousand on tap all the time. That isn't business! The State Street's a social climber. And, besides, every bank I've seen so far is nothing but a hothouse of nepotism—they're all alike. They're jokes. Believe me, Horace, one good, husky up-to-date outfit could put five out of your six banks into the discard inside of eighteen months! Why, I got out of a New York bank simply because it was too slow!"

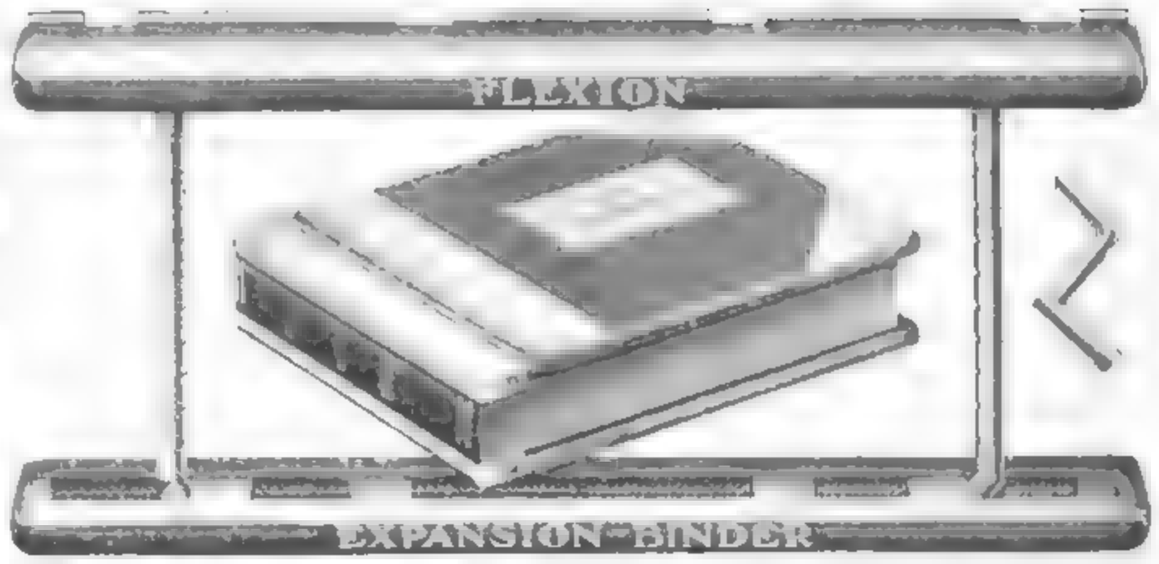
Dunning half closed his eyes and smiled more broadly.

"Well, I suppose you know what you're talking about. Besides ——"

"Do I? Answer me this: Do you know how many manufacturers in Iberia borrow in Canton?"

"Why, not many."

"Oh, but they do! At least a dozen of 'em do. Why? Because there isn't a bank in Iberia that has enough capital to make even one big commercial loan. Look at the Farmers'—capitalized at fifty thousand!



25 Points of Superiority and Efficiency

The ADCO Flexion Expansion Binder

The first new idea in loose leaf Binders in 20 years. All unsightly, awkward, external posts eliminated—no sharp edges—lies flat—and cannot mar the desk—simple in operation—no complicated mechanism—infinitely superior to the old style.

Over twenty years ago the heavy three-piece-back ledger and sectional post binders were placed upon the market and from that time to the present, they have given universal satisfaction because they were the most perfect and complete binders ever introduced. The Adco-Flexion Loose Leaf Binder, which we are now introducing, is such a definite and radical improvement over the heavy three-piece-back ledger, that it ***will rapidly replace all other styles*** in every live, wide awake establishment. It has so many new features, so many points of excellence, that it has only to be seen to be appreciated. No aggressive up-to-date office can afford to retain the old style. The "Adco-Flexion" eliminates every objectionable feature, is simpler, less cumbersome, more adjustable and better than the old style.

Mechanically Perfect

The mechanism of the "Adco-Flexion" embodies entirely new [illegible] *small minimum—large maximum expansion.* The chain posts, a novelties, are entirely hid den—are adapted to limitless contraction and expansion and have high tensile strength. The Adco-[illegible] parts—nothing to get out of order. Practically indestructible Fully covered by patents

No Marring of Desks or Furniture

One of the great objections to the old style Sectional Post [illegible] *posts* which protrude and which are continually [illegible] This is entirely done away [illegible] as all posts are eliminated. Metal Back is rounded, heavily nickeled and highly polished, presenting a smooth and beautiful appearance.

Bookkeepers Made Happy

The "Adco-Flexion" is not as heavy and cumbersome as the old time binder. We have often sympathized with bookkeepers in having to struggle with those old style devices—compelling them to do manual work in addition to using their brains. The "Adco-Flexion" does away with all such work—it's light, attractive, nothing to catch and tear your clothes—opens flat and can be stacked one on top of the other

More Economical—A Reduction in Expense

The "Adco-Flexion [illegible]

We will gladly arrange for a practical demonstration of the mechanical workings of the Adco-Flexion Expansion Binder right in your own office. Its superiority will be proven—you will be convinced that it should be a part of your office equipment—Requests are being received by the hundreds, so act promptly—USE THE COUPON.

Ask Your Dealer

ACCOUNTING DEVICES CO.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

25

1—Binds a few leaves or 1,000 leaves.
2—Holds leaves securely and in best alignment.
3—Has non projecting chain-posts, 5/16" or 3/8" dia.
4—Requires no sections to increase capacity.
5—Expanding mechanism all within small steel tubes, no parts in covers.
6—Chain posts are flexible, same diameter entire length, no smaller part as in telescoping posts.
7—Has no leather back to wear off or become loosened
8—Enables greater finger space for easy insertion or removal of leaves
9—Lighter and more easily carried about
10—Smaller, less clumsy and saves vault space
11—Can be made to fit any size of leaf
12—Any center to center can be duplicated.
13—Binds a few or many leaves, saving heavy expense of changing backs to secure additional capacity
14—Adco-Flexion Expansion Binder has less minimum and greater maximum capacity than others.
15—Stacks level on desk
16—Saves your office furniture, all surfaces are rounded
17—Leaves, with any hinge treatment lie flat
18—Has stability of flat back Ledger Binder.
19—Has easy rotation of Round Back Ledger Binder.
20—Adco Hinges are most substantial and uniform in appearance.
21—Heavy pressure on binding edge of leaves does not cause the hinge to bulge outward and raise covers.
22—Leaves cannot enter Chain posts and are easily moved along.
23—Capacity grows with the business
24—A Peer among binders for quality.
25—Economical, practical, efficient, a money saver.

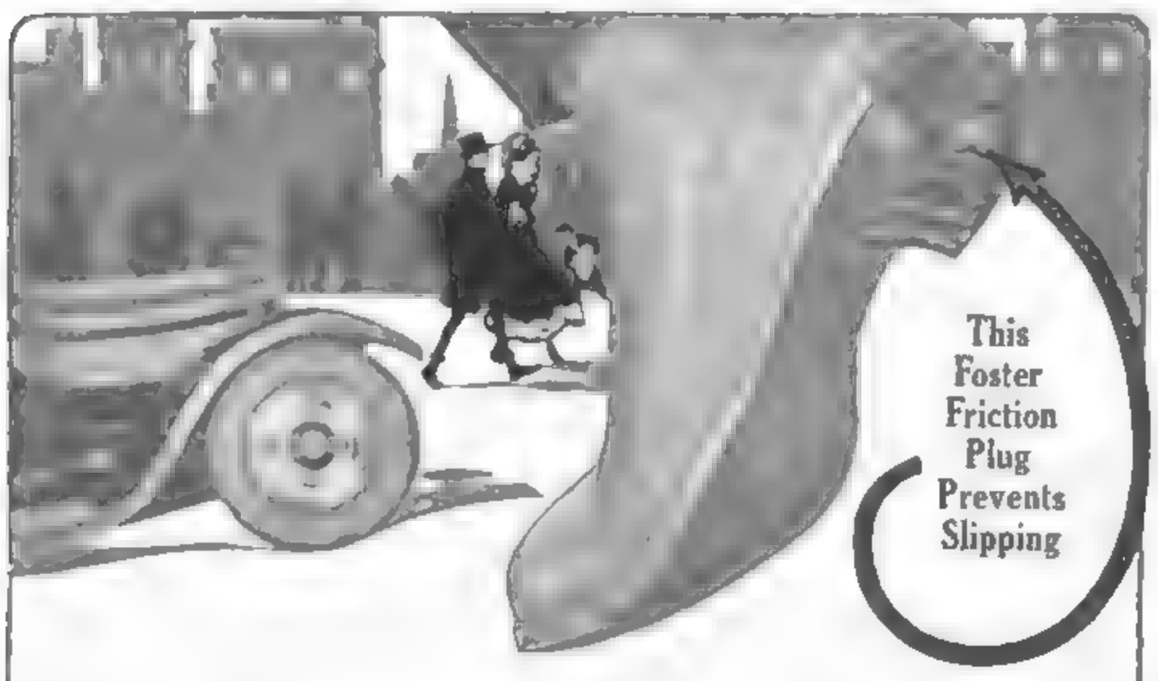
USE THE COUPON

ACCOUNTING DEVICES CO., Chicago

We are interested in your Adco-Flexion Expansion Binder and would like to see how it operates. Without any obligation on our part, send one for practical demonstration.

Firm Name

Address



Go along as you please on

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

Stop—start!—wind in and out the maze of traffic—quickly—sure-footedly.

Slipping is the biggest danger in your daily life. When your brain says, "slow down" or "step lively" there must be no foot-treachery.

Good news, friends! The same Cat's Paws that ease your steps make walking safe. That Foster Friction Plug is the reason.

Cat's Paws contain no dirt-carrying holes, and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

50 cts. attached—White, Tan & Gray. For Men, Women and Children.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floor walkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75c attached of your dealer—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c, and outline of your arch.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street . . Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

¶ A new and reliable dainty confection with old reliable Beech-Nut perfection

Beech-Nut Mints

5¢

Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue — They're Great for the Fishing Trip.

Also Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

They can't legally loan more than five thousand to any one client. What's that in these times? And why should a man wander round town, picking up five thousand here, and three there, and two some place else, when he can hop over to Canton and borrow twenty-five or thirty at a clip? Why on earth hasn't there been a consolidation?"

"They're all too cocky," said Dunning. "No doubt about it—it ought to be done. But that gang would cut off their noses out of spite!"

"That's because they aren't organized on a sound basis. Why, I remember when Smith and Harper's opened, don't you? They'd both made some money out of rolling mills, and they wanted to get into a bank, because they thought it was a fine, genteel, aristocratic thing to do. And when nobody would let 'em into the game, they set up for themselves out of plain pique. It was childishness, that's all. I've seen their statements, and they aren't clearing four per cent on their investments—and I don't believe the others are, either. They ought to be telescoped."

"Right!" maintained his friend. "I've had that hunch myself! But it won't be done unless somebody comes in from the outside and sells everybody on the proposition, and then engineers it to a finish. I've sounded various people once or twice, and they balked like so many steers, but if a disinterested party who had a standing, and no quarrels with anyone—well, a man about like you, Ernest—took hold of it, he could make a killing!"

Benham's pulse pounded, but he smiled indulgently.

"I could hardly tackle a scheme like that, Horatius."

"Well, why not?" Dunning began to show signs of eagerness. "This is as good a time as any to talk things over—and I've been wanting to pick a bone with you for years. Ernest, you're one man who ought to have stayed in Iberia. We need you—we need you like thunder. New York doesn't—she's got thousands of you. But towns like this go to make up the spinal column of the whole country. There are opportunities right under your feet—Lord, how many there are! You've got a lot of friends here; friends that won't judge you by cash; friends that'll boost you because they like you and have faith in you. And from your experience, you could help Iberia! You've got new ideas. And you've made your mark once, so you'd get a flying start. Everybody in town thinks you're a howling wonder! Why don't you locate here, instead of losing your hair in New York? Suppose we put over a merger such as you've suggested; it would double the importance of the town! It would be a big inducement to new manufacturing interests! It's a thing I've had under my hat for a coon's age, but I couldn't swing it alone. Now you come along, foot-loose and technically equipped to break into the game. It would be good for you too."

"Well—not financially," said Benham, endeavoring to be indifferent.

"I'm not so sure about that! You see, I agree with you on the consolidation. I've done some gumshoe work myself in that line, only, as I said, there's been too much politics. The men in control were too proud to admit they weren't gaining, and too stupid to expand, and too snobbish to get together. But we do need a big bank here, and it looks to me as though you're right on the front steps. Now the combined capital of the four we've got, omitting the savings banks, is—let's see—two hundred and twenty-five thousand."

"The merger shouldn't have less than half a million at least," observed Benham.

"Well, that isn't extravagant—plenty of people would invest if they were sure of safe management. It could get deposits of close to two million, if we assume that borrowers won't go to Canton if they can get accommodation here. And that's simply the beginning! With more factories coming in ——"

"When do they come, Horace?"

"From three to ten months. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'm on my toes on this proposition, because I've always been strong for it—I'll have a dinner for the four presidents to-night, and you can talk to 'em! Let's launch something!"

"But you're traveling too fast! Where do I fit in?"

Dunning thought diligently.

"Offhand, Ernest, I should say that Kelly of the First National will be the biggest obstacle. But if he'd consent to be chairman of the board, and Saunders of the Farmers' is president, I don't see any reason under the sun why you shouldn't be first vice president—that is, if you can convince the four of 'em that you can handle the situation. Then it would be only a question of time before you got 'em on the hip and took command. Personally I'm so sure that you can knock 'em clear off their feet, with your New York prestige, that if I were you I'd insist on getting at least a tenth of the present stock to be contributed pro rata by the other holders, and a salary of at least fifteen thousand, with an agreement for more if you show results. That's little enough for you, but look at the future of it! And they ought to fall for it, because I doubt if any of 'em is making a nickel over four per cent, as you guessed. And I'll subscribe fifteen thousand for the additional issue myself! You camp in Iberia, Ernest, and you and I'll own this town when we're forty!"

Benham leaned back in his chair and pondered.

"Naturally," added his friend, "that doesn't seem a whole lot to you just now, Ernest. As far as I know, it may be less than you stand to make in New York in another year, but you'd be happy, and you'd be helpful, and instead of being an atom in a metropolis you'd be a mighty substantial citizen here. Money goes a long way in these parts."

"'Better be first . . . in a little Iberian village —'"

"Right!" cried Dunning. "You've hit it! Shall I call up Kelly and Saunders and the other two, and see if I can make a date for to-night? It can't do any harm!"

"Er—now, Horace ——"

"Vice president of the combined banks of Iberia, Ernest? I tell you, if you'll stand by me—I've got some selfish motives in this, too—I'll back you to the limit!"

Benham gulped and controlled himself relentlessly.

"All right," he said, with insouciance which nearly got away from him. "Maybe they can make it worth while. As a matter of fact, old man, I'm sort of tired of Broadway. Life in New York's pretty swift, and I'm worn out. This would be a sort of rest—if the price is right. Go ahead and speak to Kelly!"

In the excess of his joy that night he came very near to telegraphing Miss Mernhew, but an overwhelming caution restrained him. She hadn't replied to his letter and, furthermore, he didn't like to think that it was she who had sent him out to exile in Iberia. The little dinner at the Mansion House had been successful, far more successful than either Benham or Dunning had anticipated. The banking system of Iberia had for a decade stultified itself, and Kelly of the First National, Saunders of the Farmers' Loan, and Smith and Harper were continuing in business only because of their egoism and their heavy investments. Hopelessly inimical to each other, they welcomed Benham with open arms. They had known him as a boy, they had known his parents and his grandparents. His suggestions were constructive, and his energy and integrity were beyond suspicion. He had Dunning behind him, and Dunning was a man to watch.

The moment was auspicious and Benham was in the nick of time.

Each of the four presidents promised to call a special meeting of his directorate and swore to sponsor consolidation; and informally a committee was chosen on the spot to prepare the tentative plans for unity. It was understood that Benham was to play a leading part in the management; that five per cent of the total issued stock was to be presented to him as an inducement to forfeit the fleshpots of New York, and that his salary for the first year was to be exactly a third of Dunning's estimate. But the prospects were roseate, there were to be guaranties for successive years, and Benham didn't dare to breathe until the four directors' and stockholders' meetings had unanimously approved the comprehensive merger. Then he thanked his lucky stars, and set his teeth, and made ready to finance himself for the immediate present. Iberia had given him an opening and trusted him. He'd show them!

There would still be several months before the legalities could be completed; in the meantime how was he to live? Iberia was growing visibly; what did Iberia lack of profitable conveniences? Benham sat down for an evening with a pencil; he corralled a transient fantasy or two; he spent

(Continued on Page 85)

YES, *a* MONOPOLY *in* HUDSON SUPER-SIX

BUT NOTE HOW WE EMPLOY IT

It is true, as some say, that the Super-Six motor constitutes a Hudson monopoly. We control it by patents. One must buy a Hudson to get it. But note how far the Super-Six undersells many cars which it out-performs.

We must expect that every possible argument will be used against the Super-Six.

The arguments used a year ago have all been disproved and abandoned. Over 28,000 Super-Six owners have proved every suspicion baseless.

Now some say, "We also have an improved Six." Some argue Eights and Twelves. And some reflect on the Super-Six monopoly.

Mark the Hudson Value

But remember that Hudson has won by performance the pinnacle place in Motordom.

The Super-Six motor has added 80 per cent to the car's efficiency.

It has proved an endurance which is yet beyond measure—probably a doubled endurance.

Against all other types, however costly, it has won all the worth-while stock-car records.

And a year has been spent to make this car, in every detail, worthy of its front-rank place.

Yet note how many rivals—all without the Super-Six motor—sell above the Hudson price. Every buyer of the Hudson Super-Six gets a value of performance which can't be matched.

Why Another Type?

Then why consider another type of motor in buying a high-grade car?

Not because of performance. The records of the Super-Six prove it supreme in that.

Not because of endurance. The Super-Six excelled—as high as 52 per cent—in the feats which prove that.

Not because of smoothness. The whole Super-Six supremacy comes through minimized vibration.

Not because of anything. If any other motor type were better, don't you know that Hudson would adopt it? Rival types are not controlled by patents.

The Friction Question

The only question is, what motor best reduces friction? For that is the aim of all.

It is motor-friction that wastes power, that limits performance and that causes wear.

Friction was the limitation of the old-type Six. Friction caused the trend toward Eights and Twelves. And the solution of this problem is what stopped that trend. The Super-Six invention, by reducing friction almost to nil, gave the crown to a new-type Six.

It isn't speed, or power, or hill-climbing ability which makes the Super-Six supreme. It is endurance, due to lack of friction. That is what won those records. If that is important the Super-Six is important.

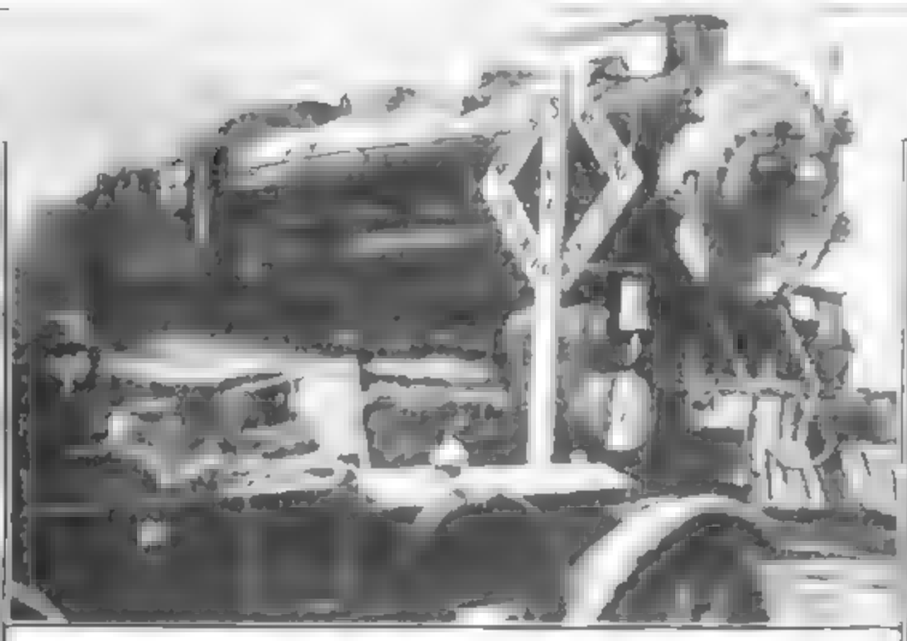
A New Gasoline Saver

The latest Hudsons have a new gasoline saver which adds greatly to their economy. They have bodies which show our final attainment in beauty, finish and luxury.

To own a Hudson Super-Six means to rule the road. And this car, in any crowd, looks the monarch that it is.

Phaeton, 7-passenger $1650	Limousine $2925	Town Car $2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger 1950	*Prices f. o. b. Detroit*	Town Car Landaulet 3025
Touring Sedan 2175		Limousine Landaulet 3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO. DETROIT, MICHIGAN



In an emergency

In traffic *On hills*

If your brakes grab or slip–

Learn how leading car makers guard against it

Your life depends on the efficiency of your brake lining. Grabbing or slipping brakes menace your safety.

In traffic, in an emergency, on hills, your brakes *must* work promptly and smoothly.

Realizing the importance of good brake lining, leading car and axle manufacturers select for their cars and axles the brake lining that won't grab or slip—Thermoid Brake Lining.

Some of the cars that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Pierce-Arrow	*Briscoe*	*Auburn*
Peerless	*Pathfinder*	*Service Truck*
Marmon	*Cadillac*	*Metz*
Haynes	*Cole*	*Hudson*
Studebaker	*Premier*	*Lexington-Howard*
Kissel	*Chalmers*	*Rauch & Lang*
Autocar	*White*	*Apperson*

Lippard-Stewart Motor Truck

Some of the axles that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Timken-Detroit	*Russell*
Columbia	*Empire*
Peru	*Hess*
Sheldon	*Celfor*
Torbensen	*American*

Why *experts* select Thermoid Brake Lining

These car makers and their engineers select Thermoid Brake Lining because they find by scientific tests that it gives consistently efficient SERVICE. They find its "co-efficient of friction" is ideal for a brake lining.

This means its entire construction is such that brakes equipped with Thermoid Brake Lining cannot grab or slip, no matter how thin Thermoid becomes throughout long usage.

A grabbing or slipping brake lining is a constant source of danger to the motorist.

Three tests that prove Thermoid Brake Lining's worth

Thermoid Brake Lining proves its superiority in passing all three drastic tests by which brake lining efficiency is determined.

Coefficient of Friction Test—Whether brakes act promptly and smoothly depends on the wearing surface of the brake lining—i. e., its coefficient of friction. Thermoid Brake Lining's coefficient of friction is found by test to be ideal—not too low to slip; not too high to over-grip.

Absorption Test—Tests show that Thermoid Brake Lining does not absorb water, gasoline or oil. Loosely woven linings do, which causes them to swell and grab. This moisture-proof feature means Thermoid is efficient in wet weather or dry.

Durability Test—Tests show that Thermoid Brake Lining wears longer than ordinary lining. Also, it wears down uniformly.

Scientific construction of Thermoid Brake Lining

The reason Thermoid Brake Lining has the ideal coefficient of friction, is impervious to moisture, and is durable, lies in its scientific construction. In its process of manufacture it has three exclusive features:

1. It has 40% more material by actual weight.

This means longer service—best service. Thermoid is 40% heavier than any woven brake lining not hydraulically compressed. That is why it is better fitted to stand the responsibilities placed on it.

2. It is Grapnalized

Thermoid brake lining is impregnated throughout with Grapnal. This exclusive process makes it impervious to gasoline, oil, water, dust, etc. No other brake lining is Grapnalized, or can be. That is why ordinary brake lining goes to pieces rapidly.

3. It is hydraulically compressed

Powerful hydraulic presses compress Thermoid into a solid mass. This makes it far tougher and stronger than loosely woven linings not hydraulically compressed. It makes the wearing surface ideal for braking; it can't grab and it can't slip. The "coefficient of friction" is just right.

Specify Thermoid

When you reline your brakes, specify the brake lining the experts specify—Thermoid. Jobbers, garages, and dealers will be glad to supply you.

Remember your life depends on the efficiency of your brakes, and the efficiency of your brakes depends on your brake lining. Be sure *your* brakes are lined with Thermoid Brake Lining. The cost is a little more—and well worth it.

Our guarantee—

Thermoid will make good or WE WILL

Thermoid Rubber Co.

Factory and Main Offices TRENTON, N. J.

Branches

New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Indianapolis, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Boston, London, Paris

Thermoid
BRAKE LINING
WON'T GRAB OR SLIP

Makers of Thermoid Tires and Thermoid Garden Hose

(Continued from Page 82)

two days journeying to and from the railroad station; on the third day he went to Dunning.

"Horatio," he said, "I can't sit round like a bump on a log for three months waiting for the skies to fall. I want to keep busy. So here's a mortal thought: We're going to form a young corporation, you and I. You put up three thousand dollars and I'll put up the scheme, and we'll split. There's about two hundred per cent a year in it."

"The overture listens great," said Dunning. "What's the rest of it?"

"Cheap taxi service," said Benham. "Twenty trains in two days—ten a day—that's all I met—took on over two hundred passengers and left three hundred. About one-tenth of the aggregate—mostly drummers—either came in one of those mossy hacks, or went away in one. There's only two or three cars at the station, and they're all frowsy and make funny noises. Nobody wants to ride in a hearse. We can buy six flivvers and get more if the volume of business warrants it. And I'll amuse myself superintending the thing as long as I have the time. You see, I hate to loaf, Horace. I've got to keep moving. This is picayune, but I always believe in picking up a dollar when I see one loose."

"You're on!" said Dunning. "We've needed it for an age. Only you'll have to watch the lid. I'm too busy to give it much attention."

"I'll take care of it," promised Benham. "That's why I want you to provide the cash. I'd go in even with you on that, too, but if I'm to handle the details . . . And I thought we'd begin as a partnership and incorporate on the wing. We can get a couple of inclosed cars for instant delivery and have 'em running next week, if you say so."

"Go as far as you like," said Dunning. "I knew you'd wake us up. Want my check now?"

"Gratefully received," said Benham, stowing it away.

And a week later a brisk service was in operation, and Benham, who had dreamed of royalty in New York, beamed at the certainty of velvet in Iberia. With the cars in commission and a tiny office in charge of the most dependable of the superseded hackmen, Benham cast about him again for more sinecures.

"Why, Hod," he said in amazement to his friend, "Iberia's been shooting ahead so fast that it hasn't had time to do anything properly. I was hunting for a better garage for the taxis. Do you know that in a town with swarms of high-grade mechanics working in the factories, there isn't a satisfactory garage anywhere? There isn't storage room or service. There isn't a place where you can buy unadulterated gas. They rook you on repairs and steal your tools in the bargain! And, by gosh, there's only two or three motor agencies! You could make one Iberia transportation company a fifty-thousand-dollar affair, build a three-story brick garage, give good service and repair work, take on a line of accessories and cars—one small car, one selling at about a thousand dollars, and one big one—and coin money! There're twelve hundred motors owned within a radius of five miles from the town hall and ——"

"If you and I are in it," stated Dunning, "we can raise fifty thousand dollars by dusk. Well, if you can show me the figures, I'm with you!"

And before the banking merger required Benham's undivided zeal, he had involved himself in a sanitary market, a string of model tenements, a motion-picture theater, and a campaign to construct a new and modern hotel to replace the antiquated Mansion House. In each of these enterprises he posed as the tireless and foresighted promoter, who contributes mentality instead of currency and, in each of them, he received the promoter's reward.

He plotted out the general scheme and the details, he visited the local capitalists and, by the appearance of great willingness to subscribe himself, he obtained fat pledges of subscription and never had to confirm his own; and for his pains he owned stock which cost him nothing but the loss of a few hours' sleep. He had small but welcome cash bonuses, he held titles and held claim to pleasant perquisites. The fear of discovery had virtually abandoned him; it mattered little whether or not the story of his New York disaster ever reached Iberia. He was a man to be pointed out on Main Street; he and Dunning were gradually coming to be regarded as a duumvirate foreordained to dominate Iberia; and the Courier-News adulated him openly, because it was no secret that he and Dunning intended, when the planets were in happy company, to buy the Courier-News.

And when he could spare the time from his so catholic activities, and the girl who had been his boyhood sweetheart returned from a protracted visit to the East, he arrayed himself as faultlessly as could be and went to call on her. Her name was Rosamond, and she lived in a pretty colonial house which, when he had seen it last, had roses all about it. And as he went up the walk, he was reminded, with a queerly bitter pleasure, of the fact that eight years ago, when he had said good-by on the veranda, she had given him a photograph of herself, and he had kissed it, and then kissed the original of it and vowed to write to her regularly and at length. And as he rang the bell, he was thinking of Miss Merrihew and wondering what she would say if psychically she knew his errand. Wasn't she the one who had made it possible?

Rosamond's mother, who had encountered him and congratulated him, and flattered him a dozen times on Main Street, and heroically refrained from rehearsing to him any of the anecdotes appertaining to his juvenescence, greeted him with fervent hospitality and left him tactfully. There was silence, faint rustlings of dainty fabrics; and Rosamond herself advanced to meet him.

Benham gasped at the numbing revelation. His boyhood sweetheart, who had been a delicious tomboy, a madcap sprite of witching color and ineffable, unquenchable spirit, had grown up too! Undeniably lovely she was, but the fire had gone out of her. Her manners were superlatively finished; her poise was that of a cosmopolite. As Benham wrestled for an appropriate sentence, he was conscious of having heard that Rosamond's father had been devoted to steel; that he, Benham, had been advised—he should have borne the tale in mind—that Rosamond had had a year or so at one of those exclusive palaces of education on the lower Hudson, that she knew Narragansett and Sulphur Springs as well as Benham knew Fifth Avenue. Yet he was staggered and nonplused and showed it by his awkwardness.

"Why Ernest!" She was shaking his hand, and Benham, congealed by the manifest reserve behind her friendliness, was tongue-tied. "I'm ever so glad to see you again! It's years, isn't it?"

"Eight," said Benham too loudly.

"Do sit down and tell me all about it! I haven't heard a word about anyone else since I got home! You're living here, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Benham, staring. "I've come home."

The unfamiliar Rosamond sank to a divan and shone brilliantly at him.

"I'm so glad," she said, "you came now instead of waiting. Another month or two, and you wouldn't have found us here. It's quite romantic, isn't it?"

"It surely is—but what's this about a month or two?"

"Why," said Rosamond, "it's our last season in the old house, Ernest. We're planning a real house up on the Heights. And we'll probably live in New York until it's built."

"Really?"

"Oh, we had to do it," said Rosamond cheerfully. "Nobody who is anybody lives in this section any more. It's quite plebeian. Of course I wish we could go to New York to settle ——"

"You do!" said Benham.

"Why, of course! Iberia's a horrid little dump!"

"It has changed," conceded Benham thoughtfully.

He was wishing that he had let his sentimental keepsakes rest in peace.

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly. It always was horrid."

"It doesn't seem to me that we used to think so ten years ago."

"Why, I'm sure we did. Didn't you get away as soon as you could?"

"I!" said Benham aghast. "Yes, but that was different."

"How?"

He couldn't tell her that, when he had parted from her, his intention was to gather together the enormous sum of a thousand dollars and then to marry her as speedily as the license bureau would permit. That is, his intuitions shouted to him that she didn't care to be thrown back very far into the past.

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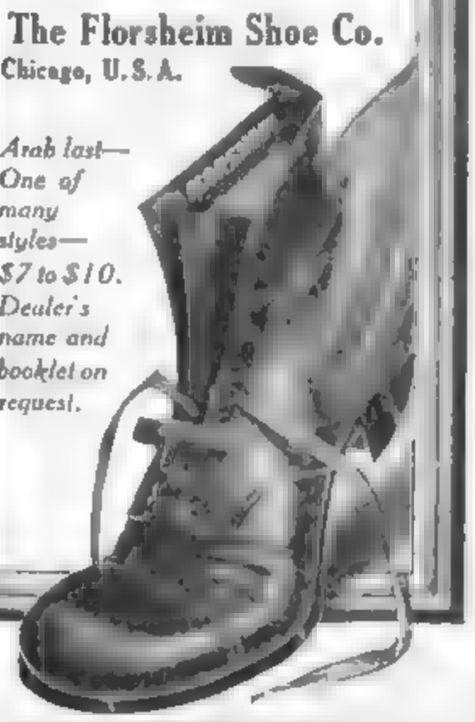

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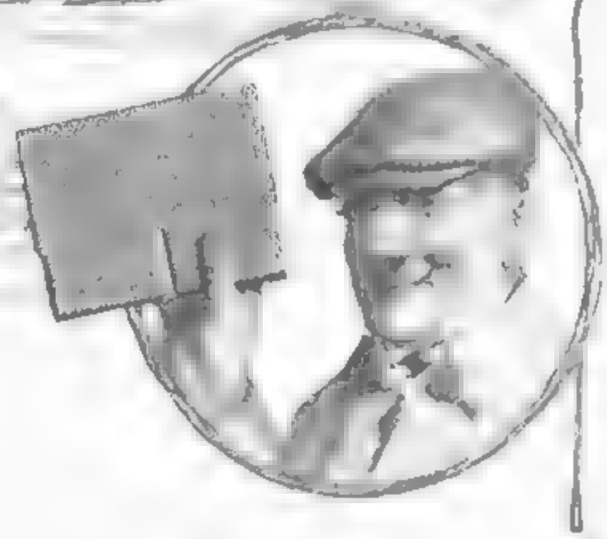

"The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century"

Combine Extreme Beauty With Extraordinary Wear

Can you imagine a more handsome roof than this? Picture a roofing of Neponset Twin Shingles on *your* home.

The colors, form, size, and slate-surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. They have the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Their soft green and red colors harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. Read condensed paragraphs below.

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Wear Tough felt, saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt), then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and jammed into one thick, solid sheet. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new.

Cost Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and double width halve cost of laying, because two shingles are really laid at a time; and also lessen cracks and nail holes.

Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is Neponset PAROID Roofing—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of Neponset Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the Neponset Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

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It tells about Neponset Twin Shingles and the other Neponset Building Products—NEPONSET Built-up Roof for industrial plants; NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers; NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics and ceilings in place of laths and plaster.

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WHEN WAR BRIDES MATURE

(Continued from Page 9)

extended and, even if the government estimates have been too high, that the potash produced there will compare well with that which has been imported in other years. The situation depends, of course, very largely upon the rapidity with which the kelp will grow again after cutting. But in any event we have more than enough potash in hand in San Diego Bay, as well as a practicable method of gathering and refining it, to make us independent of any other nation in the manufacture of powder.

Whenever one of our gifted young prophets feels called upon to write of the war of the future he brings Thomas A. Edison into his narrative. Edison at the critical time in the telling of the story steps forward with some marvelous device that holds the superior forces of the enemy in check, and sends them scurrying home, baffled and defeated. The fictionist does not have to go far into the realms of fancy to produce such a situation. It is entirely conceivable that a man who spent eight years in making the phonograph correctly aspirate the letter *h*—who made that great invention practical, as well as the electric light, the storage battery and the motion-picture machine—could be relied upon to be of incalculable aid to the nation in a time of stress. And it is significant that, during the critical days of February last, when war with Germany seemed only a few hours off, Mr. Edison retired to a secluded laboratory, on a mountain top not a hundred miles distant from New York, to give his entire time and thought and skill to working out his own ingenious plans for the naval offense and defense of the United States.

The Edison enterprises are hardly to be classed as war brides. Yet the stern necessity that shut them off from the importation of raw materials from Germany—particularly carbolic acid—drove their head toward meeting the critical situation, and meeting it without a moment of delay. He had become one of the largest individual users of carbolic acid in the United States. And, because there was none of this product coming oversea, he found himself in danger of being compelled to close his great factory.

That would hardly have been the Edison method of meeting a situation. It was his method to set to work at once to devise a plan for making carbolic acid synthetically, and having once devised the plan to set gangs of men at work, twenty-four hours a day, building a plant to make the acid. This was the method he followed. Within eighteen days after he had begun the construction of his new factory it was turning out carbolic. Within four weeks its output exceeded a ton a day; now it turns out seven times that quantity, and supplies not himself alone but an outside and clamoring commercial market.

Difficulties Overcome

The new plant was hardly at work, however, before Edison found himself confronted with a new difficulty. To make carbolic acid he found that he must have a continuous supply of benzol. The enormous demands of the European war were making the supply of this chemical uncertain. The inventor faced this new problem as he has faced every other problem—with a grin. He locked himself in his laboratory, sleeping nights upon one of its benches. When he emerged it was with complete plans for two benzol-absorbing plants, to be located at steel works in Western Pennsylvania and down in Alabama. Within sixty days each was turning out benzol for him, and the carbolic-acid plant stood assured of its raw materials.

"You Americans are up against an impossible problem," a distinguished German chemist told me only a few weeks ago. "You are trying to produce in two or three years what it has taken the brains and capital of Germany sixty years to produce and to perfect. Take your dyes: I understand that there is a concern in the United States which finally has produced a Victoria blue—which is a sort of basic blue. It charges eighteen dollars a pound for the product. Germany shipped it over here, paid a high duty, and put it on the American market for forty-two cents a pound."

"And when the war is over will she offer it to us for forty-two cents a pound?" I ventured. He smiled.

"I hardly think so," said he. "Commercial Germany, as well as military Germany, has learned many things during the present war. She hardly will be willing to let Americans have a dyestuff at forty-two cents a pound when they have been content to pay eighteen dollars for it. She will take a good profit, because she will need the money. But, even at that, she will undersell the American manufacturer of dyestuffs."

"The tariff?" I ventured once again.

He laughed, openly this time.

"You know the tariff history of your country in regard to dyestuffs," he said.

Indeed I do know a little of the tariff history of our country as it affects dyestuffs. Half a century ago—even less than that—the dye industry of our Hudson Valley was a growing and seemingly prosperous thing. It was apace with the dye industry of Germany. The possibilities of the aniline dye—the coal-tar product—seemingly so much wider, so much more efficient, so much more economical than the vegetable dyes, were just becoming recognized by chemists.

The Rise of American Dyes

In the long run the dye industry in the Hudson Valley, and elsewhere in the United States as well, ceased to flourish. It withered up and all but disappeared. A variety of reasons were given for its failure. The most logical one was the tariff. The "textile crowd" had seen to it that, while the tariff was kept high on woolens and other cloths, it was brought down to practically nothing on dyestuffs. In the mind of the textile manufacturer these were raw products. He brought congressmen to the same turn of mind. He showed them that, in an average year, dyestuff importations would not exceed nine or ten million dollars—a mere nothing as our importations go in some other lines. If he himself realized that the dye was the very keystone of the whole textile situation he said nothing at all of that.

Germany took no exception to this analysis. She merely kept enlarging her great dye works, perfecting and enlarging the use of the synthetic colors she brought out from the coal tar of the gas works of every one of her cities and towns; kept flooding America with dyes that were both cheap and good.

It was more than two years ago when the man who sells you shirts drew you to one side.

"You'd better stock up," he told you confidently. "They're running out of imported dyes; and no one knows what is to come after that."

He voiced an alarm that had been handed down to him by the jobber, and which, in turn, had come to the jobber from the manufacturer. The situation did, indeed, look serious. American dyes were both few and poor. They were not always to be depended upon. At the best, it looked as if we were in for several seasons of black and white, with none too large an emphasis upon the black; for sulphur black, practically indispensable in the dying of cotton, was an imported product; they were laboring to establish the popularity of the white sock and stocking.

It even looked as if the suspiciously pink cherry at the bottom of a nationally famous drink was threatened. And drugs, derived from the great coal-tar base, were threatened in the same way as the dyes. Those folk who had taken to dieting, and who were substituting saccharine for sugar, found that the new sweetener had doubled in price—almost overnight it seemed. Saccharine, as well as most of the other synthetic drugs derived from coal tar, was sold in bottles bearing the labels of American manufacturers; but the basic material from which the Yankee drug shops made their manufactured products came from Germany, almost invariably.

From the strictly commercial viewpoint, however, the dyestuff situation was the most critical. The industry, as we already know, was practically dead. A few dyes—most of them vegetable and of unstable quality—were being manufactured in the United States. The largest of all the plants in this country could not have been included in a list of fifteen, possibly twenty, of the world's largest dye manufactories. It began to look as though the textile mills

An Advertisement written and illustrated by Jim Henry, Mennen Salesman

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Last year I wrote advertisements to a certain lot of men.

I wanted to reach those who *weren't satisfied* with their shave conditions; who were looking for something *better* in the way of soap and who were willing to try a new one.

More than a million of these men became users of Mennen's Shaving Cream.

This year I want to talk to an entirely different lot. I want to hear from men who *are* satisfied; who think the soap they are now using can't possibly be improved on.

I believe I can show you that Mennen's means a better shave than you have ever known. I may not be able to. Certainly I'm prejudiced. But there is a very simple way to find out.

If you are willing to risk a dime, I will undertake to provide you with enough Mennen's Shaving Cream for thirty full shaves.

When it gets to you, if you will try it and compare it; if you will squeeze out a half an inch, and with hard, soft, cold or hot water (it doesn't make any difference) work that half inch of cream into a lather—following directions *exactly*

If you don't find it a *better* lather, a *creamier* lather; if it doesn't soften your beard *quicker* (without any rubbing-in); if it doesn't make your shave *easier*; if it doesn't make your face feel better (both during and afterwards); if it dries before you are finished; if it takes more than a half inch of cream to do the whole job

Then I'll agree that you're an exception; and the cream that is now making a million men thank Mennen, is not for you.

But until you *do* make this simple little test, I contend that you have no right to think you've got the best there is for you.

If this sounds like a reasonable proposition—there's a small coupon at the bottom of this page, to make it easy.

P.S. As an addition to Mennen's Shaving Cream, let me also send a sample of Mennen's "Talcum for Men," it's skin color and don't show.

Jim Henry

(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

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Dear Jim:—

Frankly I don't believe you've got anything better in the way of shaving soap than the kind I'm now using. But I'm willing to risk a dime to find out.

Send me a sample big enough for thirty shaves.

Name

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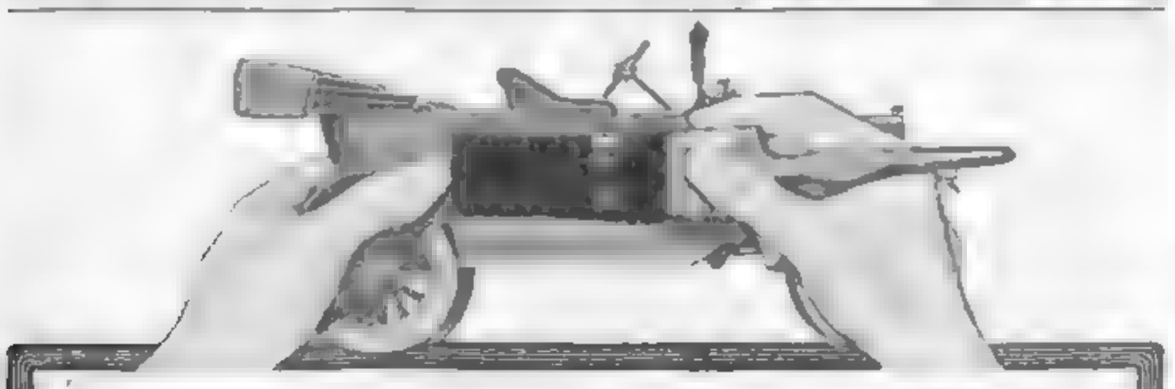

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would have to shut down before the war was well advanced.

As a matter of fact, not one of them shut down. American ingenuity and American enterprise rose to the supreme test. To-day the largest of our dye factories is the third largest in the world, and there is in all Germany hardly one superior to it in equipment and technic. Equipped to turn out four million pounds of dyestuffs in 1914, it turned out three times that amount in 1916, and will even exceed this figure in the present year. This particular war bride is to-day an extremely prosperous lady. She deserves to be. For fifteen years she had a hard time of it—a steady monetary loss, if you please. Even before that time—as far back as 1883, when the specific duty of fifty cents a pound was arbitrarily removed by Congress—it had been a struggle.

My friend the German chemist shakes his head and blandly tells me that we Americans cannot see beyond the dollar in hand; that we are unwilling to shoulder a loss this year, and the next, and the one that comes after, for the inevitable profit of the future and the soundness of our institutions. It is a favorite criticism by Europeans. Yet for fifteen years preceding 1914, the concern of which I have just spoken lost at least one hundred thousand dollars a year in its endeavor to maintain the organization of one of the very few aniline-dye plants in the United States It certainly had not lacked vision.

Three months after the war began it was turning out large amounts of direct black, direct blue, acid black, and a few of the most important colors, from a commercial point of view at least. To-day its color list runs the entire spectrum. But by its work and the work of its fellows the textile industry in America has been saved. Of course it has not been entirely a one-plant affair. One small dye-manufacturing concern, which has been in existence for a little less than six years, has suddenly become one of the great dye industries of the world. From a comparatively small workshop with fifty or sixty workmen, two chemists and two engineers, it has blossomed into a real manufacturing enterprise with sixty-nine buildings, covering some forty-two acres. To-day it employs a thousand workmen, thirty-eight chemists and twenty-six technical engineers.

Nor is this all. It is known to-day that a large part of Germany's object in equipping herself with gigantic dyestuff factories was because of her forehanded knowledge that in time of war they could be devoted to the manufacture of high explosives. All this was part of her scheme of industrial preparedness. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. This one does. The gigantic new factories that America has built during the past three years for the manufacture of high explosives are quickly and easily adaptable to the making of dyestuffs, as well as other commercial chemicals. Buildings, machinery and workmen can easily be turned from the creation of great destructive agencies to ones that are helpful and constructive for man.

Tariff After the War

We hold the raw materials. If you have been accustomed to ride out through Western Pennsylvania in past years you could hardly have failed to notice the long rows of coke ovens, gleaming brightly through the night and throwing their radiance out against the countryside. To-day the greater part of those ovens are dark and cold. They were wasteful, inefficient. To-day the soft coal from the Pittsburgh district is hauled to Chicago, to Cleveland, even into metropolitan Pittsburgh itself. It is still burned for coke—one of the most valuable of all fuels for the manufacturer. But the gases that used to make a pretty picture for the nocturnal traveler upon the railroad now light hundreds of little homes and little shops, factories and street corners. And the coal-tar by-product, in past years cast on one side, has become one of the commercial treasures of America.

"How about this infant industry after the war?" you ask.

And I reply in but four words:

"How about the tariff?"

On that issue will hang the fate of the newest of our great industries; for dye making has already ceased to be an infant industry. Potentially, at least, through the possibilities of the conversion of explosive factories, it is to-day a giant. As such probably it will have to battle for its life at the end of the war. One manufacturer told me he would face an instant loss of a quarter of a million dollars if peace was declared to-morrow. But loss does not necessarily mean defeat. And the dye industry is prepared to battle in the halls of Congress before the hearings of the new Tariff Commission, in each of the great open arenas of public appeal.

It will have the backing and cooperation of the allied chemical industries that have sprung up with it during the past two years. Edison has done more than merely manufacture carbolic acid. Nearly two years ago he conceived the idea of helping out the textile and rubber industries of this country by making mirbane, aniline oil and aniline salt—all of them in great demand and previously imported from Germany. As usual, he quickly exhausted all the literature on the subject and then built his plant. By working his men night and day—as he himself works—he finished the factory in forty-five days. Among the products of this new plant was one for which he had a vital and immediate use. A small quantity, however, sufficed him. The rest of it he turned over to furriers, as the chief ingredient in their peculiar types of dyes. To-day the fur trade of the country admits quite freely that it was Edison who saved its scalp in the winter of 1915–16—to say nothing of the present winter.

Leatherless Shoes

All the manufacturers of explosives have sought markets for their by-products. One concern, using a million pounds of cotton a day at a single plant, has turned the residue after they have made their smokeless powder, into druggists' sundries—toilet cases, combs, hairbrushes, and the like—and into a substitute for leather. This last, in view of the tremendous demands of the Allies upon the nation's limited and steadily lessening supply of real leather, is of the greatest importance. At first it was most suitable for upholstery, particularly the upholstery of automobiles. Sixty per cent of the cars in use in the United States to-day are upholstered in imitation leather. If they were not, there would have been a panic in the shoe trade two years ago.

But the manufacturers of artificial leather have not been content to stop their product at what are apparently its primary possibilities. They are already experimenting in the manufacture of shoes. To-day they can make a very good shoe, with the exception of the small pieces over the toes and just above the heel at the back of the foot—the two points where a leather shoe is subjected to hardest wear and greatest test. Eventually they will gain these points. The tire makers have evolved from some of their by-products a leatherless sole. The leatherless shoe—good-looking, durable, economical—is almost at our door.

The war brides of America have done a great military service for the allied nations of Europe. They may yet prove the military salvation of our own beloved United States. Yet even if they are not called upon to meet this supreme test, it can be said in future years that they opened a new industrial era for this nation. It will not be remembered that the United States, in 1917, found herself possessed of the greatest powder mills the world has ever known; that she held, in Eastern Pennsylvania, a steel plant whose capacity for making armor and huge steel guns is at least fifty per cent greater than the world-famed Krupp Works, at Essen; that her facilities for the manufacture of rifles and the other munitions of war were almost unlimited; but it will be said that in 1917 she found she had turned, from being merely a shopkeeper, a farmer, a miner, a machinist and a blacksmith, into being a great practical chemist.

Practical chemistry is the new factor in our industrial life. The war bride has given it to us. With the practical chemist come to his own in our commercial life, we are at last industrially independent. We have achieved the very greatest of all the steps toward industrial preparedness.

Irresistible Footwear Fashions!

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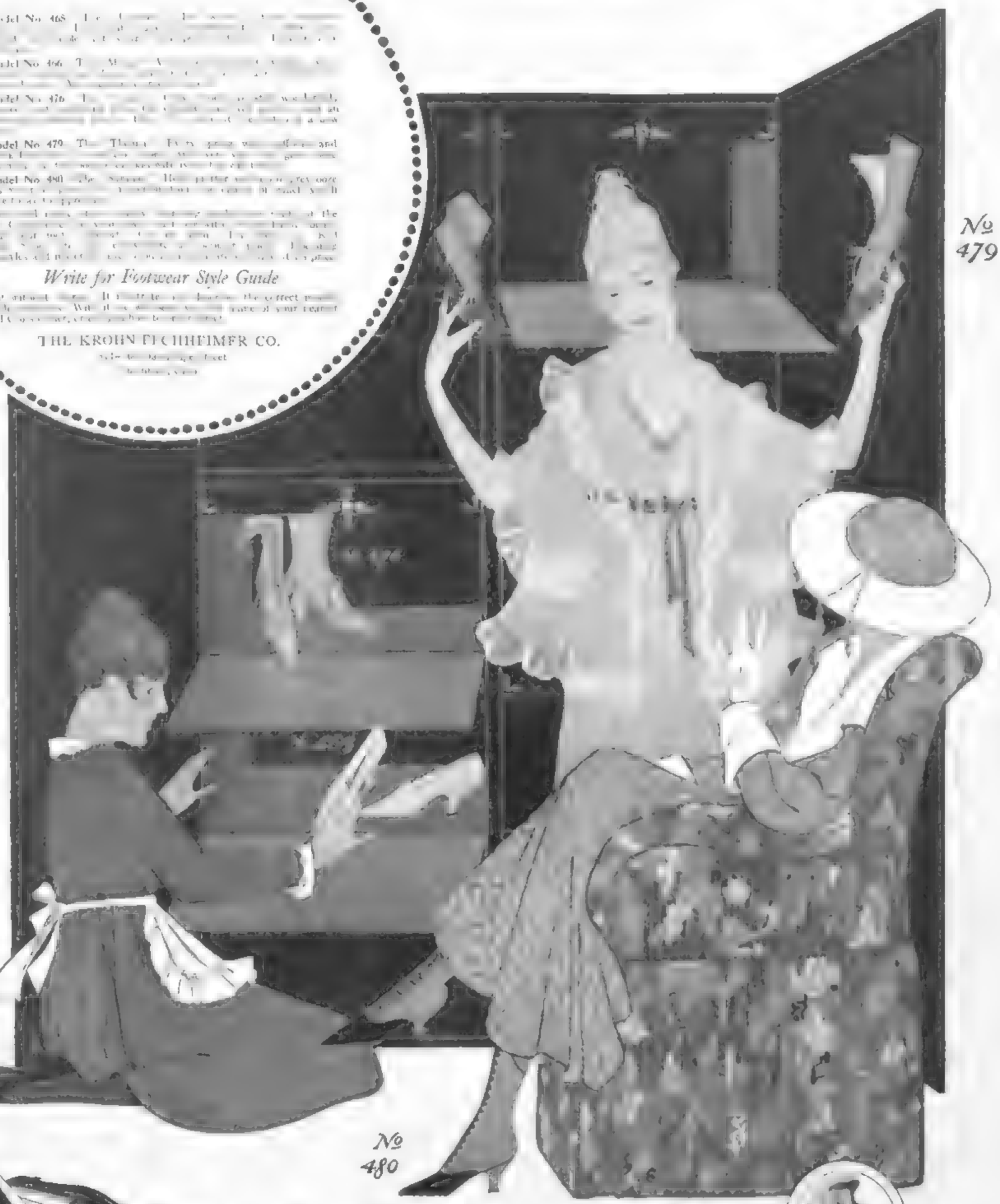

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"Leads with your foot"
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A DOZEN REASONS WHY

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50½ inch full cantilever rear springs.
Four cylinder, L-head motor, 32½ hp by actual brake test.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

THE NIGHT OF THE DUB

(Continued from Page 14)

Homer could make nothing of the mystery. He was returning from his third fumingly fruitless interview with the ticket taker when he saw a heavy-set man in evening dress bear threateningly down upon the marooned fifteen. Even as he recognized Reggie Ganz he heard the boss' hectoring voice demanding of poor little Mrs. Threbble, whom Ganz had instinctively singled out as the smallest and meekest and shabbiest member of the party:

"Now then, what are you ladies doing here? This theater is engaged for the night by the Harle University Alumni Association; and ——"

"You'll have to ask Mr. Twitty about all that," spoke up Mr. Belding right sourly, as Mrs. Threbble visibly shrank into herself at the experience of hearing herself addressed by a strange man. "He's supposed to be managing this affair. He ——"

"Managing what affair?" railed Ganz, on whom the phrase "Managing this affair" had much the same effect as might a rival's battle crow on a pugnacious gamecock. "Managing what affair? Who?"

"Homer K. Twitty," ventured Mr. Threbble conciliatingly. "And we are the Thursday ——"

"Twitty?" growlingly repeated Ganz. "Twitty?"

The name sounded familiar. And as he glared about in search of its bearer he discovered that unhappy creature at his elbow. At once Reggie understood why the name had had an accustomed ring. And now that something tangible had appeared out of the muddle, the great man's brow cleared.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Twitty!" he bullied. "What's the meaning of all this? Speak up!"

"Why, Mr. Ganz," faltered Homer, involuntarily cringing from long habit at the crack of the driver's lash, "I—we—that is ——"

"Mr. Ganz?" cheerily exclaimed Mr. Threbble, catching eagerly at the name. "Not Mr. Reginald Ganz, of Ganz, Ganz & Sons? Good! That's mighty good news! We've heard so much about you from your friend, Mr. Twitty, here, that we almost feel as if we ——"

"Twitty!" boomed Reggie, unhearing and heedless of the audible flutter of relief and admiration from the group at mention of the puissant Wall Street name. "You people will have to get out of here. Your seats were sold to you by error. We have taken over the whole house. I'll personally make good to you on the price if the management won't. Hand them over! There are forty men waiting a chance to buy them in."

He stretched out his ample white-gloved hand with the gesture of a victor who receives the conquered city's keys. The glower was gone from his rubicund face. This last obstacle was to prove no obstacle at all. Providence mercifully had put the missing tickets into the shaky fingers of one of his own slaves. Being nearsighted—except in the eyes—he did not remark that Homer K. Twitty's face had flared beet-red and was now yellow-gray. Neither did he trouble to observe that Homer K. Twitty's slightly recedent chin had crept forward below a suddenly compressed mouth.

For the first time Homer K. Twitty, invertebrate Wall Street clerk, and Homer K. Twitty, Pompton Plains finance captain, had met. The meeting was a clash, compared with which the fabled battle of Jekyll with Hyde was a listless slapping bout.

Reggie Ganz was the boss. The Big Boss, at that. The Big Boss of Ganz, Ganz & Sons. In which capacity he stood second only to God in the control of his employee's destiny. The Big Boss had just given Homer an order—an imperative order. The whole ignoble army of wage mendicants know, to a man, that disobedience to an order of the Big Boss is the automatic death sentence of the job.

Behind Homer, in this foyer corner, were assembled his social universe, his home, his personal future. He had heard the multiple wordless gasp that had greeted Reggie Ganz' sharp command—the command whose voice and wording were those of master to servant. Assuredly not those of a magnate to his equal and business chum. Homer's beloved edifice of neighborhood prestige was tottering above its shaken foundation stones. At any minute now it was due to collapse into unrebuildable ruin.

Worse, far, far worse, his adoring wife was looking on with widely incredulous eyes—he could feel their scared gaze—while her hero was kicked from his pedestal and was rolled ki-yi-ing into the gutter. Homer might henceforth dodge the new contempt of his old admirers; but he must live for the rest of his days with his pitifully disillusioned wife.

In that single brief instant he mentally drew up the debit and credit sheets, balanced them, and noted the result. And, acting on what he read there, he coldly proceeded to commit job suicide. Not that the act did not scarify him to the inmost soul; but he did it on the principle that makes a fire-trapped hotel guest shoot himself rather than burn to death.

"Hand them over!" repeated Reggie. "I have no more time to waste."

"Mr. Ganz," answered Homer K. Twitty, marveling at the steadfastness of his own dead voice. "I make allowances for your bad temper. It has let you forget that I'm a friend of yours. But you can't ride over me like this. I bought these sixteen tickets for the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club—and wives. I paid good money for them. They entitle us to see this show. These ladies have come all the way to town to see it. And they're going to see it. If that fellow who takes tickets won't let us in I'll call a cop to make him do it. Get me?"

Balaam, of old, is credited with some momentary surprise when his saddle ass undertook to argue with his master in human voice. But it is doubtful that the ancient prophet's amazement excelled Reggie Ganz' at this unbelievable language from an outer-office clerkling. For nearly a second it struck Ganz speechless. Reggie improved this tiny interval of silence in trying to stare his revolting serf out of countenance. But Homer K. Twitty's desperation-glazed eyes met his boss' scowl without a flicker of dread. His job was lost. He knew that. And, being without hope, he was very naturally without fear, since neither of those two counterbalancing traits can exist for a moment without the other. Vaguely Homer wondered at his own stark bravery.

"Get me?" he repeated hoarsely. "I bought these tickets. They entitle me to sixteen seats in Row N. And I'm going to use 'em!" He yearned morbidly to add "You big stiff!" But he refrained, through notions of delicacy toward the palpitatingly listening women of the party.

From the corner of his bloodshot eyes he noted the tense eagerness of the fifteen delayed revelers as they listened to this verbal combat between the two Wall Street giants. Already his sacrifice was almost worth while.

Twice Reggie opened his mouth to speak, but only gobbled. He, too, was aware of the regard—the grinning regard—of friends. His hard-won prestige seemed at stake. And something told him that mental prowess, not mere bullying, must be his cue.

As Hercules held Antæus high in air, that the giant might be deprived of the Earth's reviving force, so Reggie now proceeded to detach Homer K. Twitty from the dowdy women before whom the little man was showing off. His hand almost lovingly on the rebel's shoulder, he drew Homer out of earshot of the rest.

"Look here, Twitty," he began in a bluffly friendly manner: "you'll do me a big favor by letting me have those seats. Hand them over, like a good chap. I'll pay you for them, of course. And I'm sorry to inconvenience your party. But ——"

"You needn't be sorry," said Homer doggedly, "because you're not going to inconvenience us at all. I'll see to that. We're going right in."

He made as though to turn back to his friends. But Reggie detained him—resisting with difficulty an impulse to grab his collar and shake him.

"Hold on!" pursued Reggie. "These ladies with you—I suppose they would hardly care to hear some of the jokes and one of the songs that are to be pulled off here to-night? The stuff is pretty raw, in spots. Not quite the sort of thing to bring respectable women to, you see."

Homer's heart slumped to his kneecaps. This was the ultimate blow—the climax of the evening's failure. After fighting his party's way into the contested seats, the ladies were to be insulted by jokes and songs for which they would everlastingly blame him! He was responsible for the choice of the show. Well, let them blame him! Let them! He wasn't going to back down now.

"That's up to you, Mr. Ganz," he heard himself say. "If you choose to subject decent ladies to an indecent show—you and the rest of Harle University—I can't stop you. We're going in."

Reggie had a vivid mind picture of the attitude the better element of the alumni would take toward those cherished gags and verses if the spiced quips were delivered in the presence of several patently good women. It would not redound to his own personal credit or skill at management.

"Wait!" he begged, again detaining the peripatetic Homer. "One moment, please. I ——"

"And while I'm waiting," flashed Homer, "please take your hand off my shoulder. I hate to be pawed."

"Twitty," said Ganz coldly, "I think you forget yourself."

"Maybe I do," growled Homer. "Let it go at that. What was it you wanted to say to me? Speak up. I'm in a hurry."

Whereat Reggie Ganz took the next to lowest step an employer can take.

"Twitty," he cooed persuasively, "just oblige me in this, like a good sportsman, and I'll see you don't suffer for it next pay day."

"Good-by!" was Homer's brusque retort to this lure.

And Ganz proceeded forthwith to the lowest step of all.

"If you can't see your way to obliging me in this, Twitty," he said somewhat deep in his throat, "next pay day may be your last with Ganz, Ganz & Sons."

"Is that so?" sneered Homer, white-mad. "Is that so? Well, Mr. Reggie Ganz, of Ganz, Ganz & Sons, your—your face don't fit you!"

Yes; it was bitter repartee. As bitter as it was scintillant. But the bully had brought it on himself by his dirty threat. Homer, at heart, was dazzled and dumfounded by his own suddenly discovered genius for brilliant retort. Not wishing to spoil the effect by anticlimax, he snapped "Good-by!" once more and turned toward his staring friends.

A little to his astonishment, Ganz did not smite him to earth; nor did the lightnings of heaven punish his boss-blasphemy. Instead, Reggie choked back a whole mouthful of words and barred Homer's return route.

"One minute now, Twitty," he urged. "I don't blame you for being hot under the collar. I was a bit caloric myself. And I'm sorry I spoke as I did. But surely, between two business men, there must be some easy way of settling this. Let's talk it over sanely and see whether we can't get together."

"Get together!" The catchword brought back to Homer a scene—reported by Reggie's discharged stenographer to a clerk who went to the same Christian Endeavor Branch with her, and repeated, in turn, by the clerk to Twitty and several others—a scene wherein Reggie Ganz had used that same phrase in the same wheedling tone to a man whose stock he wanted for the control of the C. G. & X. Line. And, with the recollection, a sublime idea popped full-grown into Homer K. Twitty's blazing mind.

"Get together!" he rasped as nearly as possible in the tone of an admired Wall Street demigod. "Get together, hey? Now you're talking! What's your proposition? Make it brief."

Reggie should have been past all faculty of wonder by this time. Yet he stood gazing open-eyed at the worm transformed to a dragon.

"Well," he began uneasily, "since you've cornered me, I don't mind giving you double money for that set of seats."

"Double money!" scoffed Homer. "Forget it! Look-a-here, Brother Ganz; when you wanted to get control of the C. G. & X. for your principals you paid through the nose for the blocks of stock you had to buy in. And you've got to do it now! See? I own sixteen shares of Theater, Preferred. Here are my sixteen stock certificates. See? Now you've got to have those shares if you're going to control this performance. See? You've got to have 'em! And you offer me a measly 'double money'!"

"But listen, man alive! I ——"

"I've been listening!" harangued the inspired Homer. "I heard your offer. And I turned it down. Now it's up to you to

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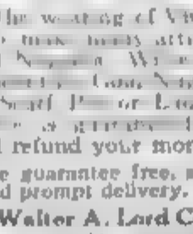

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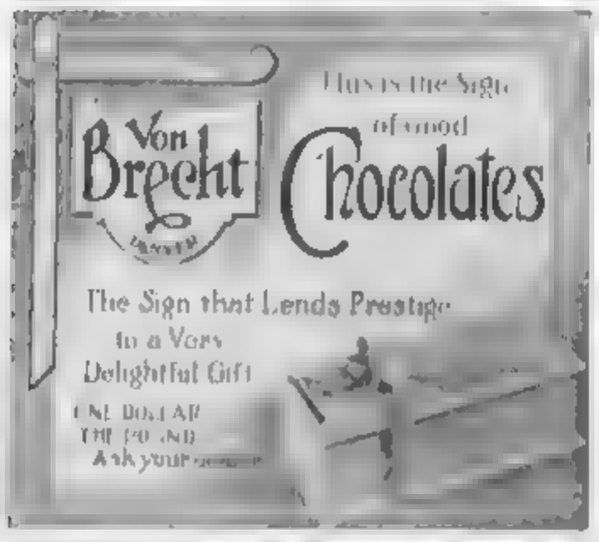

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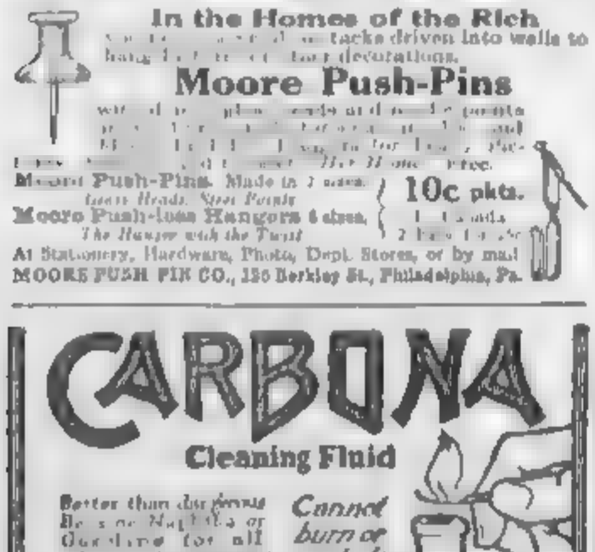

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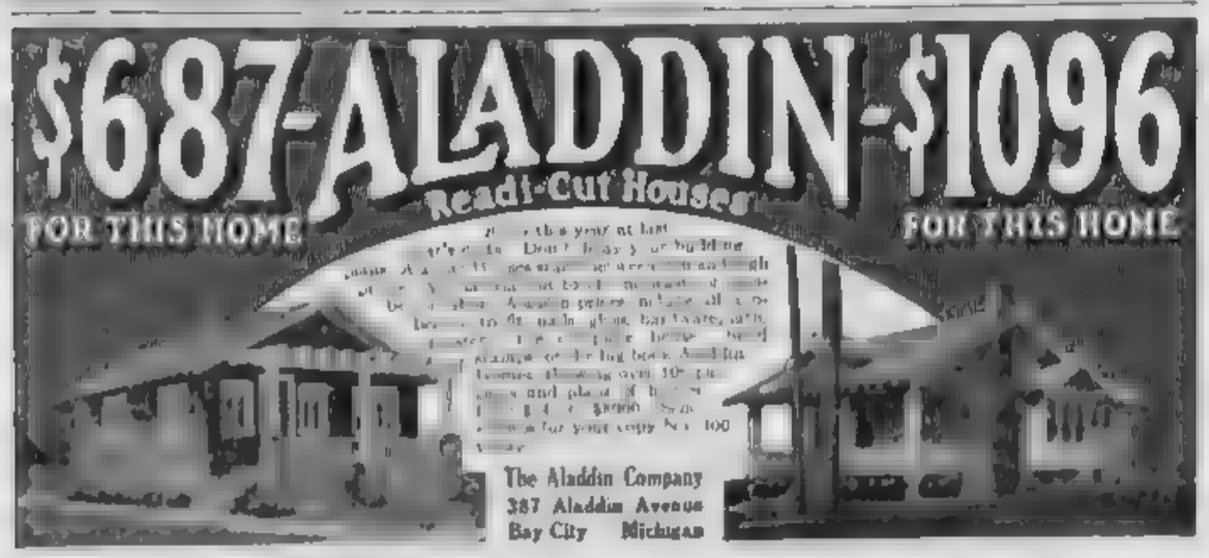


listen while I put my terms. Get that, Mr. Ganz?"

"Well?" replied Ganz. "State your fool terms, then. What are they?"

"I—I don't know yet," confessed Homer, trying to think and talk at the same time. "Wait a minute."

"I've no time to wait!" snarlingly protested Ganz. "The curtain goes up in ten min——"

"I've got 'em!" proclaimed Homer. "I've got 'em! Now listen! You'll have the manager, here, phone and reserve four boxes—boxes, you understand—for to-night's Pinafore performance—boxes that hold four people each—right close to the stage. That's the first thing. Then you'll send for four taxicabs to take us there."

"And, of course, you'll want supper afterward?" suggested Reggie in elephantine sarcasm.

"I—I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Homer. "But you can bet we will! Thanks! Supper for sixteen, after the show. And taxicabs to take us there and afterward to the ferry. Four of 'em! And no measly hand-out supper, either! A swell feed! At—at ——"

Homer racked his fevered memory for the name of some impossibly fashionable supper resort. The Waldorf-Astoria occurred to him. But he was not certain a regular hotel's restaurant would be open so late as eleven o'clock, and he did not want to risk Ganz' contempt by asking.

"Delmonico's!" he said suddenly, falling back on a name he had heard from babyhood. "A supper at Delmonico's. Not less than two dollars a head, either."

"Is that all?" patiently queried Reggie.

"Not quite," answered Homer, emboldened by the other's unwonted meekness. "You spoke pretty raw to me just now before my wife. I want you to come back to our crowd with me now and be introduced to her, and say you're an old friend of mine. That's all!"

For perhaps half a minute Reggie Ganz stared inscrutably at the bargainer. His own eyes were dull, but not with stupidity. It was the look that always stole over them when he was sizing up an opponent. With all the criticisms of his many and various faults, Ganz' almost uncanny power of reading human nature had never been questioned. Presently he said:

"Taxis to theater; from theater to Del's; then to the ferry. Four four-seat boxes for Pinafore. Supper at Del's. Introduction to Mrs. Twitty. That's all? You're sure?"

"That's all!"

"You're on!"

Homer fought to keep his face impassive. His was a once-in-a-lifetime victory.

"Now that's settled," resumed Ganz. "Just hand over those sixteen seats, will you? I've paid a gilt-edged price and I want them."

"No," refused Homer, recalling another anecdote of the Street; "I guess I'll hold them as collateral. You see, something might slip up or you might forget part of your contract. And then we'd all come back here and use 'em. You can put other folks in our places till then if you're a mind to. But I'll just hold on to the seats."

"Huh!" barked Reggie. "How do I know you'll keep your share of the bargain, then? Why should I trust you when you won't trust me?"

"Because you've got to, I guess," said Homer simply. "Come on, now, and meet the wife. Then you can send for those taxicabs and phone to Delmonico's, and have the manager, here, phone to reserve the four boxes."

Homer K. Twitty next morning accorded a groan and a bleary succession of blinks to the whole-souled clangor of his alarm clock. It was cruelly hard to get up and go to work after such a night. Such a night! From the moment Reggie Ganz—game loser!—had bowed before Bertha and said how glad he was to meet the wife of his dear old friend—from that moment until the four taxis deposited the returning revelers at the ferry, barely in time to catch the one-ten A. M. train, the evening had been one of inconceivable radiance. Never in all the annals of Pompton Plains—to say nothing of the comradely annals of the Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club—had there been such an Occasion.

Homer's very sweetest memory of it all was a little speech Mr. Threbble had made just before the party broke up. After a whispered consultation with the other men Threbble had cleared his voice and said—Homer remembered every golden word:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I know I am speaking for you all when I tender a vote of thanks to our fellow member, Mr. Homer K. Twitty, for the happy time he has given us to-night. Without Mr. Twitty's financial genius, ladies and gentlemen—and without his close friendship with Mr. Ganz—such a night as this night would have been impossible. And at no extra cost! I think I am betraying no confidence," Mr. Threbble had concluded roguishly, "when I tell you that, on my resignation next month, the name of the next president of the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club will be that of our distinguished fellow townsman, Mr. Homer K. Twitty!"

And everybody had rapped applaudingly on the table. Great was Homer K. Twitty! But now next morning had come. Last night had been the Night of the Dub. To-day was the Day of the Boss.

Homer was of two minds about going to the office at all. More dignified it would be to drop out of his job without going in person to be fired. But highly needful it was to clear his desk of the belongings he could ill spare. As he drearily shaved at the bathroom window he heard a rug beater in the adjoining yard enlivening his castigating labors with song. And the burden of the thump-punctuated ditty was "Last Night Was the End of the World!"

Reggie Ganz fared officeward that morning with a reluctance as great as Homer's, but from a wholly different cause. Ganz merely disliked the thought of banishing a glorious dream by a day of work. His head ached, and his mouth was dry and furry and full-flavored. But in his heart was a great peace. In his ears still tinkled the sweet echoes of a thousand-voiced banquet chorus whose words set forth in no uncertain terms the statement that he, Reggie Ganz, of Ganz, Ganz & Sons, was "A-jolly-good-fellow-which-nobody-can-deny."

Also, his song had been sung and resung, not only at the theater but afterward at the banquet. A dozen fellow alumni had chucklingly jotted down its words at his dictation. More than one prominent man, during the meal, had been spirituously moved to declare that no one but Reggie Ganz was a fit candidate for next president of the alumni body. Reggie's happily aching head was fairly abuzz with adulation. His thick shoulders were sore from slaps of good-fellowship.

Up the steps of the Ganz Building he made his way. And at the outer entrance he all but collided with a pasty-faced man who was emerging with an enormous paper-girt bundle under his arm. Homer K. Twitty had sought to take time by the forelock by clearing out his desk and departing before the Big Boss' arrival.

Despite this, now, as last night, he had nothing to hope or to fear from his employer. And he met Reggie's dreamily happy eye with the profound calm of a Yogi. Starvation might lie waiting round the corner. At the very best, temporary joblessness was his certain fate. But at any rate, this particular Big Boss could no longer hurt or help him.

"Hello there!" hailed Reggie, stopping short.

"Hello!" was Homer's gruff reply; and he added: "I'm in a hurry."

"Have a good time?" went on Reggie.

"Yep. Fine! Did you?"

"Did I?" repeated Ganz. "It was One of Those Nights! Where are you going?"

"To leave this stuff at a Subway package stand and then look for a job."

"A job, eh?" queried Reggie. "What's the matter with the one you had? Couldn't you get on with the Boss?"

"Nope!" said Homer in like vein. "We quarreled over a stock deal. And I quit—to keep from getting fired. So long!"

"I don't blame you," sympathized Reggie. "Rotten place to work—the outer office. But, queerly enough, I've been thinking I could find something to do in the inner office for a chap who has brains and sand enough to hold up his own boss for his own terms. Want to come in and take a look at the new job?"

"Th-thank you, sir!" bleated Homer K. Twitty, panic-fear rushing back into his soul along with the surge of golden hope. "Oh, thank you! And—I'm sorry I spoke so rude to you last night."

But, by grace of one remaining shred of self-control, he said it all to himself, and not aloud—gallantly mustering up strength to vocalize the two stranglingly careless words: "You're on!"

SAXON $495

Lowest-Priced Car with These Costly Features

Electric starting and lighting system, two-unit type, built by Wagner
Demountable rims
30 inch by 3 inch tires
High-speed Saxon Continental Motor
Reichenbach carburetor
3-speed transmission
Dry plate clutch
Hyatt Quiet bearings
Streamline body
Honeycomb radiator
Atwater-Kent ignition
Extra long vanadium steel springs, cantilever type

This new series Saxon Roadster is completely equipped with every modern motor car feature. It has a 2-unit electric starting and lighting system built by Wagner—the finest that can be purchased. So there's no cranking to be done. Simply press a button convenient for your heel and your motor is running. And you are always certain of full-shining lights.

Next among the added attractions is its new-style body. The design is of the newest mode. The body is larger with greater roominess and added seat space and leg length.

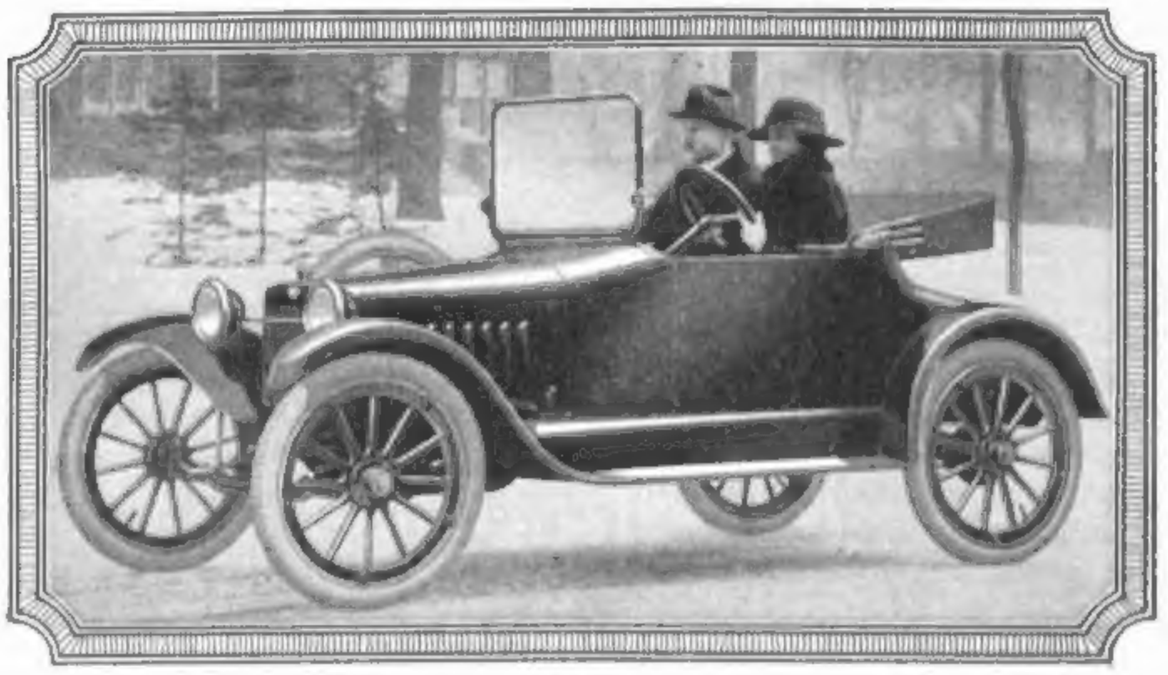
With thought of further comfort for you, demountable rims and 30 inch by 3 inch tires have been made part of the equipment. So in event of some tire mishap a change is readily made.

A new style top with Grecian rear bow enhances the outward attractiveness of Saxon Roadster. And among the further conveniences of equipment are an electric horn; extra tire carrier; speedometer; ventilating windshield; adjustable pedals; storm curtains; one-man rubber top and top cover.

And then see how this Saxon Roadster performs on the road. Note how smoothly the motor pulls "on high" or "in low," up hills or in toughest going. Note how quickly and lightly it responds to the wheel. Note the instant power-response when you touch the accelerator.

And beyond all this, Saxon Roadster has the added advantage of being **the world's low-cost car** to drive. It gives the most miles of satisfactory service at the least expense.

Here you will find letters from Saxon Roadster owners that tell in detail of the kind and quality of service this car gives them.



Says Saxon Roadster is unbeatable

"As for my Saxon Roadster—show me a car that can beat it. I can out-run and out-climb anything from a *(higher priced car)* down the line. Recently I persuaded *(another low priced car)* to race me by giving him a half mile handicap. The result was to put the *(other car)* in the ditch and my Saxon Roadster a half mile in the lead. I can throttle down to 2 miles per hour on high or speed up to over 50, and can prove it any day. I average 32½ miles to the gallon of gasoline and 125 miles to a quart of oil. This new series Saxon Roadster is certainly a 'bear.' For power, speed and endurance it cannot be beat."—F. P. PORT, Owasso, Okla.

200 miles for $1.32

"I have owned and driven my Saxon Roadster for two years. Repair bills have been practically negligible, it has never failed to give me thoroughly fine service. I have found it an absolutely dependable car. One trip I made this spring of 200 miles, over bad, winter-roughened roads, on 6 gallons of gasoline. Paid 22c per gallon—so the total cost of that trip was $1.32, or considerably less than a cent per mile. Another trip I made recently was for 165 miles—over slightly better roads. I used but 4¾ gallons of gasoline, by actual measurement. Your Saxon Roadster is not only a wonderful performer, but it is a wonderfully economical car."—RAY LESSIG (Address on request).

Resists hardest road abuse

"My Saxon car has always been faithful and dependable. I have driven it every day this winter, over roads that were deeply rutted and frozen as hard as iron, and the way it has stood up under all kinds of abuse is truly wonderful. One would naturally think any car would begin to squeak and rattle after such treatment, but my Saxon Roadster runs just as smoothly and silently as when I first got behind the wheel. In my judgment it has made a wonderful record, and you can be sure that my name will continue to be on the list of Saxon owners."—G. W. HUGHES, Armstrong, Ill.

Runs perfectly after 5200 miles

"Last Saturday I ran to Youngstown, Ohio, in my Saxon Roadster. It is a 64-mile trip, and half of the distance the roads were extremely rough. My exact running time was 4 hours, which is very good when road conditions are considered. The return trip was made in the same time. I used 5.5 gallons of gasoline and one quart of lubricating oil, and the car came home like a humming bird. I have driven my Saxon Roadster 5200 miles already, and it runs as sweetly and smoothly as any car could. It is certainly a wonderful car to drive and always rides comfortably. This car has given me less trouble than any car I have ever driven, and I have owned big ones of many kinds for ten years."—W. P. LUCAS, Oil City, Pa.

Saxon makes good with U. S. mail

"When it comes to rural mail service, Saxon Roadster is certainly the ideal car. It has ample room, utmost ease of control and light weight combined with sturdy construction. I missed but three trips all last winter, and then the deep snow made it absolutely impossible for any kind of conveyance. My Saxon Roadster has gone thru mud up to the axles, and over freshly graded roads and has never yet failed me. My wife drove over the route three weeks, and is just as enthusiastic over the Saxon Roadster as I am."—F. MANBECK, Marion, Md.

Calls Saxon ideal for women

"It might be of interest to you to know of a recent trip I made from Chicago to South Bend, and return. I had no idea that it was possible to tour with such ease and comfort and unmarred pleasure as it is with Saxon Roadster. The car worked simply beautifully, and I made the trip in 6 hours running time, averaging 28 miles per gallon of gasoline. I have had considerable experience with motor cars, and I believe that Saxon Roadster is an ideal car for women to drive, for it handles extremely easily and but rarely needs the slightest service attention."—CARRIE CUNNINGHAM, Chicago, Ill.

30 to 32 miles per gallon

"My gasoline bill is so low it is almost a joke. Recently I drove from Omaha—a distance of 108 miles—and I used only 5 gallons of gasoline. This is nothing extraordinary, for my average—as well as that of other Saxon owners I know—is from 30 to 32 miles per gallon of gasoline. Though owners of other cars may do considerable complaining because of the high cost of gasoline, Saxon Roadster owners cannot grumble. Saxon economy and service are certainly something to be proud of."—H. J. KELLY, Surprise, Nebr.

Costs less than $1 a week

"I wish to put myself on record as to the advantages of using a Saxon Roadster. I have made so many successful trips in this car, at such low cost, that I feel that I can not too highly recommend this car for the use of other ministers. I drive my car every day—looking after a large pastorate—besides attending weddings, etc., and my actual running expense is less than $1.00 a week. For a minister, or for any man who wants lots of service with rare trouble and little expense, I know of no car better than a Saxon Roadster."—REV. F. Z. BURKETTER, Greensburg, Ind.

"I wish to congratulate you on the great car you build in Saxon Roadster. After running mine over 5,000 miles, it does not show the least sign of wear, and is mechanically perfect. When it comes to all around service there is no car at anywhere near its price that can match it. My Saxon Roadster is good for 5,000 more miles and then some."—DOUGLAS SHAPE, New York City, N. Y.

Motor never heats or knocks

"I am the owner of a 1916 Saxon Roadster, and without doubt it is the best car I have ever owned. I have had several different makes, but my Saxon Roadster is by long odds the most satisfactory of them all. I made a trip of 100 miles the other day, and thought that I must need water, but on examination found the radiator practically full. My motor never heats or knocks, and I can climb any hill around here on high. In these parts a familiar slogan is—'You can't beat a Saxon.'"—GEO. McCRILLIS, Windsor, Vt.

Salesman enthusiastic over Saxon

"Early this spring I purchased a Saxon Roadster with full equipment, including electric starting and lighting system. I wanted to cover the southern and central parts of Minnesota and the eastern part of South Dakota with a line of merchandise, and I wanted to accomplish it as expeditiously and economically as possible. After considering all methods of transportation, and all kinds of cars, I finally came to the conclusion that Saxon Roadster was the best car from the standpoint of motor service, as well as the cheapest car to drive. What I believed then has been proved to me. As you probably know, the roads in this part of the country in the spring time are in a terribly bad condition, but my sturdy Roadster went right thru every obstacle, and I kept to schedule time without one delay. My starter has never failed to work, and I have never been towed in. I have absolutely nothing but the highest praise for Saxon Roadster."—GEO. F. COOKE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Saxon never gives trouble

"It is with real pleasure that I can inform you that my 1915 Saxon Roadster which I purchased just one year ago—has given me the best of service and satisfaction. I am averaging from 30 to 32 miles per gallon of gasoline, and I have driven the car more than 4,000 miles, over all kinds of roads and under all conditions of travel, and it has never given me any trouble. For the prospective buyer who is seeking a low price car that will give absolute satisfaction, I can truthfully recommend the Saxon Roadster."—L. E. KEPLER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Averages 35 miles to gallon

"For complete service satisfaction my Saxon Roadster sets a standard. Recently I went from Bridgeport to Brockton, Mass., a distance of 175 miles, in 9 hours, averaging 35 miles to the gallon of gasoline. This is really a noteworthy performance when you consider that I carried a passenger and a heavy load in the car. Incidentally, there were a great many hills in this distance, but I experienced no trouble in making them 'on high'."—S. L. LOUNDS, Boston, Mass.

Shifts gears only 4 times in 200 miles

"I want to tell you about a recent run we made from Louisville to Frankfort to Winchester and return—the complete trip without a puncture or mishap of any kind, not once stopping for trouble, changing gears only four times in over 200 miles, then only at dangerous turns in the road. When one considers that the country here is very mountainous, one could not ask for any better performance."—J. GUY NEWIN, Louisville, Ky.

Saxon Roadster, $495; Saxon "Six," $865; "Six" Sedan, $1250; f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: "Six" Touring car, $1175; "Six" Sedan, $1675; "Four" Roadster, $665. Price of special export models, "Six," $915; "Four," $495; f. o. b. Detroit.

(990)

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

Premier

The Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift

$1895 f. o. b. Factory

From Everywhere—the Same Consistent Story of Performance

George Morris of New York says: "C. F. Stoddard, mechanical expert of Knabe Piano Company, started his stock Premier touring car at bottom of Fort George Hill at two miles an hour and finished at twenty-eight in high. Demonstration wonderful."

Jim Levy of Chicago says: "In a fifteen-minute demonstration through traffic Premier completely overthrows any experienced driver's conception of what a good car ought to do."

Jack Leavitt of San Francisco says: "Jones Street hill, 28 per cent grade, one block long, climbed in second gear with five passengers. Premier's acceleration in excess of anything we have tried."

Frank Brown of Boston says: "Made sensational demonstration on Corey Hill covered with ice. With seven passengers Premier started from Beacon Street at ten miles, finished at thirty-five at top. Can climb Commonwealth Avenue hill in high at four miles an hour."

Harry Lance of Cleveland says: "Drove Premier No. 122 on January 24th from Cleveland to Detroit in six hours forty minutes, averaging twelve miles to the gallon, making own road through three to four feet of snow, pulling around scores of cars waiting for horses to pull them out."

G. T. Overholt of Pittsburgh says: "Started bottom of Turtle Creek Hill, eleven per cent grade, one mile long, at fifteen miles an hour, finished at fifty-eight. Can pick up from two miles to fifty in two city blocks. Premier's rear end stays on road better than any car I have ever driven."

Charles Schiear of Cincinnati says: "Premier topped Clifton Hill in high at thirty-five miles per hour from five-mile start. I don't think there has ever been a six that showed such ample power on Cincinnati's hills."

E. C. Eads of Kansas City says: "Premier climbed Hospital Hill in high at forty-three miles an hour. Took Reservoir Hill at a running start and finished at forty-five miles."

Gordon W. Kenney of Dallas says: "Premier's demonstrating performances never have been equalled under same conditions. Drove Premier from Fort Worth to Dallas, thirty-six miles, over soft roads, in fifty minutes flat."

M. Zilbermann of New Orleans says: "Have demonstrated Premier eight hours through traffic in high. Dr. Samuel, in Premier, is getting seventeen miles per gallon."

H. W. Pierce of Butte says: "Without changing factory carburetor adjustment Premier has out-demonstrated all cars on backbone of Rocky Mountains over a mile above sea level. Have sold 128 per cent of cars contracted for. C-H magnetic gear shift tremendous advantage on mountains."

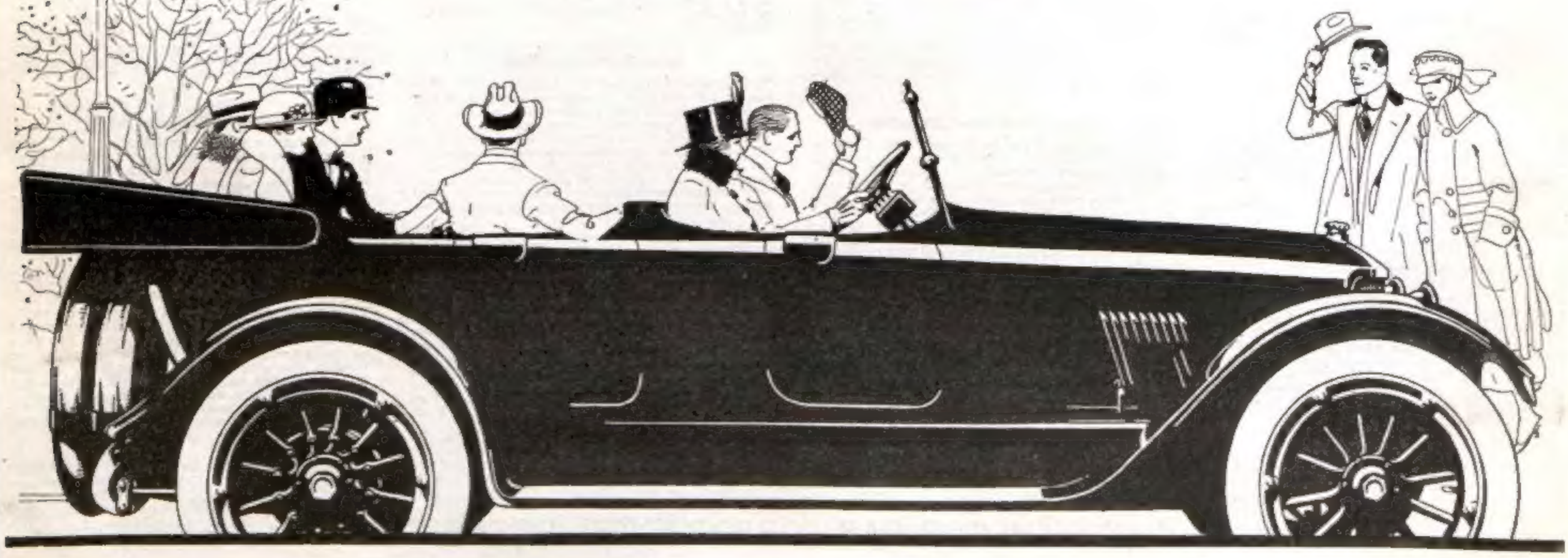
F. T. Gannon of Buffalo says: "Premier climbs all hills in our section in high with ease. In six thousand miles average fourteen and nine-tenths miles per gallon and three tires have original air with only one puncture in fourth. We don't know what trouble is in Premier cars."

By the way, have you seen that little booklet of ours, "Premiering"? It is said to be the snappiest, most interesting thing of its kind that has appeared for many a day. A line from you will bring it post haste.

Meanwhile, ask for a test ride in Premier to-day.

Premier Motor Corporation, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Export Department: 8-10 Bridge Street, New York City



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Eight thousand California growers, in a great co-operative, *non-profit* organization, for years have produced vast supplies of these *uniformly good oranges;* and, through truthful advertising, have told men and women about them.

These two facts together, probably more than any other influence, have widened the scope of this natural good.

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Are you serving these *tender, luscious, sweet, juicy* Oranges as often as would be best for *your* family?

Ask your physician. Then serve them daily,—at breakfast, luncheon or dinner. And keep a constant supply available between meals in a handy basket or bowl.

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A valuable illustrated book containing 200 Orange and Lemon recipes by Miss Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., will be sent *without charge* to housewives who answer this advertisement, giving their dealer's name and address. Send for your copy now.

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Uniformly Good Oranges

Sunkist Oranges—practically seedless—are sold by all first-class dealers in varying sizes at varying prices, so all families can afford them. They cost no more than ordinary kinds. Buy them in clean, crisp, tissue wrappers and look for the name "Sunkist."

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Kodak, as you go

Wherever the purr of your motor lures you, wherever the call of the road leads you, there you will find pictures, untaken pictures that invite your Kodak—intimate pictures of people and places that you and your friends can enjoy again and again as you thumb the leaves of your Kodak album.

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